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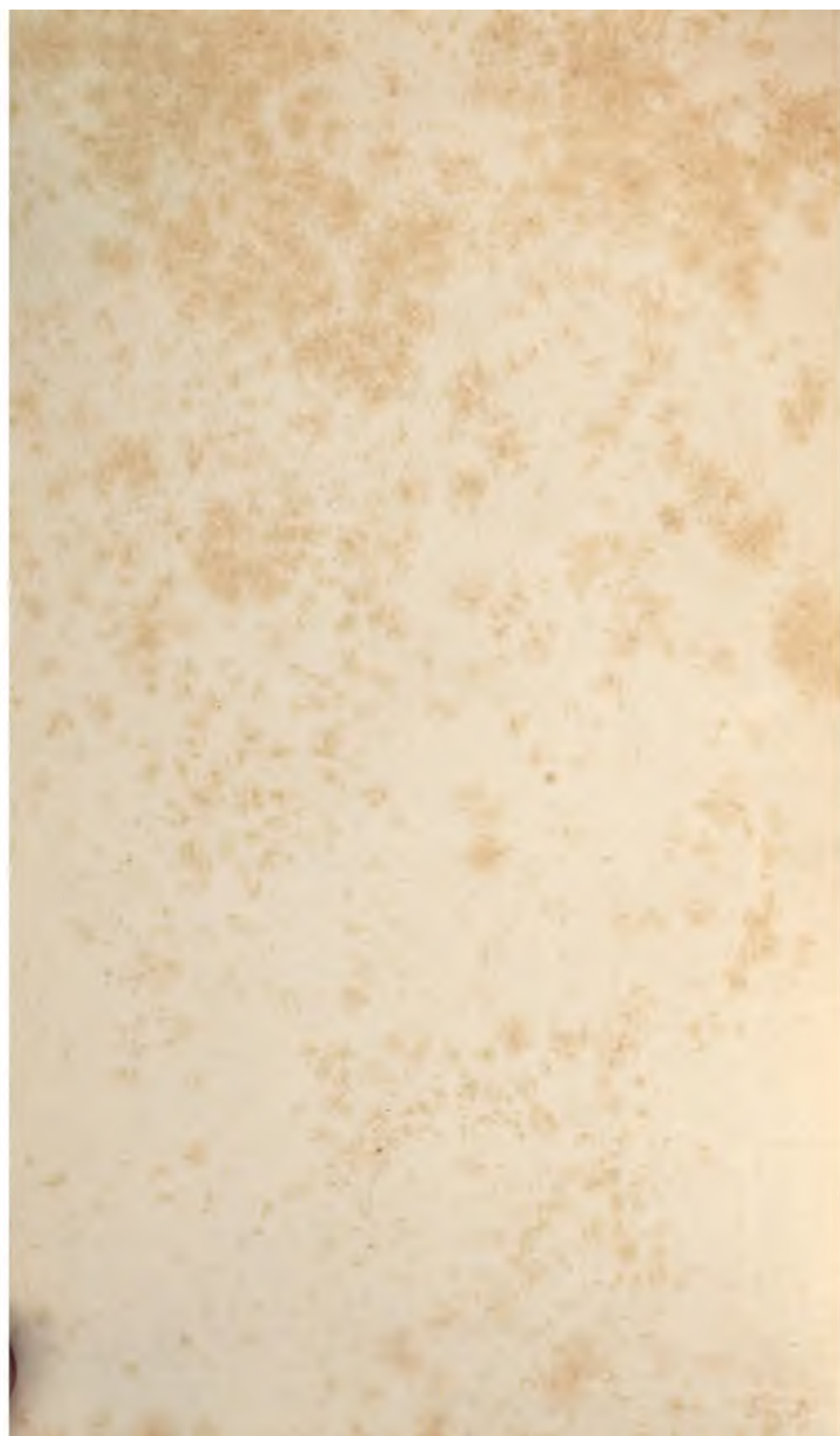


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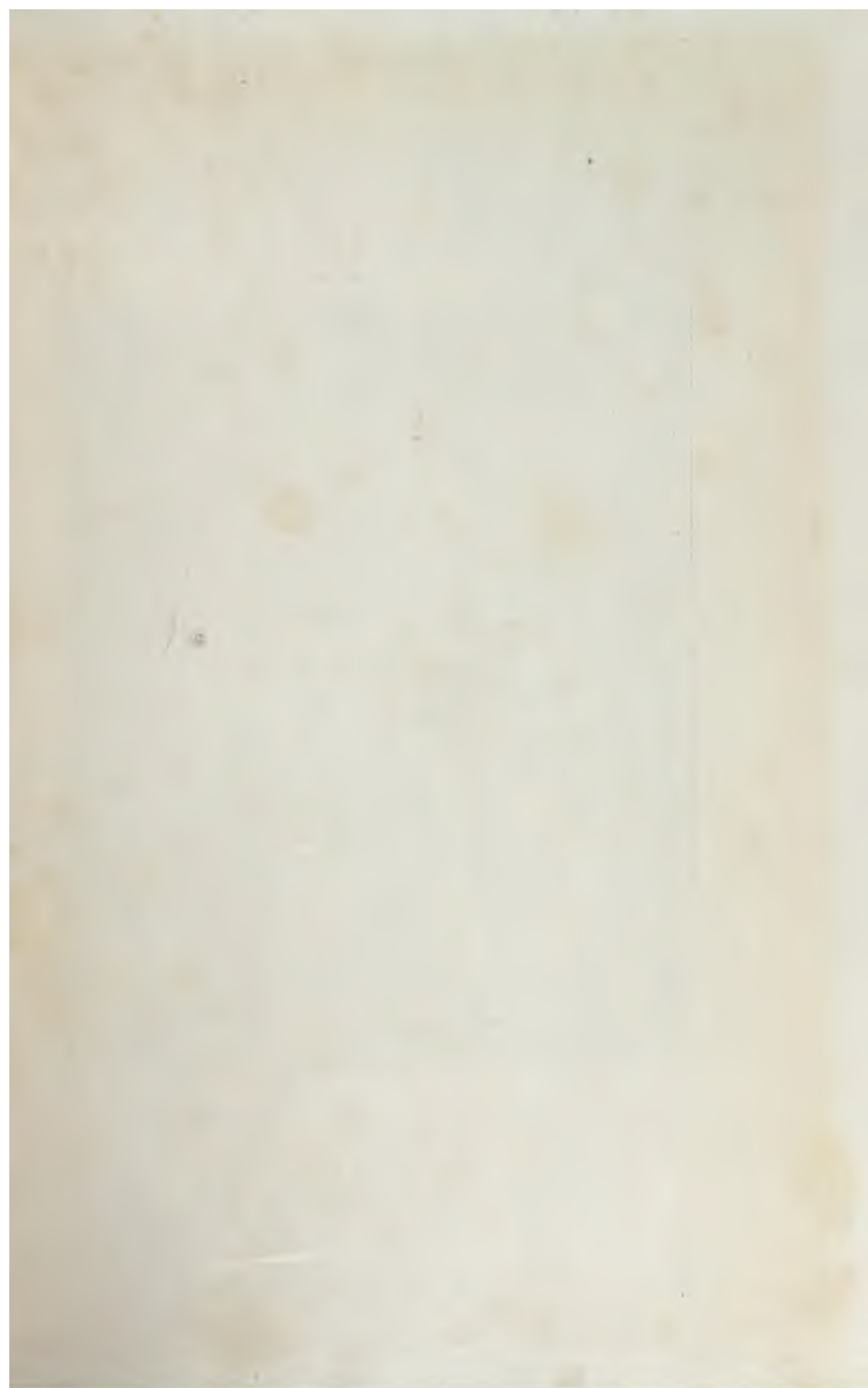




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CORRESPONDENCE OF TWO BROTHERS

1800 TO 1819 AND AFTER





HUMPHREY SEYMOUR, ELEVENTH DUKE OF SOMERSET.
(From a Portrait at Stover in the possession of H. St. Maur, Esq.)

CORRESPONDENCE OF TWO BROTHERS:

EDWARD ADOLPHUS, ELEVENTH
DUKE OF SOMERSET, AND HIS
BROTHER, LORD WEBB SEYMOUR,
1800 TO 1819 AND AFTER

BY

LADY GUENDOLEN RAMSDEN

WITH PORTRAITS
AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

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PREFACE

WITH the exception of some eight letters which appeared in the 'Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner' published in 1843, this book is composed of letters found by me among my father's papers at Bulstrode.

They are a selection from the correspondence of my Grandfather and his brother and their friends. I venture to publish them in the belief that they will be found interesting not only where reference is made to the stirring events of the times, but also where they give a glimpse into the lives of thoughtful and literary men whose ideas and opinions had little in common with the idle or trifling side of society in their day.

My humble thanks are due in the first place to His Majesty the King for the gracious permission accorded to me to include two letters from King William the Fourth.

I also wish to express my gratitude to the descendants or representatives of the friends of my grandfather and his brother, who have all in the kindest manner sanctioned the publication of the letters.

GUENDOLEN RAMSDEN.

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CORRESPONDENCE

OF

TWO BROTHERS

CHAPTER I

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BEFORE beginning the correspondence of the Duke of Somerset and his brother, Lord Webb Seymour, this letter from Mrs. Hyde to their mother, written in 1775 (the same year as the Duke was born), may be considered interesting, from its description of the voyage to India round by the Cape in the days before steam.

Mrs. Hyde was Mary Seymour, daughter of the Rev. Lord Francis Seymour, and married John Hyde, judge of the Supreme Court at Calcutta, which was established in 1773.

From Mrs. Hyde to her aunt, Lady Webb Seymour.

Fort William, March 16, 1775.

When I promised my Dearest Aunt to give her a particular Journal, and account of every proceeding during our Voyage; I knew not the difficulty of the task I was undertaking or how intirely impossible it would be for me to fullfill such an engagement—let me beseech you then, my Dear Madam, to forgive an omission, which it was really

not in my power to perform; and accept as minute a description of whatever has occur'd worth your attention, since I took a last farewell of my Dear Native Land, in the best manner I am able, which will yet fall infinitely short of the desire I have to oblige you.

In the first place I must observe—our passage was as commodious, and agreeable, as any one in such a situation could possibly expect. To those who are unaccustom'd to a *Sea Life* it is certainly a very strange one.—But use makes every thing easy—and a very few weeks saw us all tollerably reconciled to our new Habitation—every thing that might serve to amuse, and make us forget our confinement, and the absence of our Friends was the general employment of the whole party, and in this we pretty well succeeded. Musick—Cards—'Trou-madame'—King and Queen—Reading—working and sometimes Dancing came in regular succession every Day, as each person was particularly inclined.—for my own part, as you will easily imagine *Musick* ever proved the most *sovereign remedy* to me against melancholly thoughts, and it was therefore my principal amusement. For which purpose I had my Harpsichord and Musick Books fix'd in the Round House the whole voyage.—Most of our party were terribly sick at times during the whole Passage.—Thank God that was not my Case.—I had however very bad Head-achs, and Faintings, and in short was never well, except when on Shore. The first kind Harbour that received us after we left the Isle of Wight was Madeira. Here we were lodged in the House of a Mr. Murdock, a Merchant, who inhabited one of the best Houses there; a very agreeable, well-bred, obliging young man; who treated us with the most Friendly attention and Civility; and made it his study to do every thing in his power to amuse and entertain us—in this eligible situation we remain'd about a fortnight; during which period, we had an opportunity of visiting the Churches, Nunneries etc. worth observation.—And really it afforded me infinite amusement to observe the variety of objects *new and uncommon to me*, which were perpetually presenting

themselves to my view. The Country here—at the time we saw it is very pleasant—and the Climate agreeable—tho' rather of the *warmest*. The Town is situated on the borders of the Sea, encompass'd with a ridge of very high Hills, which from the Ship, has a very pleasing—and at the same time, a very odd appearance. There was but little Fruit except oranges, which we had in abundance—as it was not the Season—the wine is admirable, as you may suppose;—as to their Churches they are not by any means *fine*, their Musick tollerable; the Nunneries very poor I think.—Every Sunday the young Collegiates and superior gentlemen of the place, dress themselves in Masquerade and run about the Town playing on various kind of instruments some of them the strangest figures you can imagine;—in short the variety of entertaining objects, added to the pleasure we felt at a release from our confinement, occasion'd a general regret at the thoughts of quitting this pretty Island, and it was not without some uncomfortable sensations, we adjourned to our *Wooden Habitation*.—Nothing material happen'd between this time, and our arrival at the Cape, nor any observations worth communicating, except a very near view of the *peak of Teneriffe*, which is really more curious, and astonishing than you can possibly conceive; the Top of it seems lost in the Clouds, and is cover'd with Snow—while the lower part is beautifully cover'd with Shrubs of the finest verdure.—We likewise had a sight of the Islands Gomro and Ferro.—*Trinadado* and Martinabas; and were at length safely anchor'd in Synmonds, or False, Bay on Friday the first of July.

Many were the disputes, whether we should be able to anchor in this Bay, as the Season was very Unfavourable; and we had met with a french Ship who told us, it would be absolutely impossible. This was a sad story to us, who had been eight weeks at Sea, without setting our feet on dry land. However we were determin'd to make the experiment, and the event proved as fortunate as we could wish it. This place is near twenty Miles from the Cape Town, and is call'd Synmond's Town. The Bay is named

False Bay in distinction to that near the great Town, which is called *Table Bay*—from a large Rock of an immense height that resembles a Table at the top. The wind at this Season of the Year blows so fresh from the Shore, that no Ships can anchor there ; which is the reason we were obliged to land so far from the place of our residence, while we were on that Coast.—The appearance of this little village is very romantick and pretty—had it been otherwise you may suppose we should have been anxious to go on shore ; on the next Morning therefore we eagerly call'd for our Boat, and were landed in less than a quarter of an Hour.—But as there were no Carriages, nor any method of conveyance to the Cape Town till intelligence had been sent of our arrival, we were obliged to content ourselves with rambling about as our fancy led us for that day, and returning at Night to the Ship.—The next Morning we had the satisfaction of finding every thing ready for our little Journey, and *such a Cavalcade*, I believe, you never had the pleasure of beholding. Figure to yourself then, My Dear Aunt, two of the *strangest, most uncouth, old fashion'd Coaches* your Eyes ever beheld ; lined with Crimson velvet, and a *broad Gold Fringe* ; these drawn by six *little, Shabby looking* Horses and two dirty Black fellows, by way of Coachman, and Postillion ; besides these, several open Carriages of an odd shape, and two waggons for Servants, and luggage. Thus set out we proceeded to the Town, laughing exceedingly at the ridiculous appearance we made, and wishing our English Friends could have a peep at us. But such a tedious, I may say *dangerous* expedition, surely never was so merrily undertaken. At one Moment we were driving over Rocks at the edge of a Precipice so frightfull, that we could scarcely bear to look at it,—at the next, almost sinking in a Quicksand—and tho' it was little more than ten o'clock when we set out, it was eight in the evening before we arrived at the Cape Town. Here we lodged at the House of a Dutchman whose name was Dewitt. A very honest, good kind of Man, who had a wife and eleven Children, all very civil, and obliging in their way—which

to be sure is rather an odd one ; however we agreed mighty well, and indeed, they were so much pleased with our Company, that they shed many Tears when we parted from them.—I cannot describe to you the neatness, and delightful situation of this pretty Town.—The Houses are all so uniform, and so clean—the Streets wide, with double rows of Trees, which not only afford a very pleasing shade but give it so much the appearance of a garden, that it is quite romantick. Then the Climate I suppose exceeds any other in the World—not the *South of France* can equal the wildness and pleasantness of the *Cape of Good Hope*. Here the finest myrtles and oranges, with a variety of other fragrant, odoriferous Shrubs grow at all times spontaneously without the aid of art.—I visited several of their Country Houses while we staid there, and was amazed to find every place so fertile. In short, the whole Country is a Shrubbery. But while I am saying so much in praise of this Charming Country—I must not omit to mention the particular attention and civility we received from its inhabitants, which was really beyond what we could possibly have expected ;—every one was contriving some method by which they might entertain. Balls, Concerts &c. were the Constant employment of every evening whilst we resided amongst them, and their civility carried them so far as to attend us back to False Bay, and see us safe on Board,—providing us with every convenience that could make our Journey more eligible. So much, My Dear Aunt, for the credit of the Dutch. You are now to suppose us in the ‘Anson’ and ‘Ashburnham,’ for we kept company the whole way. Sailing away with the utmost expedition for the Island of *Johanna*.¹—And here was the worst part of our passage.—Hard gales of wind and most unpleasant weather so much indeed, as to confine me three days to my Bed in a most deplorable situation. However a little time and patience removed all these difficulties, and in a very few weeks we found Ourselves safely anchor’d in *Johanna Road*. But the pen of a *Milton* would fail in describing this *Beautiful*,

¹ In the Mozambique Channel.

Romantick, *Charming Island*. What then can you expect from me—I can only say I never before was feasted with the sight of so enchanting a spot. *Rude* and *uncultivated* as it is—how much does it rise superior to the utmost efforts of Art, or engenuity. Our stay at this delightfull place was only two Days, and during that time, we did not sleep out of the Ship, as indeed there were no accommodations. The little Huts belonging to the natives, not being at all calculated to receive us. We were all prodigiously entertained on our first Sight of this Island, to observe the people in their Canoes paddling about with great dexterity in such numbers that it was quite a little fleet. As soon as we cast anchor they came on Board us, with their different merchandize of Fruits, Fish and vegetable; these they exchange with you for old Cloth—Glass or bits of Silk. Tobacco and Spirits they are likewise very fond of. We had likewise a visit from the *Prince*, the *Purser Jack* his chief Minister, and several *other Nobility*. The Prince requested us to visit his Lady—that is to say, the *females* of our party,—for she is not suffer'd to be seen by any man but himself. We accordingly attended him one afternoon to her House, and were admitted to her presence with great form, each person presenting her with some little trinket. She was sadly distressed at the appearance of so many strangers; and it was really an awkward affair for her, as she could not speak a word of English, which the people of Johanna in general Speak very fluently. An agreeable afternoon spent in a *Cocoa Nut grove* drinking Syllabub &c. ended our adventures in this Island.

Our next place of destination was Madrass—and here we were to meet the *Men of War* that were to conduct us to Bengal—however we were disappointed, as they had sail'd some days before we arrived, fearing they should be too late before the breaking up of the rainy Season, which is very dangerous. And now, My Dear Aunt, we are in *India*, within a fortnight's Sail of Calcutta. You will easily suppose how we all felt on this occasion—indeed our Joy is not to be described. We were very eager to go on

Shore, as this is a place very well worth seeing, but the difficulty of getting there, was what for some time a good deal stagger'd the resolution of some of the party; for there is a great surf as you approach the Shore, which makes a dismal noise, and is often *very dangerous*.

However we at length determined to risque it, and accordingly embarked in a boat of the Country, rowed by a number of black men, and with no other accident than a little washing, got safe ashore.

Here we were received by a prodigious number of Black people, who were all ranged on the Shore to see us land; but you can have no Idea of the strange appearance they made, in their long muslin Dresses, with Turbands of the same attending us all the way as we went;—nor the strange kind of *Couch* that they carried us upon which they call a *Palanqueen*:—it is indeed very like a large Bed, or Couch, with pillows to support you, and a top with Curtains made of Chintz, with tassells of Silk, or Gold and Silver. This you lay—or set down upon, and in an instant you are lifted up by four Black Men, who run away with you at a monstrous rate. Altogether it is truly ridiculous. I can but suppose myself in one of these conveyances, carrying through the Streets in London, and laugh heartily at the Idea. In Bengal they have not these kind of Palanqueen's, but some that are more in the style of a Sedan chair. Well—here then you must suppose us safely set down in our respective Houses, which were prepared for us by the Governor, receiving the Compliments of all the gentry and this for three days only, for we were anxious to pursue our voyage, being so near to our destined Post, where we were to be at length quietly set down, relieved from the trouble and fatigue of a long confinement.—

However before I proceed to Bengal, I must just say, that I think Madrass a very pleasant, sociable, agreeable situation.

And now for Calcutta.—We arrived in the River of Bengal the 12th of Octr. all safe and well, and found the Men of War in waiting for our arrival. After much Saluta-

tion on both Sides ; the Commodore (Sir Edward Hughes) and the rest of the King's Officers came on Board us, and we then agreed upon the Method, and time of our proceeding up the River. The Ships could not get up till they had disposed of some of their lading ; we were therefore obliged to forsake her and take our conveyance in Sloops and *Budgerows*, which is a Boat much resembling a Lord Mayor's Barge, only not so fine. On the 16th. the party's of both ships took a last farewell of the 'Anson' and 'Ashburnham,' and were all safely landed the 21st. All except myself and Mrs. Chambers the elder ; I did not like the Idea of going to a strange place without a House or any Accommodation ; nor did I chuse to be a visitor at the House of a person I was not acquainted with. Thus circumstanced, I determined on remaining in the Ship, till Mr. Hyde could return with a more certain information with regard to my settlement in Calcutta. About ten Days elapsed between the time of his departure and return, in which time he had taken a Habitation, and every necessary attendance, and convenience for my reception. On the 1st of November I arrived in Calcutta in a very indifferent state of Health, took to my Bed immediately, was seized with a violent Fever and was given over by the Physicians in less than ten days. However it pleased God to relieve me from this dismal situation by a particular application of the Bark, and about three weeks saw me perfectly restored to a good state of health, which I am happy to say has continued ever since, till within this fortnight, that the *very hot weather* has come on ; and that always disagreed with me extremely in England, and what then must I expect in this Climate. Indeed My Dear Aunt, you can have no Idea what heat is who have never been in India. The *very wind* here, is so hot you cannot bear it to blow upon you, but this is only at certain Seasons—from Novbr, till the beginning of March, the weather is pleasant to a degree. This they call their *winter*, and indeed it is sometimes so Cold that I have sat in a *Shaule* the whole day.—Calcutta is at present in a very flourishing situation ;

quite the *London* of India. There are a vast number of English family's who all keep their Carriages and Palanqueens and visit about every evening quite in a genteel style. We have Assemblies—Balls—Routs—Plays—&c.—not to mention little parties in the Country, and a number of Musical parties at private Houses; besides a Concert once a week given by the Governor.

But I will give you a Day and then you will judge of the whole.

In the morning rise by five—ride out—Breakfast by eight.—Then work, read, or write till near twelve—Musick till two. After Dinner retire, and take a Nap till it is time to Dress and go an airing, (which is the constant practise here,) on a large plain Just without the Town, much resembling a *Park*. Here all the *Nobility* and gentry meet every evening—sometimes getting out and walking. At home by seven—drink Tea—and afterwards amuse yourself as you like till ten when we Sup and part at twelve.

So much by way of Journal. I think My Dear Madam you will have no cause to complain of any want of precision in this detail, as I have been *particularly carefull* to set down the *minutest circumstance*. I trust you will *repay* me *with interest* and that I shall have as *frequent* accounts of your proceedings, as occasion shall offer. Don't disappoint me I beseech you.

You will easily suppose the Joy I must feel on receiving a large packet of intelligence from My Friends, after such a tedious separation without one comforting assurance of their Health and Welfare, and what I must of consequence suffer at a disappointment. This will induce you to pity me, and call forth the aid of your *entertaining* pen to relieve some of those pangs which an absence From those we Love must ever occasion.—God Bless and Preserve you My *Dearest Aunt*!—Could I but spend one happy Hour with you! What a variety of things should I have still to say, notwithstanding this *enormous* packet. But I must Conclude, or this will be too late for the Packet—which is to be Seal'd in an Hour. Once more My *Dearest Friend*

Adieu. My best and Sincerest Love and Duty attends My good Uncle, and your *Dear Self*—God knows I often think of you both! This goes by the '*Anson*' the Ship that brought me out, now commanded by Captain Tryon.—

But I shall never have done.—Farewel. Mr. Hyde begs his most affectionate and Sincerest wishes for your Health, and every blessing this world can bestow. Compts to all inquiring Friends, and I must ever remain, with the *truest affection*,

My Dear Uncle and Aunt's most

Dutifull Niece,

M. HYDE.

The following is taken from '*Annals of the Seymours*' :—

'Edward Adolphus Seymour was born at Monkton Farley, in Wilts, on the 24th. Feb. 1775. He was educated first at Eton and then at Christ Church, Oxford, where he matriculated on January 31. 1792.

'The following year he succeeded to the Dukedom through the death of his father, December 15. 1793, and having still a minority of three years he became somewhat richer than his immediate predecessors, who were certainly by no means well off for their position. He continued his education at Oxford, however, where from the first he devoted himself to science and mathematics, for both of which studies he displayed great aptitude. He received his degree of M.A. on July 1794, and continuing to remain a member of the College, received the honorary degree of D.C.L. July 3, 1810. In 1795 he took a long tour through the most interesting parts of England, Wales, and Scotland, an account of which was published by Mitchell in 1845.¹ During this tour he seems to have occupied himself chiefly with the study of geology. In 1797 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1816 was made a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. For some years he was president of the Royal Institution, in which he took great

¹ Probably Mr. Michell, two of whose letters are in Chapter XI. of this book.



THE MANOR HOUSE, MONKTON FARLEIGH: SOUTH-EAST FRONT.
Where the Duke of Somerset was born. Now the property of Sir Charles Farry Hobhouse, Bart.

interest, and, from 1801 to 1838, president of the Royal Literary Fund, and vice-president of University College, London.

' In 1814 he assisted Mr. Lancaster in his scheme for the universal diffusion of education amongst the poor, by becoming patron of an institution, established near Maiden Bradley, for training village schoolmasters; an attempt which unfortunately failed, and produced a loss of 1,200*l*.

' In 1820 he became a Fellow of the Linnean Society. From 1826 to 1831 he was vice-president of the Zoological Society, and from 1834-7 president of the Linnean Society. He was also a member of the Royal Asiatic Society.

' He carried the orb at the coronation of William IV. in 1831, and again at the coronation of Queen Victoria, in 1838. In 1837 he was made Knight of the Garter by William IV. He died at 40 Park Lane, August 15, 1855, and was buried in the cemetery at Kensal Green.

' The Duke was a very handsome man, with a kind and genial expression, and was a generous and frank patron of men of science and letters, some of whom owed a good deal of their eventual success to his encouragement and assistance at the commencement of their careers. His own attainments were considerable, and, though he did not publish many of the results of his mathematical and scientific researches, a great part of his time was spent in the study of these sciences. Two small treatises, however, which he contributed to the Press attracted no little attention at the time. These were "The Elementary Properties of the Ellipse deduced from the Properties of the Circle," published in 1842, and "Alternate Circles and their Connection with the Ellipse," published in 1850.

' He was extremely well versed in historical and antiquarian knowledge, and P. F. Tytler, the historian, attached great value to his judgment in these matters. He was, moreover, an excellent Landlord, taking keen interest in the management of his estates, and popular amongst his tenantry. Unlike most landed proprietors he supported the repeal of the Corn Laws, and showed his confidence in

that measure by making large purchases of land during the depression which followed it.

'He was twice married, first on June 24, 1800, to Charlotte, second daughter of the ninth Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, who died June 10, 1827. Secondly, in 1836, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart., of Blackhall, Renfrew, who survived him for some time, dying at 40 Park Lane, July 18, 1880.'¹

From Edward Adolphus, 11th Duke of Somerset, to his Mother on the day of his marriage with Lady Charlotte Hamilton, 24th June, 1800.

DEAR MOTHER,²—As you desired in your last to know as soon as the event took place, I write this previously but shall not send it to the post till after the ceremony, which is to be performed to-day between one and two o'clock. We go immediately afterwards to Belvidere, Lord Eardley's Seat. The Writings were signed & seal'd yesterday by the Duke of Hamilton, Lady Charlotte, & myself, in presence of Mr. Maberley & Mr. Hamilton ; & I took the usual oaths at Doctor's Commons.

Lady C. sends her Love to you & I remain,

Your dutiful Son,

SOMERSET.

Grosr. Street. June 24, 1800.

Lady Charlotte Hamilton, who married the Duke of Somerset, was the second daughter of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. Bright and clever in conversation, she was very fond of society. In spite of delicate health, which increased as she grew older and caused her much suffering, she was always glad to welcome her friends, even when

¹ See *Annals of the Seymours*, by H. St. Maur, published in 1902 by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.

² His mother was Anna Maria, daughter and heiress of John Bonnel, Esq., of Stanton Court, Oxfordshire, married December 11, 1765, Webb Seymour, who succeeded his brother as 10th Duke of Somerset in 1792 and died in 1793. The Duchess died July 22, 1802. She had four sons—Edward Adolphus, 11th Duke, and Webb John Seymour, and two who died as children.

obliged to receive them while reclining on her sofa in the drawing-room. There she would often be seen surrounded with clever men and women, who found in her not only an agreeable companion, but also a sympathetic and staunch friend. She died June 10, 1827.

The Duke's brother, Lord Webb Seymour, was born in 1777, and lived chiefly in Edinburgh. Lord Cockburn describes him in his 'Memorials' (pp. 182-83) thus :—

'He had left his own country, and renounced all the ordinary uses of rank and fortune for study, and never abandoned the place he had selected for its prosecution, but continued here'—Edinburgh—'during the rest of his life, with his books and literary friends, universally beloved and respected. Slow, thoughtful, reserved, and very gentle, he promoted the philosophical taste even of Horner, and enjoyed quietly the jocularities of Smith, and tried gravely to refute the argumentative levities of Jeffrey. His special associate was Playfair.¹ They used to be called husband and wife, and in congeniality and affection no union could be more complete. Geology was their favourite pursuit. . . . Two men more amiable, more philosophical and more agreeable there could not be.'

Besides Mr. Playfair, who was much older than Lord Webb, the two friends with whom he corresponded most intimately were Mr. Hallam and Mr. Francis Horner, who were both nearer his own age. Eight letters, which have already appeared in Mr. Horner's *Memoirs*, published in 1843, are reprinted in this book in order to show the keen interest which Lord Webb took in the career of his friend, and the weight and influence exercised by his advice.

These extracts from the *Diary of Francis Horner* also describe Lord Webb's character (see p. 70, vol. i., of his *Memoirs and Correspondence*, edited by his brother, Mr. Leonard Horner, in 1843) :—

Feb. 19, 1799.—I have entered on a plan, with Lord Webb Seymour, of discussing with him, after Stewart's lecture, the different arguments or topics which it comprehended. We have done so for three or four days ; his regularity will perhaps ensure mine. This scheme prevents

¹ John Playfair, Scotch mathematician and geologist, 1748-1819.

me from attending the Scots law, but the truth is, I have in a great measure given that up for this winter, the civil law is quite enough. By the plan of conversation with Lord Webb, I shall perhaps acquire some new views, and at least familiarise old notions, on the interesting topics of moral philosophy ; I shall have a daily lesson and exercise in what I have so long found my deficiency, the practice of argumentative discussion. I have hardly yet ascertained his character ; but he seems possessed in a considerable degree of that acuteness which arises, not from constitutional ingenuity and liveliness of fancy, but from habits of persevering attention.

Feb. 21.—Lord Webb Seymour entered into his twenty-sixth year yesterday. I am not sure that his genius is of a high order, but he possesses several of the most essential constituents to the character of a true philosopher: an ardent passion for knowledge and improvement, with apparently as few preconceived prejudices as most people can have. A habit of study, intense almost to plodding—a mild, timid, reserved disposition with respect to the communication of such sentiments as he feels to be contrary to public prejudices. On this last head, in giving me a hint that he requested and expected confidential secrecy, he made an observation, the truth of which struck me forcibly, from what I am conscious of with regard to my own character, viz. that those who are most forward and bold in proclaiming their own paradoxes, are least to be trusted in the deposit of such of our opinions as we are inclined to make known only to private friends.

In a note on p. 71 in Horner's Memoirs, vol. i., it is stated of Lord Webb Seymour that 'soon after leaving Oxford he came to Edinburgh ; and his attention being particularly directed to mathematics and physical science, especially geology, he lived much with Mr. Playfair and Sir James Hall. He was also intimate with Mr. Dugald Stewart and Mr. Henry Mackenzie, as well as with many of the younger men of distinguished talent in Edinburgh at that time. As Lord Webb Seymour is so little known in proportion to his deserts, I am happy to be able to refer

the reader to a biographical notice of him, drawn up by one of his early and intimate friends—*i.e.* Mr. H. Hallam (see Appendix A, vol. i., of Horner's Memoirs).¹ In a letter from him to Mr. Hallam, dated from Edinburgh, November 10, 1799, the following passage occurs:—

'Since my arrival, I have rather been dabbling in different branches of science, than attending seriously to any. I have been engaged in some stout metaphysical discussions on Time and Space, Cause and Effect, and such light topics, with a friend whose name is Horner. From these we have derived no great advantage, except that we may suppose our faculties to have been strengthened by the exercise.'

In 1802 Lord Webb and Mr. Horner were studying the 'Novum Organum' together. And here follow a few extracts from the diaries of Lord Webb and Mr. Horner in February and March of that year:—

Diary of Lord Webb Seymour.

Feb. 14, 1802.—Three hours in studying the 'Novum Organum' with Horner. Mathematics three hours. Half hour in reading 'Reynolds.' Supped at Lothian House with Horner, Playfair, etc.

Diary of Mr. Francis Horner.

Feb. 15, 1802.—My studies with Lord Webb have been languid in the 'Wealth of Nations,' but persevering and productive in the 'Novum Organum.' We shall finish it, I hope, before I leave town.

Every day I indulge myself a little, generally for an hour after dinner, with works of literature and models of composition. La Harpe's 'Cours de la Littérature,' Goldsmith's prose writings, and Burke's inimitable pamphlets, are the books of this kind which I have most recently perused.

¹ Part of this biographical notice will be found at the end of Chapter IX. in this book.

March 7.—This day Lord Webb and I read Lord Bacon, I am afraid for the last time ; I go to London in a few days, and by the time I return he will be prepared to bid farewell to Scotland. We have not finished the 'Novum Organum,' having got no farther than that part of the second book in which the author begins to illustrate the *prerogativæ instantiarum* ; but we have worked very accurately through the whole of what we have read, and prepared ourselves tolerably well for the study of the Baconian logic upon an enlarged plan, by an attentive study of what may be called its grammar or rudiments. I must take some future opportunity of examining, retrospectively, the kind as well as degree of improvement which these studies with Seymour have purchased ; that it is considerable I cannot entertain a doubt. Independent of the noble subject to which it directed my attention for so considerable a space of time, I must have learned something from the manner and habits of my companion. He is indeed very slow in apprehension, partly from what may be called a want of energy, or at least imagination, partly too from principle and voluntary habit ; but then he possesses, in an eminent degree, the truly philosophic qualities of scrupulous caution, unconquerable patience, unclouded candour. From this crisis of our studies what different roads we are to follow ! His life devoted to speculative labour and scientific accumulation ; mine immersed, *si sic fata*, in the passing ephemeral details of professional activity. He has the prospect, and the resolution, before him, of persevering through all the general reasonings of Lord Bacon's philosophy, and all the pleasing illustrations that can be culled from every field of science. I must content myself in that department with imperfect knowledge, and with the chance of assimilating some portion of philosophy to the mass of practical information, and of infusing something of the spirit of liberal science into the gross and unformed details of business.¹

¹ From *Memoirs of Francis Horner*, vol. i. p. 176.

Diary of Lord Webb.

March 7, 1802.—Mathematics $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours ; $1\frac{1}{2}$ in studying the 'Novum Organum' with Horner.

1800.—Lord Webb writes :—

Friday, April 18.— . . Supped at Lothian House with Lady Isabella, who showed a collection of miniatures of her deceased brothers and sister ; I never saw such a collection of charming physiognomies,—there prevails through all of them one general expression of warm sympathy and active benevolence, though differently modified, as it is united to a milder, or more energetic temper, and their intellectual qualities seem to have been not inferior to their moral ; and to think of their having been members of a family which at present boasts so much living excellence ! They really appear a race of superior beings, and the reflection that they are human, elevates our notions of the dignity of our common nature.

On May 14 he describes his pleasure in reading some letters and a journal that Sir J. Hall lent him :—

Finished the perusal of Alex. Douglas's Journal.¹ I know not when I have experienced such delight as in going through his narrative, particularly that contained in the letters, and though I can boast of many friends whom I reckon among the first of men, I never yet met with a character that so much excited my love and admiration. He had a brave and active spirit, prompted by every great and noble sentiment. An expanded benevolence to the whole human race, a still warmer sympathy with his own friends and family, and the enthusiasm inspired by the beautiful and sublime in nature are expressed in so forcible and yet so artless a manner that I could fancy him before me, accompanying with looks and gestures all

¹ Letters from Alexander Douglas to Sir J. Hall, when on an excursion in the Pyrenees, in 1789, in company with M. Reboul, Professor of Chemistry at Toulouse.

the divine emotions of his heart. He was eager in pursuit of every kind of science, and he shows the utmost zeal for his own improvement, as well as for the reformation of the abuses of society. His talents were of a superior cast, and as might be expected from the warmth of his feelings, such as were rather adapted to the busy scenes of the world, than to the habits of philosophical contemplation. With what reputation might he not have discharged the active duties of public, as well as private life!

But Lycidas is dead, dead e'er his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

On June 12 he describes some chemical experiments:—

Thursday.—Between three and four hours in preparing with Dr. Hope the nitrous oxide, which I respired in several portions, continuing it twice till I was obliged to desist by the oppressive feelings it produced. The symptoms were a glow in the chest, an acceleration of the pulse, and an indescribable vertigo in the head, and through the whole body, as if there was a thrilling agitation in every atom of the brain, muscles, etc. My feelings were by no means agreeable, (as described by many who have tried it,) though the first time I laughed, yet it was in a great measure from a consciousness of my ridiculous appearance, for I preserved my senses, and found myself sitting, and using a violent motion with my arms.

The second time I felt still more strongly the state of *orgasm*, for on Dr. Hope's asking me how I felt, I said, I felt as if I was going to knock a man down. These violent emotions subsided in about a minute, without any permanent effect of intoxication or any other circumstance.

After this he mentions having spent '2 hours in philosophical conversation with Horner,' therefore these alarming symptoms must soon have passed off.

June 30.—Set out at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 for Lasswade, where we met Kennedy by appointment, who was there on a visit. Breakfasted there and spent the morning, or

rather the day, in lounging through the delightful scenery of the N. Esk to Hawthornden and Roslin, where we dined, and spent the evening, and returned to Edinburgh by 11 at night. Scarcely ever spent a more agreeable day; the day was warm, which rendered the gloomy shades by the waterside a most delicious refreshment, as we alternately plunged into them from the heat of the sun, to whose oppressive rays we were every now and then exposed in our scrambling walk along the banks. The beauties around us afforded an ample field for the exercise of taste, and to prevent us from being cloyed with them, my companions poured forth their intellectual stores of science and of humour to give every charm to the conversation.

July 8.—One hour in reading A. Smith's 'Observation on the inland Corn Trade,' in consequence of a trial reported in the Paper of to-day, in which a man was condemned in the Court of King's Bench for regrating. Nothing can show the superior state of philosophy in this part of the Island more clearly than the contrast between the opinions of our English Judges on this subject, and the liberal decision which was lately given by the whole Court of Session (except one) on a cause of the same nature.

On July 14, 1800 [Lord Webb Seymour writes in his Journal] left Edinburgh and proceeded by Dalkeith road to Blackshiels-Lauder. . . . at Flybridge we crossed the Tweed, which is here a beautiful river. The water limpid, and not of that porter colour which generally characterises rivers which take their rise in boggy tracts. To Melrose, whose beautiful abbey fully answered my expectations after all that I had heard in its praise. . . . its charms consisted in the elegance of its architecture and its highly finished carved work. . . . To Dryburgh Abbey, a pretty ruin spoiled by the bad taste of its possessor who has undertaken to arrange in groups the fallen ornaments of stone, and has planted a flower garden close against old walls. However it is finely embosomed in wood, through which you get many fine peeps of it from a distance.

Viewed from the lofty bank of the Tweed opposite, it is particularly fine. To Jedburgh; pleasantly situated in a narrow vale tolerably well wooded. The Vales of the Tweed and Teviot by no means beautiful. There is scarcely any wood, except what surrounds the gentlemen's seats, and then it has generally more or less the appearance of a policy.

[Here follows a description of the geology of the country, which is here and elsewhere omitted.]

' *July 15.*—The ruin of Jedburgh Abbey forms from many points of view a most happy combination with the natural beauties that surround it. The only deformity of the vale is the rock, which is of the same red colour, and flat, unvaried aspect as at Dryburgh. Intended to have crossed the Cheviot, but could not procure horses and were obliged to take the road to Carlisle. Walked in the evening to Howick [Hawick], crossing over into the Teviot dale and following the course of the river. The vale wide and cultivated, but for the most part uninteresting. The left bank of the river crowded with gentlemen's seats. Near Howick we passed the nursery of the Dicksons, reckoned the most extensive in Britain, consisting of upwards of eighty acres. . . .

July 16.—To Brampton; it is flat and uninteresting. Arrived at Brampton between 6 and 7, and walked to see Noward Castle [Naworth] which lies about 2 or 3 miles to the N.E. The castle is situated on the bank of a narrow and deep ravine, to whose steep declivities it owed its natural strength. The building is of a dark red sandstone, its architecture is rude . . . and bears every mark of remote antiquity. Our cicerone, a maidservant, told us that the oldest part of it was erected 700 years ago. The inside of the building retains more of what so many suppose to have been its original character than any of the kind that I have ever seen. The chimney of the Hall is of an enormous length, and the panels of the upper end of it in the roof were painted with hideous portraits now much defaced, so

that it is difficult to say whom they were intended to represent. Upon two or three of these however we made out the name of some of the Saxon Kings. From the hall we passed into two large apartments hung with tapestry of which the figures are scarcely distinguishable. The blue is the only colour that remains, and that in irregular patches which give the whole an appearance especially grotesque and dismal. We were now carried upstairs into a long narrow gallery, the walls of which were naked, and its only furniture consisted in a few pieces of rusty armour, two or three saddles raised very high before and behind so as to fit the thighs and body of the rider, and covered with battered crimson velvet, so that they had probably been used at tournaments, and an old cradle made of boards and lined on the outside with skin that had the hair on, so that it resembled an old trunk. At one end of this gallery is a small door strengthened with bars of iron, which opens upon a winding stone staircase. After ascending 2 or 3 turns, a door in the side of it conducted us into a set of small apartments, which are said to have been occupied by Ld. Wil. Howard, tho' at what date our guide did not inform us. These consist of a bedchamber and library, an oratory and confessional adjoining to it. The rude workmanship and decayed state of every article of furniture in these apartments induce me to think them almost coeval with the building. The bedchamber is floored with a coarse stucco. In the library, a good many books in bindings of black leather and vellum, with some manuscripts. Most of those we opened treated of subjects of scholastic theology, and we restored them to their shelves with sincere wishes for their uninterrupted repose. The oratory is a small closet, of an irregular figure. It had a painted wainscot ornamented with carved work, which was taken out in gilding and gaudy colours. The wainscot is now almost stripped from the walls, and is left leaning against them in fragments, among which stood some small marble figures of saints much broken and defaced. The oratory opens into the confessional, a still smaller apart-

ment, which receives no other light but what enters from the door—a fit place for revealing the black deeds of feudal tyranny. The gloom of the rooms is increased by the lowness of the roof, and the smallness of the windows, which look down upon the deep wood that covers the side of the ravine and conceals a torrent that is heard rushing in the bottom. As we returned, we looked back upon the castle, of which the battlements were now illuminated by the setting sun, as they arose frowning among some venerable oaks, whose decayed tops formed a happy accompaniment to the melancholy aspect of the building. . . . After we had left the Carlisle road and proceeded a mile or two towards Brampton, we were surprised to meet with a large block of granite much rounded, lying near the side of the road. A part of it was sunk beneath the surface, yet what was above ground measures from the lowest computations 18 cubic feet. On every side of this granite is a distance of at least six miles to the foot of any mountain, and for the whole of this space the country does not rise 200 feet. In our walks to Noward [Naworth] we saw other rounded blocks of the same granite of a smaller size, and rounded Porphyries. . . .

Thursday, July 17.—Drove to Corby Castle and walked over the grounds. These lie on the eastern bank of the Eden, which is here a noble river, flowing sometimes with a deep placid and majestic stream, at others pouring over its rocky channel with the roar of a torrent.

The principal walk follows the course of the river for a mile or more along the foot of a steep declivity clothed with fine trees intermixed with brushwood. The opposite bank of the river is a lofty precipice composed of red sandstone, though fortunately it has for the most part received a grey coating. The verge of it is crowned with trees, and its face interspersed with brushwood. The fantastic forms of the roots and branches of the oak, which has found means to fix itself in the crevices of the rock, which here and there impends in large masses over the walk, attract particular attention by their picturesque combina-

tions. . . . everything is preserved with good taste in the simple beauty of nature. We were sorry however to observe one glaring exception in a red gewgaw, built in the castle style, on the opposite bank of the river. . . . To Carlisle, in which there is nothing worth notice except the old fortifications. Road to Penrith, dreary till we ascended the last hill immediately above the town, which gave us a grand prospect of the Fells, particularly of those about Ulleswater, which were now relieved by some partial lights from the mass of shade which enveloped the country. . . .

Friday, July 18.—Spent the day in a drive to Patterdale, and returned late in the evening to Penrith. The weather was the finest possible, and we had the advantage of the morning sun in going up the Lake, and of the evening sun in returning. Gained the top of Dunmallet about 10 o'clock; the tops of the mountains all clear, their sides softened by a fine aerial mist and relieved by the gently floating shadows of the clouds. There was just wind enough upon the Lake (to use Gray's expression) 'to show that the water was alive.' The whole scene delightful. The mountains are more finely grouped, as seen from Dunmallet, than from any other point on the Lake. As we descended the face of the hill towards the Lake, we caught some partial views of the water and its shores, especially of the country about Water-millock, which pleased us even more if possible than the extensive prospect we had had from the top. Such views have the additional charm of half-concealment.

Lyulph's tower is built of a grey stone in the castle style, with round towers at the corners. The window-frames are small, gothicised sashes painted green, and there is a modest simplicity in the air of the whole structure which harmonises perfectly with the surrounding scene. As viewed from all points it is a pleasing object. I know no imitation of the antique in which so much good taste is displayed. At Glencoin, 2 miles from Patterdale, we sent our chaise forward, and spent between 2 and 3 hours

of the hottest part of the day in lounging under the towering cliffs and climbing woods which adorn the side of the mountain, which rises abruptly from the margin of the Lake. The bluff points and bold masses of rock reminded me of Loch Katterin, but the wood which covers them is here much finer. The views from hence are charming both up and down the Lake. The sky was now clear and the water reflected a deep azure. Downwards we looked over the woods of Gowbarrow Park, the mountains in the near view steep and rugged, but assuming a milder form where they shut in the water at the bending of the Lake. Beyond we saw the enclosures on the lower part of the mountain opposite, and the blue ridge of the Yorkshire hills closed the landscape.

The shores at the head of the Lake are low meadows, in which the country people were now busy at their hay and harvest. About a quarter of a mile from the water, a mountain divides the valley in which the Lake is situated into two branches, one of them a narrow glen, the other a dale of considerable breadth through which the road passes to Ambleside. The view towards the head of the Lake is shut in on every side by craggy steeps of the adjoining mountains. Their feet are skirted with small irregular enclosures, and amidst the trees are seen the rude tower of the Church, and the scattered cottages which form the humble village of Patterdale. This view however is much injured by the lumpish outline of a mountain that forms a principal feature in the background. As we approached Patterdale, a nearer mountain intercepted the view of this disagreeable object, but we came in sight of another of a different kind, and yet more offensive, a gentleman's seat built in the style of a square box and coloured of a bright white, with the exception of the corner stones and stone windowcases, which are of a chocolate colour. This style of colouring we had observed in several places between Longtown and Penrith. It is everywhere disgusting, but in Patterdale it is insufferable.

After dining at a neat little inn we walked more than a

mile along the road towards Ambleside. It runs through a delightful dale, adorned with every object that can suggest the most pleasing ideas of rural refinement and of Alpine grandeur.

In returning to Penrith, we stopped at the lower end of the Lake and took a barometrical measurement by the waterside. . . .

Saturday, July 19.—Proceeded to Keswick through an uninteresting country, with nothing to amuse us but the varying outlines of the Fells. Reached Keswick about mid-day; walked immediately to Crew Park, when we were overtaken by an impertinent fellow of the name of Hodgson, who offered himself as guide, and bored us incessantly with description and narrative for half an hour, when he quitted us at Cockshot station. We were now at liberty to see with our own eyes, and indulge our own tastes. After admiring the beauties of the view from Cockshot we lounged down to the shore opposite to Lord's Island, and followed its windings from thence to the fall of Lodore. There was a fresh breeze upon the Lake, the sun shone, and there was no cloud, so that the day might have been called fine, had there not been a thick haze in the atmosphere which spread a glaring whiteness over the sky, and was still more unpleasant as reflected from the water, upon which the eye could not dwell for any time without uneasiness. From the heat and from this oppressive atmosphere we gladly took refuge under the shade of the magnificent cliff that hangs over the west side of the fall of Lodore. The river here rushes down a steep declivity, over heaps of large fragments of rock, which lie piled upon each other in the channel. There was now but little water in the fall, yet the delicious coolness of the spot, the grandeur of the rocks that soared over our heads—the fantastic forms of the oak and birch which stretched forth their arms from the precipices to add a deeper shade to the chasm below, lulled the mind to solemn and tranquil emotions. P. [Playfair] scrambled higher up the falls to examine the strata, whilst I stretched myself on a mass of rock by the

side of the stream, and dozed away half an hour in a reverie, that I would not have exchanged for all the busy joys of the splendid and the gay.

Returned to dinner at Keswick, and then went to look at Crossthwaite's Museum. There are several things in it really curious. The skeleton of a Buffalo's head dug out of a moss near Keswick measures 2 feet 5 inches in length. Was this enormous animal the *Urus* of Cæsar? . . .

Sunday, July 20.—Took horses and a guide and set out to view Lake of Buttermere and Crummock. . . . Rode round the lower end of Keswick Lake and over some low eminences commanding delightful views of the Lakes of Bassenthwaite and Keswick and the adjoining country into the Vale of Newlands. . . . The mountains grew bolder as we proceeded up the vale. At length we left the last traces of cultivation behind us, and by a short, but steep ascent gained the highest part of a ridge which separates the Vale of Newlands from that of Buttermere. As we descended by a road cut slanting along the steep declivity of the mountain, the rich cultivated flat which divides the Lakes of Buttermere and Crummock, the wood which adorns the opposite mountain of Red Pike appeared partially brightened by gleams of sunshine, as the clouds were now dispersing.

Went to see Scale Force, a fall on the side of Red Pike. It is remarkable for its simplicity. The water precipitates itself down a perpendicular height of 100 feet in a single stripe. The fall is in the furthest recess of a chasm which the water has worn to the depth of 60 or 70 yards horizontally into the face of the mountain.

Refreshed ourselves and horses at Buttermere,—proceeded by the East side of Buttermere Lake, and up a wild glen called Gatesgarth. The mountains on each side tremendously steep and rugged, particularly that on our right, on the top of which there are slate quarries. . . . Crossed another ridge at the head of the stream, and descended into Borrowdale by the side of a torrent which had cut a deep ravine into the rock and fell in a series of

cascades. The sublime scenery of Borrowdale now began to open upon us. On entering the bottom of the vale we wound round the foot of the mountain towards Keswick, after turning back with admiration at the romantic grandeur of the two narrow vales into which Borrowdale branches out about a mile further up. It was now between 6 and 7 o'clock, and the sun which was sinking fast in the West appeared just above the ridge of the mountain on our left, and his rays glancing obliquely down the slopes, joined to the glare of the white lake that surrounded him, dazzled our eyes and threw a dimness over that side of the prospect. . . .

To the north the view opened upon the Lake of Keswick with its romantic shores, and was terminated by the lofty Skiddaw, the sloping ridges of whose sides were finely relieved by the oblique rays of the sun, softened by the distance. We crossed the river at Grange and returned to Keswick by the western side of the lake. The views of it on this side are by far the most beautiful, and we saw it to the greatest advantage, as the opposite shore was illuminated by the setting sun. The road is conducted with great judgment at a considerable elevation along the side of the mountain, and you look down upon the lake over charming masses of wood, which spread themselves to the very brink. In the road over a heath under a hill called Swineside, just before we reached the Vale of Newlands, saw argillite stretching N. and S.—elevation considerable towards the W. A wall under Red Pike built of a reddish granite; our guide told us that the top of Red Pike consisted entirely of this stone, and the red scars we saw made this probable. The whole of the higher part of the ridge of a mountain on the east side of Crummock, called Grasmere, appeared from its colour and shivered surface to consist of this stone. . . .

The broad, flat part of Borrowdale was probably once a lake shut in by these rocks, as they were cut through by the torrent, the lake gradually sank and at last was emptied. . . .

Monday, July 21.—Sunday evening was so clear, that I resolved to attempt to see the sun rise from Skiddaw this morning. Accordingly, ordered Grey, our guide, to attend me at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12. P. [Playfair] thought himself unequal to the fatigue, and went to bed.

I sat up reading Ossian. My guide came punctually, but the sky was now clouded over, and we waited $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour in hopes of its clearing. At one it promised finer, and we set off. Our road lay for near 2 miles through the finest part of the Vale of Keswick that spreads along the foot of the mountain. The night was calm, the air perfumed by the woodbines on the hedges, and by the hay that lay in the meadow. Passing close by Ormathwaite House, we immediately found ourselves on the open part of the mountain. After ascending some time pretty briskly we halted to breathe. Our situation was striking. The night was not so dark but that we could discover the lake and some of the larger features of the country beneath us, which roused the memory and imagination to supply the rest with the sublime effect that always arises from obscurity, and the dead stillness around us was interrupted only by the softened roar of the distant waterfall.

As we gained the top of a shoulder of the hill the morning began to dawn, and the mountain tops continued clear; yet the cloudiness of the sky and the fogs that dwelt upon the low country plainly showed us that we were not to expect either to see the sun rise or to enjoy the distant prospect. During the anticipation of disappointment, I was consoled by a beautiful phenomenon. The ridges of the Caldbeck Fells not far below us to the North-East were overspread by light fleecy clouds of a snowy whiteness, which was strongly set off by the dark-coloured mountain which here and there appeared through the mist. The clouds were perfectly unlike anything that I had before seen in a mountainous country, and very much resembled the feathery flakes of the most delicate cotton. Such mists as these must be the dwellings of the gentle spirits of a Cromla and Agandecca. It was thus that they

met Fingal in his hills. P. [Playfair] says that he never saw this phenomenon but once. The highest point of the mountain is on the N. East side, and not to be seen from Keswick. We reached it about a $\frac{1}{4}$ before 4. A cold breeze blew from the N.W.; the thermometer stood at 46. The sky was overcast with dingy clouds that threatened rain. The tops of the Fells were all clear, but the low country was buried in a hazy mist, which clung near the surface, so that I could only judge what I might have discovered at a more favourable moment. The view extends over an immense flat country to the South, the Cheviot Hills on the North, and on the E. and S.E. to the Fells in Durham and Yorkshire. To the S., S.W. the prospect from Skiddaw is interrupted by his rival mountains. To the N.W. I saw the whole of the South Coast of Scotland. The end near the Coast of Cumberland was concealed by billows of mist, that rose to no great height in the atmosphere, beyond which was a dark cloud in the horizon, which my guide told me was the Isle of Man. I had carried up the barometer, but as I was proceeding to make an observation, was stopped by perceiving that the mercury bag ran out. I spent about an hour on the top in comparing the heights of the neighbouring mountains with that of Skiddaw by a spirit-level. All of them appeared lower except Helvellyn and another mountain, which was probably Conistoun Old Man, as it was in that direction, but my guide could not be positive as to its name. These two exactly touched the line of the level, and were therefore somewhat higher than Skiddaw. When we arrived within $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile of the foot, we found the morning calm and warm and a fine dew upon the grass. The whole of the Vale of Keswick, from Bassen-thwaite to Borrowdale, lay before us as in a map; I forgot my fatigue amidst the charms of the varying prospect, which opened to us as we wound round the foot of Latrig to Keswick. In descending a steep bank of turf near the foot of the mountain my feet slipped, and the barometer flew from my hand and was broken. Dressed and break-

fasted. Went to see Hutton's Museum. The collection of minerals tolerable. . . .

Tuesday, July 22.—Took boat and rowed down the Lake. The morning excessively hot and calm; the water was once so glassy that we could distinguish the stones and trees at $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile distance on the shore in the reflected image, nearly as well as the real objects. Landed on Lady's Holm, a small island covered with wood. Landed on Bella Island and walked round it. It is the property of Mr. Kirwan, who has a house upon it. Its extent near 40 acres. White was called in to lay out the grounds, and he has dressed them in Brown's style. A gravel walk with clipped hedges runs round the island by the water-side. The turf is mowed even, close to the masses of rock which jut above the surface, and by the side of the walks on one side of the island is a shubbery, with borders laid and trimmed as spruce as the flower-garden before a citizen's country box. One great deformity is a sloping pavement laid all round the shore of the island to guard it from the action of the waves, which in storms rise to a considerable height. . . . We were told however that in this respect we saw the island to the greatest disadvantage, as the water was now uncommonly low and the embankment is generally concealed by it. The island is most striking when you are at a short distance from it, as its beauties are then visible without its defects. . . . As we made the tour of the island the lake and its shores presented a succession of rich and varied scenery. Leaving this spot, which notwithstanding all the bad taste about it is highly delightful, we landed at the Ferry opposite to Bowness, and proceeding a few hundred yards on the road towards Hawkshead, we ascended to the top of a promontory of rock on which Miss Bathwaite has built a summerhouse called 'The Temple.' The view from hence appeared to us the finest upon the lake. It extends along both shores of this noble sheet of water almost from one end to the other of it

Bathwaite Lake lies in a pretty Vale. It looked rather

tame after what we have seen lately. Passed through Hawkshead and climbed over a hill to Coniston. We were directed (in common with all travellers) to a station in a meadow at the back of the house of one Crichton. This point is some hundred feet above the level of the Lake, on a steep declivity at the northern extremity of it; you see at one view almost to the southern. All round the head of the Lake the country rises in broken slopes, over which houses, and trees, and fields, and cattle are scattered and grouped in the most agreeable confusion. To the right is Coniston Old Man and one or two other mountains that rank among the highest of the Fells. . . .

Crichton is a singular character. He knows something of mathematics and of mineralogy, and seems to have speculated on subjects which seldom trouble the thoughts of men in his rank of life, for he lives in a small farm, which he cultivates with his own hands. From several things he said he seemed an amiable good-hearted man, but he has had the misfortune to live amongst people whose minds were inferior to his own, and has been led to imagine that he knows everything. The formal gravity with which he explained to us the operation of volcanoes and of the deluge in producing some phenomena of the neighbouring mountains was ludicrous. In speaking of other men he plainly insinuated his good opinion of himself. He observed of Todhunter, who has a collection of curiosities at Kendal, that he was an industrious little man, but the worst of him was he wanted genius and was but a poor scholar.

Returned by a road commanding many interesting views round the head of Windermere to Lowood. . . .

Wednesday, July 23.—Dined at Colgarth with the Bishop of Llandaff. He was in high spirits and said many good things. He gave his opinion with great freedom on many political and theological topics, and with a liberality of sentiment that does him the highest honour. We should have gone away highly pleased with him, had we not unfortunately stumbled on geology, when he immediately

delivered a formal lecture on the production of the neighbouring mountains, which he attributed to volcanic fire, and spoke in the most decided tone, though he showed himself totally ignorant of all the late discoveries and doctrines on the subject. We were sorry for him, yet at the same time could not but smile, for *mutato nomine* he was now only a *Crichton of Coniston*, though of a higher order. When we took our leave of him we walked up by his direction to the top of an eminence above the house. It commands one of the best views of the Lake; almost the whole length of it is seen at once, and the country between the station and the water is prettily varied. The mountains on the other side of the Lake to the North-West appeared under the most favourable circumstances. The sun was setting behind a dark mass of bluish cloud, that overhung the summit of Wrynose Fell and the Langdale Pikes, whose sides were nearly of the same deep colour with the cloud, and fancy was prompted to paint the gloomy shades of the glens, whose windings might be traced by the crossing of the ridges. The cloud was tipped with the brightest gold, which continued long after the sun had disappeared. The vapours at length dispersed, floating slowly away in large masses over the ridges of the mountains. We sauntered home along the turnpike road after halting to admire the views—‘Now glowed the firmament With living sapphires.’

All was calm, not a leaf stirred. The reflection from the mirror of the water still showed the majestic expanse of the lake, the country beyond was almost lost in dim obscurity, except the rugged outline of the mountain, which was strongly set off by the light that still brightened the sky towards the north-west. Amidst the wonderful scenes we had lately visited we often wished for our friends, but never more ardently than at present, for never were our hearts more open to those emotions which warm the mind to sympathise with whatever is great and good. Yet our attention was divided between the charm of nature and the interesting topic which had engaged us at the

Bishop's, and at intervals when the closeness of the wood intercepted the view we carried on a warm discussion on some metaphysical topics. The attributes of the Deity occupied us as much as anything, and the subject was far from being foreign to the sublime display of Nature before us.

The land in this country is for the most part divided into small estates at from £40 to £60 per acre, which are either freeholds or held by a small quit rent. These are cultivated by the proprietors, and the price of labour is correspondingly high, as there are few labourers in the market. There are but few manufactures. At Penrith there is a linen manufactory and some little woollen. Wool is also manufactured about Keswick. Crichton told us that in his neighbourhood both men and women used formerly to employ themselves in the winter evenings in spinning wool, but a machine or two that have been erected thereabouts have now deprived them of this occupation. On asking him if they had not since taken to spinning linen, he answered in the negative.

The gentlemen whom the beauties of the country have induced to settle here are destroying the old style of landed property by buying all they can about them.

[Here follows a description of their journey away from the Lake country, and of their visit to several manufactories. On July 25 they ascended Ingleborough on a very hot afternoon, and at sunset descended rapidly to Ingleton.]

... I had been told at Hutton's Museum that Dr. Biddors had said, that the Sattin Spar from Aldstone Moor (which had been called a Carb. of Lime) contained Strontianite. This led me this morning to dissolve some of it in Muriatic acid, and the solution when concentrated and mixed with spirits of wine burned with a crimson flame.

Saturday, July 26.—Set off on horseback about eleven with our guide to visit the remarkable caves in this neighbourhood. Rode up the Vale of the Wease, which was between Ingleborough and Whernside. Between 3 and 4

miles from Ingleton our guide showed us a place called 'God's Bridge,' where the Wease rises after a course of 2 or 3 miles underground. The water flows in a number of springs from beneath some beds of Limestone. A quarter of a mile further brought us to the Chapel in the dale, a village of a few houses, where we left our horses, as the caves were hard by. The first we came to in going up the bottom of the Valley is called Hurtlepot. It is a hole of a roundish form, 40 or 50 feet in diam. and as many deep. On one side of the bottom there is a low arch under the rock, beneath which is a black pool of water, that occupies also a smooth part of the bottom of the pit. This pool we were told has been sounded to the depth of 40 fathoms without reaching the bottom. Black trunks have been taken out of it. The sides of the pit are most perpendicular, and the rock is overgrown with lichens and long stag-moss. You enter by a cut in the back that forms the lowest side of it. The mouth is overshadowed by trees through which scarce a gleam of sunshine ever penetrates, and the black abyss of the water with the dark hue of the rocks contribute to form a gloomy scene, which is the more striking as on descending a few steps down a narrow sloping entrance, you plunge from the brightness of the day into the midst of it.

Not a hundred yards higher up the dale is Gingle Pot, a deep narrow chasm; on one side of it is a small aperture in the rock, from which issues a sound of the trickling of water. About a furlong further up than Gingle Pot is Weather Coate Cave. This is another pit, of which the aperture at top may be about 30 yards long and from 10 to 15 broad. This aperture is divided about the middle by a mass of rock that crosses it, underneath which is a considerable arch that connects the two hollows below into one. The bottom of the pit is a continued slope, covered with loose fragments of stone; the lower end of it about 60 or 70 feet perpendicular from the surface; the declivity of the bottom lying lengthways of the cave. As we approached the cave we heard the sound of a water-

fall, but this was concealed from our view, till we descended half way down the slope and passed under the arch of rock. We then saw at the opposite end of the chasm, a considerable stream of water issuing from a dark cavern (the mouth of which is a few feet in diameter) and shooting forwards from the perpendicular face of the rock, down which it fell about 40 feet, and breaking into a foaming shower, ere it reached the bottom and disappeared immediately among the loose stones at the foot of the craggy declivity on which we stood. We proceeded over the slippery stones to the bottom of the fall and got into a cavern on one side of it, which sheltered us from the spray. The stream shoots so far clear of the precipice that we found we could walk behind it, or even round it, without being much wetted. The effect in looking from behind through the water at the sky and other objects is singular.

The brink of the precipice all round Weathercoate is prettily adorned with low trees and brushwood, and the whole forms a romantic little scene.

We remounted our horses and rode over a broad ridge, which forms a part of the base of Whernside, into Kingsdale. On the N.-W. side of this dale and about 4 miles from Ingleton, lies Yordas Cave in the side of a hill, which may also be considered as a part of Whernside. Our guide fixed 6 or 8 candles in a cross-piece of wood at the end of a pole, and we entered the cave through an arch of from 10 to 15 feet in diameter. The floor slopes a little towards the inside at the entrance, the rest of it is upon the whole nearly horizontal, though rendered very narrow by large masses of rock and loose stones. The length of the cavern is between 80 to 100 feet, the breadth 30 or 40. It is said to be about 60 feet high in one place, but in general it is not more than 40. All these dimensions of the caves were estimated by guess and many of them from memory after leaving the spot, so that they can only serve to convey a vague notion of the size. At the inner end of Yordas Cave is a narrow

passage, a few yards in length, leading into a smaller one that is 8 or 10 feet in diameter and about 20 high. There is here a small stream of water gushing from the rock, which after running into the outer cave, sinks under ground again amongst the rubbish. In this water the thermometer stood at $56\frac{1}{2}$, and in the air of the inner cave at $57\frac{1}{2}$. The day was sultry hot, and the refreshing coolness we found in all the caves recalled to our minds the sentiments of delight with which caves are described by the pastoral poets of Greece and Italy. In this climate dampness and dirt are generally associated with the idea of a cavern. We now felt the luxurious pleasure with which subterraneous shelter must be regarded by an inhabitant of the South of Europe. . . . Yordas Cave has also been excavated by water. The mouth of it is in the side of a ravine, down which in wet weather there is a succession of cascades, and at such times the water flows also through the cave in a considerable brook. Between the inner and the outer cave are some small pillars of rock, of which the sides are worn into a great number of irregular convex surfaces divided by undulating ridges, of which the angles are often extremely sharp. It is probable that the water will soon complete the destruction of this part of the rock, and lay both caves into one. . . .

July 27.—Thornton Beck and the Wease unite just above Ingleton. Walked up Wease Dale.

[On July 28 they drove round the foot of the hills to Malham, and saw another cave, after which they proceeded to Gordale Scar, but their time was chiefly devoted to geological research. There is nothing very interesting until the following phenomenon occurred.]

We had proceeded a mile or so from Malham on the road to Skipton, when we were struck by a singular phenomenon. About 10 or 12 degrees above the lofty ridges of the hills on our right was a black cloud, from the lower side of which issued a long conical coil of 3 or

4 degrees in length, resembling the common representation of a water-spout. Through the axis of the cone from the apex to the base there was a bright streak of the same size throughout its whole length; a brighter cloud beyond the dark one, rendered every circumstance of the phenomenon distinctly visible. The point of the cone gradually stretched itself downwards about a degree towards a smaller dark cloud, not so dark as the upper one, and which was nearer the horizon; the smaller end of the cone seemed not to mix with this cloud but to lay across it. The clouds had in the meantime a very little motion towards the east. A slight undulatory motion, or one which appeared such, then took place in the cone, the motion of the bright streak resembling the motion of a ribband that is stretched on a table and one end jerked downwards with the hand. The motion lasted about half a minute, when the whole cone began clearly to revolve very rapidly on its axis, its body became distended and more transparent—it was soon totally dissipated. The sky had been gloomy all the morning and it had rained a good deal, but there was no wind. The thermometer between 2 and 3 o'clock stood at 64. This occurred between 3 and 4. The weather had all the appearance of thunder, though on inquiry we could not learn that there had been any in the neighbourhood of Skipton. The whole phenomenon lasted about 4 minutes. . . . Malham Cove and Gordale Scar offered fine instances of the powerful operation of water on country of secondary limestone. The stream which runs from the foot of the precipice sinks underground at Malham Tarn, a small lake three or four miles above it. On the top of the rock immediately over the spot where the spring rises, there is a great appearance of the action of water, as the rock is hollowed out in an irregular notch, from which a small valley with rocky sides stretches away towards the Tarn. In all probability the stream once ran over the declivity and wore away the rock by its fall, till it found an easier passage by its present subterranean course. The whole

valley of Gordale Scar, and the chasm where the cataract is, have clearly been hollowed out by the stream. . . .

Tuesday, July 29.—To Bradford and Halifax. Vale of the Ayr beautiful. Country about Bradford and Halifax very similar to the environs of Bath and Bristol. All about Settle and Skipton is a great grazing country. The lean cattle from Scotland are fatted in the Vallies, which are broad and rich. There are cotton mills at Ingleton, Settle and Skipton, but no woollen manufactory till about half-way between Skipton and Keighley. From thence to Bradford and all round Halifax, the woollen manufactory is of everlastings, shaloons, and figured stuffs, the best of which are chiefly for the Spanish market. The broad-cloth manufactory prevails more about Leeds. The cloth-halls at Halifax are an interesting building. It is a quadrangle an hundred yards long and 80 broad. It stands on the slope of a hill; about half of the building that is lowest on the declivity is three stories high, the rest only two. The entrance into the quadrangle is through a single pair of folding gates, and every storey of the building has its piazzas on the inside all round. Under these piazzas are the doors of no less than 319 small apartments, which are so many shops of the manufacturers in their dealings with the merchants. The market is held on Saturday mornings from 10 to 12. No business is done except at this time. At 12 the buyers are regularly rung out of the hall. The goods sold here are not dyed, the merchant chuses the colour, and gives them to the dyer.

Wednesday, July 30.—On account of there being no horses at Woodhead, found ourselves obliged to go round by Manchester in order to get into Derbyshire. For a few miles beyond Halifax we wound through a narrow valley, crowded with buildings for machinery, with modern country houses, and every other appearance of manufacturing industry and wealth. Crossed over Blackstone Edge to Rochdale, and to Manchester. At Manchester saw a little of Robison, son of Prof. Robison, of Edinburgh. He is engaged in a house there. From him we learnt a few

particulars concerning the trade of the place. The Cotton manufactory (except the spinning) is almost confined to Manchester, though there is something done also at Stockport.

The cotton mills in Manchester are worked by steam, and there are such advantages in carrying on the spinning business in the town, that many have been induced to give up their water-mills in the country. The cotton works, by crowding together large numbers of both sexes, have the worst effects upon the morals of the work-men. Methodism, and that cursed sect of it that maintains the virtue of faith without works, is very prevalent among them. There are jumpers here.

The only peculiar advantages of Manchester as a manufacturing place seem to be its vicinity to coal, (which is had from the distance of a few miles,) and also to Liverpool. Its intercourse with Liverpool is immense.

Slept at Dishley. . . .

Thursday, July 31.—Over some tedious hills to Buxton. The bottoms of the vallies pretty and well wooded. The friends we inquired for, were gone to Castleton. . . .

Friday, August 1.—Passed a most charming day with our friends at Buxton. Were introduced by them to the Stewarts.

August 2.—To Bakewell, where we passed the greater part of the day in looking over White Watson's Collection.

Sunday, August 3.—Passed the morning in looking over more of W. W.'s Derbyshire collection. In the evening rode to Middleton, and up the Dale to near Tideswell, then over the moor to Castleton. . . .

Monday, August 4.—Spent about two hours before breakfast in exploring the Cave (at Castleton). It is scarcely worth while to go beyond the Chancel. We ascended to the place between the two great compartments of the cavern, where they usually sing, and made our guide carry his candle to different parts of the space below. The effect of his dark figure, when relieved by the light held behind him, was extremely good. The way of seeing this

part of the cave to the greatest advantage would be to distribute the lights, so that none of them should be visible from the points of view. Our guide told us that Wright of Derby used to put this in practice. Nothing can be more sublime than the effect of the lights on coming out through the small door into the outer cavern. It is impossible to describe it. . . . Nothing can be more inconsistent with the savage sublimity of the cavern than the wire manufactory that is established in the outer cavern.

After breakfast took Elias Hall, the spar manufacturer, with us, and set out to visit the Speedwell Mine. It lies about a mile from Castleton, on the road to Buxton. The man who shows the place lives close at the mouth. He conducted us down a long flight of steps, at the bottom of which we embarked in a boat. We now proceeded by candlelight along a subterranean canal just broad enough to admit the boat; the roof of the tunnel is four or five feet above the water. The tunnel runs three or four hundred yards in a straight line, and was blasted out of the solid rock for the purpose of carrying out the ore from a lead mine. The poverty of the vein however rendered this expensive work fruitless.

Our guide shoved the boat along by leaning against some wooden pegs stuck in the side of the trench. At one time he entertained us with a song. His voice was strong and clear, and it produced a delightful echo. Hall had brought a French horn with him. The echoes were charming, especially when he paused, and the notes in hollow murmurs died away through the distant vault. At length we entered a natural cavern, and the roof over our heads rose suddenly to the height of at least 70 to 80 feet. The height of one part indeed, where there is a dark hole in the roof some yards in diameter, has never been ascertained. Our guide told us that a party once amused themselves with throwing up sky-rockets into this hole. The sudden and brilliant illumination must have been beautiful.

The breadth of the cavern in the direction in which

the canal crosses it is about 8 or 10 yards, its length perhaps 20. The channel of the canal is constructed of wood across the natural floor of the cavern, which slopes rapidly from right to left. The water which overflows the canal rushes down the declivity 40 or 50 feet, till it enters a pool which we were told has been sounded to a depth of (I think) more than an hundred yards, without reaching the bottom. . . . The look down from the canal towards the pool is tremendous. The darkness will not allow you to see the water; the stream beneath you seems to plunge into an abyss filled only with the air and the dominion of eternal night. The cavern was discovered by accident in driving the level. . . . On our return to the mouth, we found a party waiting to enter. We resigned our boat to them. I got into another to observe them as they proceeded. The figure of the man who worked the boat was highly interesting, when so distant as to be scarcely discoverable through the long perspective of the vault, appearing and disappearing by turns, as it was more or less illuminated in its motion from one part of the boat to another. One of the ladies had an excellent voice, and its notes were softened by the distance, and at the same time confused by the successive reverberations. The air could not be distinguished, but the whole resembled the mellow tones of a distant organ.

[He then proceeded with Hall to another mine, while Mr. Playfair walked to the top of Mam Tor. They returned to Castleton, and after dinner rode out and saw more of the country.]

Aug. 5.—Spent an hour or two in looking over the rest of W. Watson's Derbyshire Collection. We were much pleased with the clearness of W. W.'s explanation of it, and the candour with which he discussed geological topics. To Chatsworth. The park nobly wooded. The house grand, both without and within. Disappointed in finding very few pictures, scarcely any worth notice. The effect of the fine furniture was lost, as it was covered up for

preservation, and when you are only shewn the corner of a hanging or a chair bottom, the imagination will hardly supply the rest. In the gardens is a jumble of all the tastes of the last century; you have a parallelogram of water, spouting tritons and cascades running down stairs. The fountains are fine; one of them rises to the height of near 100 feet, but a fountain should be in an artificial flower garden, not among the groves of Chatsworth. Then Brown¹ has come in to spoil the beautiful banks of the river, by polishing its edges, and damming up the stream to make a piece of water and a cascade. Amidst these so called improvements, there is a wood left in all its native wildness, to please, I suppose, the modern taste for the picturesque, but by a strange inconsistency, there is a smooth gravel walk made through the midst of the tangled brake.

In driving from Edensor towards Matlock, the house and its environs appear to great advantage. The views along the road are more worth seeing than anything about the place.

Followed the course of the river down a pretty vale, and for the last mile passed through a part of that romantic scenery for which Matlock is so justly celebrated. Found the Stewarts etc. there. In the evening lounged with them in a boat upon the Derwent, then ascending the wooded hill on the eastern side, surveyed the winding river, the mantling woods that adorn the steep declivities rising immediately from the water, and the long irregular face of grey rock that crowns the whole, from the most commanding points of the edge of the precipice. The scenery reminded me of the Wye. After supper we had a moonlight walk. The moon shone directly up the valley, and the rays, falling obliquely on the most prominent parts of a lofty bank of sand that rose immediately opposite to our inn, relieved the whole mass with the most pleasing effect.

¹ Lancelot Brown (Capability Brown), landscape gardener, 1715-1773.

Wednesday, Aug. 6.—Went with our party to visit a cave near the inn. This is partly natural and has partly been hollowed out in the pursuit of a mineral vein. Many parts of it are prettily adorned with spar. The dimensions are small, except the length, which winds to a considerable extent. The whole party now proceeded, some on horseback and some in a sociable, down the vale for a mile or two, and then turning off from the Derby road to the right, followed a winding valley with steep declivities on each side clothed with brushwood. The scene was too uniform. A misty rain drove us back. It cleared by the time we got home, and afforded us a walk in the evening up the Heights of Abraham. From this elevated station the beauties of Matlock are not seen to advantage. The valley beneath your feet is lost in the extensive prospect.

Mr. Playfair and self climbed to the highest point of the hill. The view must be very extensive in clear weather. . . .

Thursday, Aug. 7.—The rest of the party set off for Kedleston and Derby. P. and myself rode over to Ashover, which we found situated in a very pretty vale, which a mile or two lower down opens upon the low country that occupies the southern part of the county. There we found Mr. W. Milner, who walked with us to the mines in the neighbourhood. At a limestone quarry close to the village we saw them breaking large blocks of limestone by lighting a coal fire upon them. . . . The Gregory mine is worked by the task upon the most extensive plan, the miners undertake to deliver in the ore ready for the furnace at so much a ton, and themselves and their whole families find employment in the different operations required. They are generally intelligent and industrious fellows. The water is drawn from this mine by two steam engines. The hill in which the mine lies commands a very rich and extensive view towards Nottinghamshire as far as Sherwood Forest.

Friday, Aug. 8.—Breakfasted at Ashborn. Confined at our inn for want of horses. Our friends arrived from Derby to dinner. When almost dark, we lounged in the

churchyard. The moon rose. The night was delightfully serene.

Saturday, Aug. 9.—The whole party set out to see Okeover, Ilam and Dovedale.—The Raphael (a Holy Family) at Okeover deserves the admiration it meets with, but there are one or two things in it, which strike one as much superior to the rest of the picture. The Virgin's face is exquisitely beautiful,—so soft, so finely expressive, so well relieved and highly finished. The cushion on which the Child's foot rests is admirable. I am told that the expression of the Child's face is highly commended. It does not please me. The infant may certainly be allowed sense superior to his years, but not the malicious archness expressed in this picture. The finest expression I ever saw in the infant's face is in a small picture by Correggio at Saltram.

At Okeover there are a few other good pictures, particularly our Saviour bearing his cross, by Titian. Our Saviour's face wants dignity and fortitude. The head of Peter, who is assisting him, is very fine.

Drove to Ilam. The grounds are not extensive, they have very much the character of a glen. The wood is fine, but all the water above where the two rivers the Hamps and the Manifold emerge from underground, was now stagnate. There is no dressing about the place, the walks and garden seats are in very good taste. Proceeded to Dovedale. The length of that part of the dale, which is usually visited, is about a mile and a half. A carriage cannot pass; the party were obliged to walk. The first half mile presented nothing interesting, and the heat was oppressive. It was about two o'clock. We stopped under the scanty shade of a bush to refresh ourselves with some cold provisions. Sauntered on up the valley and lounged by the side of the river upon the turf in two or three places, where the shadows of the lofty rocks on the opposite side of the valley afforded us a shelter from the sun. The scenery is here extremely grand on each side of the vale. The rocks are bold, fantastic, and the wood agreeably

interspersed. The Dove is a beautiful stream ; the channel appeared full, notwithstanding the dry season. The rapidity of the current is pleasingly varied, and the water, which is perfectly clear, derives its colouring from the long green reeds which in most places cover the bottom. Nothing can be more picturesque ; the large tufts of coltsfoot and other wild plants that grew among large loose stones in the middle of the stream often gave the finest foregrounds. One spot I shall never forget, where three or four of us lay on the turf for upwards of half an hour. It would be a charming station for a drawing. Towards the head of the dale the rocks close in on each side, so as barely to leave room for the river and a footpath by the side of it, and they rise perpendicularly in some places for more than a hundred feet.

It was now six o'clock, when we began to return slowly through the dale, and drove back to Ashborn.

Sunday, Aug. 10.—One party of our friends set out for Lichfield, another returned to Buxton. Playfair and self set out to see the Seton Mine, which lies near Hartington. We rode by Ilam, and over some dreary hills to Witton, leaving which we descended into a deep valley, and saw the place where the river Manifold sinks underground. This valley extends to Ilam, and in wet weather, when the channel under ground will not carry off all the water, there is a stream in the bottom of it. At present this channel on the surface was dry. There are two spots where the water is absorbed, one scarcely a mile above the other. Of the lower one we had only a distant view. The upper is on one side of the river at the foot of a low cliff. The quantity of water that flowed into the clefts of the rock was very small, and a still smaller stream passed on to the lower aperture, where the whole was absorbed, as the channel immediately below it was dry. The valley in which the superficial channel lies, was in all probability hollowed out by the water, till it sank at length to its present level, where it found the apertures into which it now empties itself. These might at first have been only

small crevices, which have since been enlarged by the action of the water. Of this there are evident marks in the sides of the upper aperture, which consists of several irregular holes not more than a foot or two in diameter, divided by small pieces of rock that appear much worn by the stream. It is likely that these will one day or other be enlarged into a cavern.

A mile or two further up the course of the stream brought us to the mouth of the Seton Copper Mine. This has formerly been very productive, but the vein is now so poor that the workmen are employed in following the *strings* or scattered ramifications of it. We went two hundred yards up an adit to see an engine, which draws the water. . . . Playfair thought it one of the clumsiest machines he had ever met with.

We now turned to the S.W., and rode over a bleak country to the Bottom House, where we joined the Ashborn road to Leek, and exchanged our horses for a chaise, which conveyed us to the town last mentioned. We did not learn till this morning that in Ashborn Church there is a monument, erected by Sir Brook Boothby to the memory of his daughter, which is much admired. We missed the opportunity of seeing it, as we were detained at our inn till after the morning service had begun, and it would have made us too late for our other expedition had we waited at Ashborn till it was finished. . . .

Monday, Aug. 11.—To Macclesfield and Alderley, where we found Mr. Stanley eager to see his friend Playfair. In the evening drove to Alderley Edge, the brow of a hill commanding an extensive view of the fertile plain of Cheshire. . . .

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 12th and 13th.—Passed very agreeably at Alderley. Mr. Stanley showed us the drawings made in the voyage to Iceland.

Thursday, 14th.—Mr. and Mrs. S. and two Misses S., Playfair and myself set out in a sociable and a gig to see the Salt Mines at Northwich. The Mine we examined lies about a mile and a half or two miles W. and somewhat N.

of Northwich. . . . The roof and walls are one entire mass of Salt-rock, but the salt is mixt with a small portion of clay, which gives a brownish tinge to the whole, when viewed at a distance, and the brilliancy of the salt is not perceived till the light is brought near it. The pit, however, affords a grand cavern scene. It is perfectly dry, as the water is kept out of the roof by a stratum of many fathoms of indurated marl, which lies between the upper and lower pit. . . . Dined very pleasantly at the house of Mr. Stanley's tenants at Anderton. A canal passes near the house, which runs upon one level from Middlewich to Manchester. Near Anderton there are large Salt manufactories. Wells are sunk here in search of the brine springs, and the brine is pumped up chiefly by windmills, though we saw one steam engine. . . . The brine springs are more profitable than the rock pits, for the rock salt must be dissolved for purification, whereas the brine is a pure solution, and nearly, if not perfectly, saturated.

The manufacturers labour under the greatest difficulties in the transportation of the salt, for the heavy duty renders it necessary to adopt the strictest measures in levying it. One cruel hardship has been the consequence,—the prevention of the use of salt as a manure. It might otherwise in this country have been adopted universally, for the rock salt may be had for a mere trifle. But the farmers have even been refused the liberty of taking away the refuse salt from the manufactories. Mr. S. told us that some late regulations have removed the oppression,—though his tenant complained to us of it as an existing evil.

Friday, 15th.—Walked this morning to look at a copper-mine on the brow of Alderley Edge. . . . The Macclesfield Copper Company undertook once to work the mine, but have since given it up. . . .

In Cheshire the farms are small; the farmers raise but little grain. There are a set of men who make it their business to buy up the grain of the farmers at their houses, and when they have collected a quantity about the country, bring it to market. This condition of the corn-

factor in Cheshire illustrates the origin of the *merchant* in general.

Saturday, Aug. 16.—Left Alderley last night in a coach at eleven o'clock, and at the same time separated from Playfair, who proposed to return directly to Scotland.

Breakfasted at Lichfield, was disappointed in the Cathedral. Reached Birmingham about two o'clock. . . . Arrived at West Bromwich between 5 and 6, where I found Hallam, and fortunately also Wintour. Time past most delightfully.

Sunday, 17th.—At Bromwich. *Monday, 18th.*—Wintour left us early, and set out for the neighbourhood of Park Gate. Hallam and myself rode to see some manufactories in the neighbourhood. In one we saw the method of casting iron nails and other goods, and of tinning cast-iron nails and digesters. The tin combines with the iron at a heat below redness. Saw Mr. Cliff's manufactory for boring gun-barrels. A blast furnace here for smelting cast-iron a second time is curiously constructed. . . . Mr. C. told me that some years ago a company obtained a patent for making the purest of the Furness iron ore into steel, without any previous smelting. They hoped by combining the ore directly with charcoal, to produce steel. Some experiments had promised them success, but when they came to try it in the large way, the work failed. Mr. C. says that from the superior richness of Wales in its coal and iron ore, there is little doubt but that in the course of 50 years, the iron foundries will be entirely transposed from Staffordshire and Shropshire to that country. At Mr. C.'s there is a manufactory of glass lenses, which are ground by a very simple and pretty contrivance. Went to a nailor's at Bromwich. A girl was making them with great expedition, and told us she had made a thousand in a day. I tried to make one, and after *five minutes'* work produced a very clumsy one.—Every interval today was employed in philosophical discussion, chiefly on metaphysical topics. Hallam and I have lived so long asunder, that it would require a month to bring our minds to understand each other. Am



happy to find that in our separate progress, our *habits of thinking* have in a great measure agreed, though our opinions are somewhat different. Left Bromwich between 3 and 4, got into the mail coach at Birmingham, and arrived at Bristol between 6 and 7 next morning.

Tuesday, Aug. 19.—Breakfasted at Bath, where I found Somerset. Went with him to Farley, and was introduced to Charlotte.¹ From the 19th to the 26th at Farley. Had a good deal of philosophical conversation with my brother, particularly about the philological society. . . . Read some parts of Currier's edition of Burns. His remarks on the Scotch peasantry are interesting for the picture they draw of an improved state of the lower orders of society. They are also elegantly written.

Tuesday, Aug. 26.—Rode over to breakfast at Bromwich, where I found Petty just returned from a tour through Wales. His conversation is interesting and so engaged as usual. Was introduced to Mr. F. Baring, Esq. Fine day, spent the day very agreeably.

Wednesday, 27th.—Returned to Farley, and in the evening went with my brother and Charlotte to Bradley.² Stayed at Bradley next day.

Friday, 29th.—Set out for Lymington. Arrived at Salisbury about noon. Found the place all alive on account of a music meeting. Heard Mara, Bartleman &c. in a part of the Messiah.

Confined all the evening at Salisbury for want of horses. The cloisters of the Cathedral are very beautiful. The drawing of the painted window over the altar is by Mr. J. Reynolds. I do not like it. Neither the attitude nor the countenance expresses anything appropriate to the subject (that of the resurrection). The manner in which the light is diffused over the piece, pleased me.

Saturday, Aug. 30.—A charming drive through the Downs brought me to my Mother's house at Lymington about noon.

¹ The Duke had married Lady Charlotte Hamilton in June

² Maiden Bradley, in Wiltshire, the Duke's estate.



CHARLOTTE, DUCHESS OF SOMERSET
(DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON)

From a Miniature in the possession of the Author.

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Tuesday, Aug. 26.—Rode over to breakfast at Bowood, where I found Petty just returned from a tour through Wales. His conversation is interesting and as elegant as usual. Was introduced to Sir F. Baring, Miss Fox etc. Spent the day very agreeably.

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Saturday, Aug. 30.—A charming drive through the Forest brought me to my Mother's house at Lymington about noon.

¹ The Duke had married Lady Charlotte Hamilton in June.

² Maiden Bradley, in Wiltshire, the Duke's estate.

From Aug. 30 to Saturday, Sept. 6th. at Lymington. When alone chiefly employed in writing letters, and in bringing up my journal. Read various parts of Gilpin's remarks on forest scenery and on the Western Counties of England. Agree with the rest of the world in allowing him great taste, but he is very little of a philosopher. I went one day to see him at Vicar's Hill. He is in his 78th. year. His faculties are entire, but it would have been absurd to think of entering into any discussion with a man at such an advanced period of life, and who besides has given his opinions to the public. His manners are easy and polite.

Sep. 6, Saturday.—Crossed the water to Yarmouth in the *Isle of Wight*. Ferried over to Norton, and walked to the shore at Totland Bay; followed the foot of the cliff for about a mile, and then ascending to the brow of it, proceeded to Alum Bay. The view of the Needles from the North side of Alum Bay is very grand. . . .

Sep. 7, Sunday.—Drove to Newport. Confined all day by the rain. *Sep. 8.*—Hired a gig and drove round by Niton, to Sheephill, and thence to Shanklin. The Undercliff has met with more admiration than it deserves; I do not wonder if a cockney who has seen nothing but the flats of the eastern part of the island, should be transported with it, but it must make very little impression on one who has seen a mountainous country, or rather a mountainous coast. The cliff wants variety of form and of colour, it is generally a great white wall. There is scarcely ever any considerable rock rising from the sea-beach. The confusion of rock and irregular ground and brushwood, that is spread over the strip of country between the shore and the cliff is sometimes pretty, when taken in small parts, but never broken into bold and grand masses. The scene is retired, but the idea of tranquillity is banished by the appearance of the tops of the trees, that are almost everywhere stunted and shorn by the sea-breeze. A few spots are pleasing, especially the situation of Sir R. Worsley's cottage.—At Shanklin I took a walk about 9 o'clock in the evening down to the brow of the cliff where the Chine opens upon

the sea. The moon was elevated 15 to 20 degrees above the horizon, and the light was beautifully reflected from the surface of the sea, of which a large expanse is commanded by the lofty eminence of the cliff. . . . Before I left Newport this morning I walked up to Carisbrook Castle. As a whole there is nothing grand in it, except the extent of ground it occupies. The keep and the gateway are two pretty bits of ruin. . . .

Sep. 9, Tuesday.—Descended to the stone at the mouth of the Chine at Shanklin and walked under the cliff to Luccombe Chine; returned over the hill by the road from Sheephill. Shanklin is prettily situated. A hill that shelters it to the South West allows the trees to attain their full growth. As for the Chine, 'tis only an enormous ditch. To Sandown Fort, and thence through Brading to the Priory. From Brading the country is well wooded. The Priory is a charming spot, but not laid out with taste. It is too much drest in places quite out of sight of the house, and the wood through which the walk is conducted by the sea-side wants trimming here and there, to shew the water, of which you can now scarcely get a sight anywhere. The road from the Priory to Ryde commands agreeable views. The sea appears over the tops of the trees and rocks that adorn the gentle declivities towards the shore, and the ships at Spithead, Portsmouth and the coasts of Hampshire and Sussex from an amazing distance. From Ryde had a pleasant drive on the road to Newport as far as the Wooden Bridge; here I dismissed the gig and followed the course of the river by a pleasant path through fields and woods to its mouth, where I accidentally met with a boat that carried me back to Ryde, along a shore that presents a mass of wood coming down to the water side. Fortunately I saw the whole of this shore at high water; at low water the tide leaves a bank several hundred yards broad, extending all along the N.E. side of the island, which is a great defect in this otherwise beautiful coast. The oak prevails throughout this part of the country, and without the smallest injury from the wind.

Ryde stands on a hill that slopes rapidly to the shore, yet both in the village and in the hedgerows of the adjoining fields you meet with as fine trees as are commonly found in favourable situations in the midland counties of England.

At the Vine at lower Ryde I met with a small neat lodging, a prospect of Spithead, and a civil land-lady, three blessings that do not occur every day.

Sep. 10, Wednesday.—Crossed in the passage boat to Portsmouth. Called on Admiral Holloway and Sir Charles Sarton the Commissioner for the Dock-yard. Sir Charles walked over the Naval Academy with me, and consigned me over to Mr. William Maddocks, a master boat-builder to shew me the yard. Spent three or four hours in going through different workshops etc. Dined and spent the evening at Admiral Holloway's.

Sep. 11, Thursday.—Breakfasted with Sir Charles, and spent 2 or 3 hours with Mr. Maddocks in going over the rest of the yard. Found him very intelligent, and very ready to give me all the information he could. General Bentham has lately introduced the Steam-engine into the yard, where it is employed in moving earth and drawing water. A new bason with a pontoon gate, in which ships may refit, and four large docks opening into it are now making at an enormous expense under his direction. He has also built two ships of war, the 'Arrow' and the 'Dart,' on a principle entirely new.

Rode with Capt. Sarton to look at Southsea Castle, a small old fort, and then to Cumberland Fort, which has been for some years constructing by the advice of the Duke of Richmond, to guard the entrance of Langston Harbour. It is an irregular pentagon, and is to be strengthened by some outworks. Its situation is strong, all the country round it being perfectly flat. Returning to Portsmouth walked round the gunwharf and the ramparts. The population of Portsmouth and Portsea has increased greatly during this war. Dined at Commissioner Sarton's.

Sep. 12, Friday.—About nine got on board a wherry and landed in a short time at Fort Monckton. After walking round it, embarked again, and after a pleasant sail of 4 hours, landed on the beach below the ruins of Netley Abbey. The view of the ruin from the water is intercepted by trees. A large part of the Abbey as well as of the Monastery is standing, but the buildings were never extensive, nor is the architecture remarkable for its beauty or grandeur. The North side of the Abbey is concealed by a thicket, on the other sides it is surrounded by cornfields, but the prospect is almost everywhere bounded by woods at a small distance. From the area of the building have sprung a number of tall ash-trees, that lift their heads above the walls, and every part of the ruin is adorned with the most luxuriant vegetation of wild shrubs and plants. The inside of the walls of the church, and particularly the east window, are hung with the richest mantling ivy; on the floor are piled heaps of fragments of the stonework, overgrown with long weeds and bushes, and the whole overshadowed by the lofty ashes, through which the sun, now shining with all his brightness, darted only a partial interspersion of light. What an inspiring scene would this be by moonlight!

Rowed across the water to Hythe. The western shore of the Southampton Water is beautifully wooded, but it runs nearly in a straight line, and the tide ebbs very far out at low water. . . .

Sep. 13.—Set out on foot at sunrise in order to reach Beaulieu about the time of high water. The vale in which Beaulieu stands, affords the finest wood scenery, and at high water the estuary has the appearance of a lake. Continued my walk across a dreary heath, and breakfasted at Lymington.

From the 13th. to Oct. 8th. at Lymington. Read little, except the greatest part of Sir G. Staunton's account of the Chinese Embassy. Wrote a number of letters; particularly to my Brother and Horner about the philological Society. The society at Lymington is superior to what is

generally met with in a country neighbourhood. Capt. Phillips, the founder of the colony at Botany Bay, is now living there. I found him extremely communicative, and derived much information from him with regard to that country and also respecting the Brazils, where he passed four years as an engineer in the service of Portugal. . . .

Passed a day with Colonel Mitford at Exbury. He is the author of the history of Greece, of which another volume is soon to appear, but his manners and conversation would not lead one to suspect him to be a classical scholar, much less to be the author of a work of such reputation. They rather resemble those of a plain good country gentleman. Not a single trait or expression indicated either brilliancy of genius, or extensive reading, or philosophical observation. He is very fond of farming, and much engaged at present in draining his lands under Ellsington's direction.

There are some pretty spots in the neighbourhood of Lymington, especially towards the Forest. The Needles are everywhere a grand object. There can hardly be a place where you are so near the sea, and enjoy so little of it as at Lymington, for a wide salt marsh that stretches along the coast, and at low water a broad mud-bank in addition to it, renders the water side quite inaccessible. . . . The whole of the cliff from Christ Church to Milford is rapidly crumbling away, partly from the springs which sap the foundations of it, and partly from the fury of the waves.

The whole of the extensive salt marsh at Lymington appears from the remains of the buildings that are scattered over it to have been once occupied by the Salt-works, but these have of late years fallen fast into decay from the greater facility with which Salt is manufactured in other parts of the Kingdom ; particularly in Cheshire, where salt, omitting the duty (which is ten shillings) is sold for sixpence a bushel, whereas at Lymington it is sold for eighteen pence. The process at Lymington is as follows. . . .

[This description is omitted here.]

At Lymington there is a great cheese fair, which is the mart from whence the Isle of Wight is entirely supplied. A great deal also goes to Portsmouth. The cheese is brought from Dorset, Wilts and Somerset.

Oct. 8, Wednesday.—Set out for London; a bright sun showed off the Lyndhurst vista to great advantage. At Romsey we halted, and went to see some charming pictures of Lord Palmerston's at Broadlands. Passed through a noble forest vista in the road to Winchester. Arrived at Winchester just in time to look at the Cathedral before dark. The building is very heavy; it contains some specimens of pure Saxon architecture, and two or three fine Gothic monuments.

There is something grand and solemn in the walks of lime-trees in the Church-yard. . . .

Oct. 9, Thursday.—Set out at day-break, and arrived at Eton soon after one, where I passed the rest of the day most agreeably with Wintour. My Mother remained at Winchester, to attend the Music meeting.

Oct. 10.—At Eton. Had much discussion with Wintour, particularly a long and interesting conversation concerning the present system of education in this country, which engaged us between two and three hours during a walk in the Park under the east wall of the terrace. W.'s heart is as warm and his feelings as delicate as ever, and his habits of thinking are grown more philosophical than formerly. I was surprised to find that a man of such strong local attachments, and who has spent the last years of his life at *Christ-Church* and at *Eton*, should be so perfectly sensible of the defects of a system which he has in some measure contributed to support.

Visited the College Library, and looked over some of Anthony Storrer's books, which he illustrated with curious prints collected at a great expense. . . .

Oct. 11.—Breakfasted in London.

[He spent several days seeing Elmsley, Hatchett, and other friends, and went to the British Museum.]

Oct. 16.—In the evening set off in the Mail coach.
Oct. 17.—Arrived at Birmingham; *Oct. 18* and *19* spent at Bromwich. H. [Hallam] and myself opened our minds to each other with regard to the present state of our opinions on many great questions in theology, and metaphysics, on which we used to speculate formerly. His want of attention to physics has led him to think more on points of the highest abstraction, than on such intellectual phenomena as fall under daily experience and observation, and are immediately connected with the material world.

Oct. 20.—Set off in the Mail, and reached Manchester near midnight.

Oct. 21.—Travelled in the Mail to Carlisle. *Oct. 22.*—At Carlisle. Looked at the Castle and the Cathedral. Walked two or three miles down the Western side of the river to look for the Roman wall. Found the spot I was directed to, but could discover only a bank, 2 or 3 feet high, running through a pasture parallel to the river. It was several yards broad, and terminated at one end at a fence, but at the other in a road; it may therefore be nothing more than an old causeway. Left Carlisle at 5 o'clock, and arrived at Douglas Mill about 4 next morning.

Oct. 23.—Took a chaise and reached Hamilton to breakfast.

Found the Palace full of company attending the races, among whom were Selkirk, Sir J. Hall, Lady Helen¹ and Catherine.

To Nov. 3, at Hamilton in a gay and agreeable society.

Nov. 3, Sunday.—Arrived at Edinburgh.

Nov. 4.—Went with Sir J. Hall, Lady Helen and Catherine to Dunglas.

To November 11, at Dunglas in the enjoyment of every blessing that I can desire in this world. The time flew fast, cruelly fast.

¹ Lady Helen Douglas, second daughter of Dunbar, 4th Earl Selkirk, married Sir James Hall, M.P., in 1786, and died in 1837.

On the evening of the 10th., Count Rumford came to
Dunglas. Learnt much from him on several philosophical
topics.

Nov. 11.—Returned to Edinburgh in company with Sir
J. Hall.

[He then resumed his daily studies.]

CHAPTER II

1802-1808

Letter from Mr. Hallam to Lord Webb Seymour, and from Lord Henry Petty to Lord Webb, 1802—Extracts from Lord Webb's diary, 1803—Mr. Horner to Lord Webb, September 13, 1805, and November 30—From Lord Henry Petty to Lord Webb, February 1806—Mr. Horner to Lord Webb, July 1807—Extracts from Lord Webb's diary, 1807—Lord Webb to the Duke of Somerset, May 1808, and, again, June 1808—Lord Henry Petty to the Duke of Somerset, August, September, and November 1808

From Mr. Hallam to Lord Webb Seymour.

King's Bench Walk, Temple, May 27, 1802.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,—I am much obliged to you for your letter, full of interest to me, as it evinced your unremitting ardour in the pursuit of truth, and revived in my mind a variety of the most pleasing recollections. It was particularly acceptable, as it held out a hope of seeing you soon again, and of discussing, by word of mouth, those almost innumerable objects of philosophical debate which can never be so fully argued in a letter. I hope that in this expectation I shall not be disappointed.

The case stands with me thus. Six weeks of the summer must be engaged in the business of the Circuit, a most unpleasing avocation from the enjoyments of the season. By this I shall be left late in August, in the neighbourhood of West Bromwich. You have not mentioned, perhaps you have not settled, when you design to quit this country; I hope it will not be till some time later. Will anything prevent us from passing some time together at the end of August or beginning of September? It would be very unfair to propose that you should put yourself so much out of your way as to visit me in Staffordshire, but can

we not contrive some excursion in the South or West of England, by which we may unite the view of nature with philosophic speculation? Would you like to lounge away a little time at some of the watering-places, with which that coast is stocked? I love the sea, and have been already meditating such a plan: it is a part of England almost wholly unknown to me, and you must certainly have much yet to see there. If imperious necessity does not impede our operations, let us have some such scheme. You are now likely to be absent for a long time, and we cannot expect to keep up the sympathy of congenial objects and pursuits, without occasionally reviving it by conversation. Write to me as soon as you can, and let me know whether this is feasible or not. I will form no other plan till I hear from you.

Though I very much wish to have some fresh philosophy with you, I feel a considerable apprehension that we shall find a material difference in our relative ideas and opinions. For some years we marched pretty amicably together up the straight shaft of philosophy: when you left Oxford, we came to the point in the Pythagoric Y, where two roads diverge from each other. You went to Edinburgh, to a race of men, and a line of philosophizing, different perhaps a good deal from English notions and English men. I remained, not in a school of philosophy, but sole and insulated; I had few or no friends, with whom I could enter upon that range of subjects, which we had become used to discuss. On all subjects, as much as any, on philosophical questions, the powers of the mind are quickened and formed by collision with the minds of others; it prevents prejudice, and attachment to theory, and bigotry to our own imaginations. This I have not had; nor have I prosecuted those studies with as much perseverance or as much enthusiasm as in other circumstances I might have done. My attention, as I have told you, has been diverted more to matters of fact, than to general principles. However, I have not been idle: certainly more might have been achieved by the steadiness of undaunted industry,

trampling the temptations of indolence at its feet ; but, when I compare my general literary assiduity during the last three years, with my Oxonian life, I have no reason to regret a diminished velocity in the intellectual progression. I have, I hope, though not by dint of philosophical investigations, yet by the natural effect of time upon the faculties, acquired stronger abilities of judging, and better habits of reflecting, than I possessed at Oxford. You wonder, you say, whereabouts I am in the scale of scepticism. Perhaps I am in fact more sceptical than when you knew me last. The uncertainty in which many subjects now appear to me, on which I was wont to decide, seems a proof of it. There is, you know, a dogmatic scepticism, a professed distrust of all things, without a real spirit of caution and hesitation. Perhaps Hume was an instance of this. Of one thing I am certain, that my opinions have undergone a material change in the last three or four years. It is therefore not unlikely that they may be changed again. This is eminently the case as to my political sentiments, in which I scarcely hope to coincide with you. Yet, when I reflect how precipitate, how loose, how indigested my notions on these subjects were formerly, and upon what grounds I have altered them, I must feel a stronger confidence in their truth, than in most other opinions, which I may have adopted. More study of history, more observation of mankind, more regard to the accuracy of facts, more attention, I hope, to the strict meaning of words, more disregard to mere names of men and things, have co-operated in my mind to this end.

However this may be, my opinions shall never be disguised from you, or defended, except from conviction and reflection. For when we meet, we will argue for truth, not victory : and, though I fear we shall at first think each other at the Antipodes, discussion may lead us, as it leads generally candid enquirers after truth, into something like agreement on most points. I have been perhaps led, by my anxiety to warn you of the necessary consequences of a diversity of associations for some years, rather

to exaggerate the probable degree of difference between us. If all this should be a chimera, and we should find each other nearly of the same mind, I shall rejoice ; at all events, we shall remember that we have sacrificed on the same altar, and it is impossible to decide, whether Cain or Abel has made the most acceptable oblation to the Goddess of our idolatry.

To settle these weighty matters, let us meet. What think you of a tour along the coast, from the Isle of Wight to Mt. Edgcumbe ? This would take in some of the chief objects in the way of maritime scenery.

I coincide with you in thinking that Wintour is right in not going straight to Edinburgh. As to the pupil, he is a very good boy, but will never make a deep metaphysician, and perhaps to him it will make no great difference, as to the philosophy ; but he may turn out a passable classical scholar, and there is no reason why those studies should be interrupted. I will talk more to you about Wintour when I see you.

Have you heard that Cromby is going to be married very soon to a Miss Leigh, of Cheshire ? This I think very fortunate, as no man more required a domestic life than Cromby, who has been living too much alone.

Write soon.

Yours most truly,

H. H.

From Lord Henry Petty¹ to Lord Webb Seymour in Edinburgh.

Paris, May 13, 1802.

DEAR SEYMOUR,—If I have not thanked you for your letter before, it has been with the hope of giving it a more full and satisfactory answer ; but my life at Paris has been composed of a great deal of dissipation and very little study, and of anything beyond the state of manners and the habits of society (of which I have really seen a great deal) I cannot pretend to give you a correct account. The Philosophers and men of science, as you are rightly in-

¹ Lord Henry Petty, born 1780, succeeded his half-brother as 3rd Marquess of Lansdowne, 1809.

formed, form quite a society of their own, if that can be called society which consists I believe merely in exchanging their views and communicating discoveries in the various pursuits which occupy their attention. They very seldom even visit each other, and content themselves with meeting at the Institute, and other places which are necessarily a common resort to them all. In these habits it would be difficult for strangers to participate, and even those who are best informed, are disappointed at the reception they find; much less are the ignorant encouraged to quit the path of varied amusement & 'companionable idleness' in which the French excell, for that of scientific industry & knowledge. The very great mass of talents therefore which are directed to physical pursuits, far from diffusing itself thro' the numberless societies which Paris contains, remains if I may use the expression dammed up, in its Lyceums, academies & schools, in which the effect of its operation is, & ought to be prodigious. The particular partiality of the Chief Consul for these studies, & their connection with the Art of war, have made them the principal objects of attention in all the institutions for public education; & at the Polytechnic school (composed of all the boys most remarked for their talents and application in the central & departmental schools) the ardour which prevails, and the number of distinguished 'élèves' exceeds I am told, the most sanguine expectations of its founders. It would be fortunate perhaps if the French 'scavans' had shewn the same disinclination for politicks, that they do for society, as it appears from their conduct that when they have mixed in them, it has not been from motives of the most honorable kind. Fourcroy's¹ conduct throughout the revolution, betrayed an avidity for money, & a jealousy of merit in others, very unworthy of his philosophical character; La Grange & La Place have both contrived to be appointed Senators; & both before & after have been remarkable for their servility & want of public principle.

¹ ? Antoine François Fourcroy, 1755-1809, a celebrated chemist who was a deputy to the National Convention.

Carnot the ex director, and lately appointed a tribune, has found time amidst all his political intrigues, to devote a considerable attention to mathematics, particularly to the abstruser parts of Algebra, on which he has published a small work, and is preparing a much greater one. The vigour of his intellectual powers is said to be extraordinary, & appears the more so from the universal application of which they seem to admit.

Amongst the most interesting and conversible of the 'Scavans' that I have had an opportunity of seeing is Cuvier,¹ professor of Natural history, and chiefly known by a work on physiology & comparative anatomy, but he is still young, & the enthusiasm he has for science, for he quitted very lucrative prospects in the law to embrace it, promises a great deal from his ardent and unremitting application. He resides at the Jardin des Plantes, a botanical garden very inferior I imagine to that of the King at Kew, but containing a museum of natural history more compleat in the collection, & beautifull in the arrangement, than anything I have seen or heard of. The merit of the latter belongs to Lacassede. This like all the other French institutions for the Arts and sciences, is made accessible & usefull to all, & that without incommoding the real student, to whom three days in the week are appropriated, & on the others the public claims a right to admittance. Indeed the only circumstance which still reminds me here of the sovereign people, is when I see them in crowds entering the galleries at the Louvre, & admiring & criticising *their* pictures with a degree of minuteness & tact, astonishing to one who is acquainted only with the blunt faculties & gross expressions of John Bull.

The political scenery is changing every day, tho' the people are no longer the actors, but spectators who do not venture to condemn, & are too indifferent to applaud. Bonaparte alone fills the stage, and while he lives the power of the government and its stability will increase from day to day. His life however is never out of danger,

¹ Baron George Cuvier, French naturalist, 1769-1832.

& within these few days a conspiracy has been discovered, the object of which is not precisely known ; but it appears that Bonaparte was to have been killed at the Parade, & Moreau placed at the head of a new government. The Chief Consul it is said immediately sent for Moreau, & after informing him of the discovery, added ' I know your reputation & honor too well to believe for a moment that you either participated in or were privy to the plan ; all I ask is that you will retire to the country for a few days, as some disagreeable reports may probably be spread concerning you, which I take upon myself to refute ! ' some generals have been arrested & a considerable number of troops (700 men I believe) disarmed. It appears this dissatisfaction amongst the military is principally occasioned by the new religious establishment, which seems to please however the great mass of the people, particularly (by what I hear) in the provinces. The soldiers would not allow their colours to be consecrated, & observed that they had gained their greatest victories without the assistance of this ceremony.

I shall leave Paris before the end of this month, & proceed to the South of France, from whence I shall continue my tour thro' Switzerland & along the Rhine. I shall probably make a short stay at Geneva, & if I see or hear anything there worth communicating to you, I will not fail to do so. Professor Pictet is at Paris, having been named a tribune.

Will you remember me particularly to Mr & Mrs Stewart?¹ I wrote to him in the beginning of the winter, but have some doubt whether my letter reached him ; as the person by whom I sent it to London experienced some delay in his journey. Adieu. I hope to meet you either at Paris or London in the autumn. Any letter directed to Berkley Square will find me—believe me dear Seymour

Yours most sincerely

HY PETTY.

¹ Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Stewart married in 1790, living at this time in Edinburgh. See preface to *Letters to 'Ivy' from the 1st Earl of Dudley*, edited by S. H. Romilly, 1905.

I suppose you are acquainted with the French periodical publications that relate to Science—the ‘*Décade Philosophique*’ ‘*Magazin Encyclopédique*’ ‘*Lalande’s annual account of astronomy*’ &c.

1803

Extracts from Lord Webb Seymour’s Diary, in London.

July 18. *Monday*.—Heard the debate in the House of Commons on the defence of the Empire.

19.—Went with Dr. Hope to see the Kew Gardens and dined afterwards with Sir Joseph Banks at Spring Grove.

22.—Dined with Horner; attended the Debate in the Commons.

23. *Sat.*—Went with Mr. Loyd to see London Docks now making at Wapping, and the water-works at London Bridge.

27.—Went to Vauxhall with Horner.

29.—Saw the Plate Glass Warehouse at Blackfriars Bridge. Proceeded with Loyd, Rennie to the London Docks, and thence to the Green Man on Blackheath, to dine with Visitors of the Observatory at Greenwich. Returned with Loyd, Rennie, Capt. Huddard, and Mr. Lee. Reaped a great deal of valuable information.

Aug. 4. *Thursday*.—Leave Town to-day.

Lord Webb wrote daily in his diary except when away on geological expeditions; then he wrote notes in a separate book on this subject. The above entry, August 4, 1803, is the last of the year, and the next remark is dated 1805: ‘Returned to Edinburgh in the latter end of October in order to pursue the study of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy under Playfair.’

It is probable Lord Webb kept no diary all this time, as in 1803 there was a great fear of an invasion by Bonaparte, and he, like many others, thought it his duty to take up the command of a battalion of Volunteers. These were raised near Dartmoor, and until September 1805 he remained at Torquay attending to the business of his regiment. The following letter of congratulation from Mr. Horner was evidently written in answer to one from Lord

Webb, who was contemplating returning to his more congenial literary pursuits in Edinburgh.

From Mr. Horner to Lord Webb Seymour.

Hampstead, September 13, 1805.

Joy! a thousand times! my dear Seymour. I have not had such happiness to congratulate for a long time; and there is not a line in your wild letter, that did not give me the same ecstasy. May you have unclouded health and peace to pursue objects that are so dear to you, and to drink to the bottom those pleasures which your long abstinence makes you more deserving of than ever. Yet I cannot help reflecting, that this winter will separate us more than ever in our labours; when to meet again, at the place we parted, loaded with our separate and very different collections for the great and common purpose! You, I know, will move steadily on to your point; while, in the nature of my immediate occupations, and still more, alas! in the irresolution and debility of my own ambition, I see too certainly the trifling interests day by day that will consume away my years, and the habits that will imperceptibly unfit me for generous speculations. I already begin to look back with melancholy and shame on the acquisitions I have lost; and the only favourable symptom I can discover in myself is, that when I do indulge myself a little with philosophy, I fall to it with a devouring appetite. But this too may go with the rest, and abandon me to a false relish, not original to my nature, for the temporary and limited purposes of a London law life. *Nec inutilis toga* perhaps ought to bound my wishes; but I endeavour to fortify and raise myself by the examples of those, (they are few,) who in other countries as well as this, but all of them in other times, have successfully combined the duties of the profession with other labours. You must forgive this desponding egotism; your letter brought it all upon my mind, and I have delivered myself of it for a while, by expressing it where I know it will be understood.

I mean to be in Edinburgh for ten days about the

middle of October, and to leave London so as to take a good deal of exercise, and see something of Murray, before we reach Scotland, where I shall lose him again in another crowd. We purpose, therefore, to set out in the first week of the month. I am necessarily detained here till then; Sydney Smith comes home upon the 1st. and Murray would like to see him once or twice; so would he you, if you can be here by that time, but that is of less consequence to him, as he will have you all winter. As you must go down rapidly, it will not suit us to travel together; for I really want exercise and air, and the sight of true green. But it will be quite practicable, I trust, to have some of our old walks by the frith; and I shall rejoice to stay at Edinburgh a day or two more on purpose. In case you should find a morning so vacant before you come to town, as not to grudge throwing it away in giving me more tour-directions, I may tell you that we propose to go down by Lancashire and Westmoreland, and, if the weather is clear, to lounge away four days at some spot among the lakes, wherever we can find the picturesque and comforts together. Give us a little *carte du pays*: your former instructions are not lost, but carefully laid up in Cary's map for a future season. We have settled it, I think, to enter Lancashire by Chester; and I shall propose to advance there rather circuitously, through Bucks, to Warwick, straight north to the Peak of Derby, and then across Cheshire by Northwich. Can you amend this scheme?

Present my respectful regards to the Duke and the Duchess.

Ever most truly yours,

FRA. HORNER.¹

From Mr. Horner to Lord Webb Seymour.

Temple, November 30, 1805.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,—I reached this place on Tuesday morning in very good health, though I had not halted on my journey, even at York. It is a greater exertion than

¹ From *Memoirs of Francis Horner*, vol. i. p. 308.

I should be fond of repeating often ; but it is not bad, either for the body or the understanding to try now and then how much it can do. I have found all our friends here well.

I mean to go into a lawyer's office immediately ; as soon as Whishaw can determine for me, which it ought to be, a conveyancer's, a special pleader's, or an equity draughtsman's : a good many things must be considered with respect to each : In the meantime, I am reading law, and making very virtuous resolutions : an arrear of business, of a more literary complexion, still hangs upon me ; but I shall reduce it I hope, before another year of wandering fires begins to shine on me.

I have not seen Sharp yet, nor Petty, but I expect to meet them today at the ' King of Clubs ' ; so that next time I write to you I hope to tell you something of the City Institution, and of the motion for thanks to old Clerk.¹

By this time, I have no doubt, Henning has put your physiognomy upon paper, if not into wax. You will take care to let me have the best of the drawings he makes of you ; and as soon as he will part with it. Your company over the chimney-piece here will assist me in dreaming of the rest ; and your countenance will keep me in mind of many valuable discussions, and wholesome advices.

I have much to write to you, or Mrs. Stewart about Poet Campbell ; but have no more room left now. His health is pretty well.

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

FRA. HORNER.²

Mr. Pitt died January 23, 1806, and Lord Grenville's administration, called ' All the Talents,' began (Lord Henry Petty, Mr. Fox, Lord Erskine, Sir Charles Grey, &c.) ; but Mr. Fox's death on September 13 led to numerous changes.

¹ The author of the *Essay on Naval Tactics*.

² From *Memoirs of Francis Horner*, vol. i. p. 318.

From Lord Henry Petty to Lord Webb Seymour.

London, February 26, 1806.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,—Nothing but the serious profession of business would have prevented me from thanking you before for your kind letter which I received at Cambridge, as well as the congratulatory one I have since received. The fact is I had accepted the office of Chan. of the Exchequer¹ the day before the first reached me—will you believe me when I tell you that the arguments contained in it, had been presented so strongly to my mind before, that I had almost determined to act upon them, & certainly should have done so had I consulted nothing but my own feelings. But it is more difficult in such cases, than you can be aware without having experienced it, to avoid deferring to the opinion & wishes of those with whom you act, & in whom you confide; & they were so far right that I do feel convinced that by accepting office in this instance, I shall essentially serve those, whom it would be most my wish to serve, as well from personal inclination as from public duty. I need hardly observe that in saying this I do not refer to any qualifications I may possess, for the particular department in which I am placed, but to considerations of a very different tho' a not less important nature.

As it is, the choice is made, & nothing remains for me but to exert myself honestly I hope if not ably, in the public service, whenever I meet with an obstacle to my doing so, the engagement will be no longer binding, & I shall want neither force nor inclination to relinquish, what I have really felt no great anxiety to enjoy.

Pray remember me to Mr. & Mrs Stewart. I have seen a very kind letter from him to Delany expressing what I knew he would feel, a warm interest in the prospects of his friend & pupil.

believe me dear Seymour
ever yours most sincerely

H. PETTY.

¹ He was only twenty-six years old in 1806.

From Mr. Horner to Lord Webb Seymour.

Temple, July 6, 1807.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,—I had the pleasure of receiving your kind letter from Durham ; in which you acknowledge so feelingly that the idleness of London was a real enjoyment. I have protracted it for myself beyond your departure, though not in such excess, as when I had your midnight or morning company to the Strand. I have been talking a great deal about you with Mrs. Spencer, and with Miss Crewe too ; and though at the risk of indulging your vanity, I must tell you that the latter amiable and excellent person spoke of that famous night conversation after Vauxhall, amidst all the festivities of Wimbledon on Saturday ; if you had known what that scene was to be, you would have stopped in London a week for it, *as a study*, where all the beauties in living and still nature were united with all the refinements of polished society, in one immense luxury. I shall tell you no more particulars of it than this, that in one of the most wooded and extensive points of view in the park, there was a small tent pitched, away from all the rest and out of hearing of the Pandæans, in which dined the two ladies I have already named, Windham, Ward,¹ Sharp, and myself ; I think you would have been of this party.

I was provoked at not seeing you once more before you left town ; I had left some things I wished to say, to the last. The drawing is placed at length upon my wall,² and gives me a shadow of company at breakfast, by recalling many of the most valuable hours of my life, and bringing upon me, by its associations, that temper of mind in which I am both calmer and more aspiring than at any other moment. I have likewise to thank you for the book you left for me ; Jacob Vanderlint's name was your attraction of course.

You have not yet given me the note of Alison's little

¹ John William Ward, afterwards 1st Earl of Dudley.

² A portrait of Lord Webb Seymour, by Henning.

scheme of Friendly Societies, which you said you would write down. Give me the outline first, before you find him at leisure to fill it up. These discussions will be revived immediately by Whitbread, probably without leading to any result this session; but the attention of the public must be kept up, and I have no doubt we shall see some good done, if the king's conscience and Bonaparte do not settle the whole matter.

Though the official details are not yet arrived of the last affair in Poland, no reasonable person seems to entertain any hope of its being short of decisive. What course will the conqueror take next? To the south-east of Europe, or to Ireland? At all events, he will probably give advantageous terms to the Northern powers whom he has subdued, and will march back an army to Boulogne. We shall have the autumnal alarm of invasion, with more of likelihood and a nearer approach to reality than we have yet known it.

Since you left us, Malthus¹ has been a day or two in town; and gave me a little of his society, enough to enable me to judge of him; and I am happy to say, that a more philosophic candour, calm love of truth, and ingenious turn for speculation in his important branch, I have seldom met with. It is quite delightful to find, how closely he has taught himself to examine the circumstances of the lower classes of society, and what a scientific turn he gives the subject. There is a new speculation of his, about the importance of the people being fed dear, which I wish you were here to discuss; it has the look of a paradox, and, like most of his views, is revolting to the common belief; but I have not yet detected the fallacy, if there is one. I will explain it to you in my next letter.

Ever most affectionately yours,

FRA. HORNER.²

Napoleon Bonaparte was in Poland early in 1807. At the battle of Friedland, June 14, 1807, the French defeated

¹ The Rev. T. R. Malthus.

² From *Memoirs of Francis Horner*, vol. i. p. 404.

the Russians, and the Treaty of Tilsit was concluded on July 7.

The Countess of Potocka in her memoirs says :—

‘The interview at Tilsitt was without doubt one of the most brilliant moments of the Imperial reign. The King and Queen of Prussia came there as suppliants. To Alexander they owed the preservation of their Kingdom, which was on the eve of being wiped out from the list of nations : an event we wished with our whole soul. . . .’

And a little further she continues :—

‘The result of all these negotiations for us was only the creation of the modest Duchy of Warsaw. It was less than our efforts and hopes had led us to foresee. But we thought of the future so as to bear the present.’¹

1807

Extracts from Lord Webb Seymour's diary.

July 14.—Returned to Edinburgh after passing two months with equal pleasure and profit in England, chiefly in London.

July 20. *Monday*.—Went this day with Mr. Playfair to see Mr. & Mrs. Stewart at their country residence of Cairns-muir. Stayed there and at Stobs to Thursday the 30th. on which day I returned to Town [Edinburgh].

Aug. 12.—Passed the whole day in a mineralogical excursion to the Pentland Hills with Dr. Hope, Lord Medowbank, Mr. Griffith, Allen and Playfair.

Aug. 13.—Inventing an apparatus for employing the Camera Lucida in the field.

¹ *Mémoires de la Comtesse Potocka*, pp. 157 and 159. ‘L’entrevue de Tilsitt fut, à coup sur, un des moments les plus brillants du règne impérial. Le roi et la reine de Prusse y vinrent en suppliants. Ils durent à Alexandre la conservation de leur royaume, prêt à être effacé de la liste des nations ; ce que nous souhaitions de toute notre âme. . . .’

‘De toutes ces négociations, il ne résulta pour nous que la création du modeste duché de Varsovie. C’était moins que ne faisaient présager nos espérances et nos efforts. Mais on pensa à l’avenir afin de supporter le présent.’

Aug. 23. Sunday.—Letters. Visits. Looked over Lord Selkirk's speech on the national defence, intended for publication.

Aug. 24. Monday.—Preparing for the Highlands. Set off tomorrow.

Oct. 22.—From Aug. 25 to Oct. 21 passed the time in a very agreeable excursion, chiefly accompanied by Mr. Playfair. We first spent a fortnight in examining Glen Tilt, then went to Kinnaird for a week, and separating, I went to the meeting of the Perth Hunt, and into Strath Earn. The last week I spent at Dunmore Park, and returned to Town [Edinburgh] yesterday. Passed yesterday evening at Sir James Hall's with Mr. Playfair, Dr. Hope, and Jardine,—talking over the geological observations of the Autumn. Have ordered 3 hours a day for writing a paper on the phenomena of Glen Tilt. Intend also to study Electricity and Galvanism.

Nov. 4.—H. Mackenzie breakfasted with me, and we had much discussion on the fundamental principles of law, and on matters of taste. Playfair called, and I had an hour's conversation on mineralogy and electricity. Walked with Brougham (now here for a few weeks) and talked politics. . . .

Nov. 10.—Mr. Griffith and Mr. Allen breakfasted with me, and we had much discussion on points of Mineralogy and Geology. $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours in business regarding Glen Tilt. Dined at Dr. Hope's, where met Mr. Playfair and Mr. Telford, and I had a long discussion with Telford on his plan for retaining the Highlanders, who are removed by the introduction of sheep-farms, and settling them in agricultural employment at home. The evening at Mrs. Hamilton's, where met Walter Scott, the Mackenzies etc.

Nov. 20.—Received the first intelligence from Davy through Sir J. Hall, that he has decomposed the fixed alkalies. Communicated it to Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Hope etc. My head quite turned with it.

Nov. 28.—Jardine breakfasted with me and we spent the whole morning in electrical experiments. $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in

reading 'Die Leiden Werters.' Wrote to Davy on his late discoveries.

Dec. 5. Saturday.—Mr. Jardine breakfasted with me, and we spent between 6 and 7 hours in trying experiments in electricity, and in discussing philos. topics in that and other branches of physics. 1 hour in reading 'Die Leiden Werters.' 3½ hours in studying electricity in Haag, Cavallo,¹ and Franklin.²

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke of Somerset.

Dunmore Park, May 1, 1808.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have been here since Monday last [25th April] enjoying fresh air, and the repose of the country—a repose, to which the mode of life, and the conversation of the Fincastles, is highly conducive.

My visit gave me an opportunity of bringing out Mr. Nasmyth,³ to look over the grounds of Dunmore Park, and give his advice about the best situation for a house, and other points of improvement. Nasmyth is by profession a landscape painter, and has for many years turned his attention to landscape gardening and rural architecture, in both of which he is guided by the taste and principles of Mr. Uvedale Price,⁴ and aided by a very inventive genius of his own. Dunmore Park has undergone a great deal of *picturesque* discussion, and we are all nearly agreed in the choice of a spot for a house. With the exception of the finest views being to the North, and some little difficulty in procuring water, I scarcely know ground more favourable for building a country residence, particularly in Scotland. The wood is fine, and the park, though not high or exposed, commands delightful prospects. Lady Susan is eager to have a house begun, and Fincastle seems

¹ Tiberio Cavallo, Italian natural philosopher and scientific writer, 1749–1809.

² Benjamin Franklin (?), American statesman, philosopher, and author, 1706–1790.

³ Patrick Nasmyth, Scottish landscape-painter, 1786–1831.

⁴ Sir Uvedale Price, author, 1747–1829.

disposed to build, notwithstanding his objections on account of a want of ready money.

We were all very glad to learn, by Charlotte's¹ letter yesterday, that you have at last bought Lord Rosebery's house in Park Lane. The situation must be pleasant, as you could judge from having lived in Cumberland Place, and Lady Susan tells me the house is a very good one.

The same letter mentions that Park Place is to be sold, and that you have thoughts of looking at it, with a view to purchase. Lady Susan² and myself were delighted at the idea of your having it, on account of the beauty of the place, and its convenient distance from London, but Fincastle did not agree with us, and we were both obliged to yield to his view of the matter. He thinks that the estate is too small for an environ to your residence, and that there would be great difficulty in enlarging it, at least that any land added to it must be purchased at an extravagant price. He thinks too, that in buying it you would have to bid against rich bankers, merchants, &c. whom such a villa would exactly suit, and who would be the more anxious for it, because it is a *crack* place. You would therefore have to pay high for the house, and make but a very small *percentage* upon the price of the land. His advice is, that you should buy some large estate, sold in a lump, *by the impoverished descendant of an old family*, (a fine lesson this, to the representatives of old families,) of whom you would have it cheap, because there would be few to bid against you. Sir F. Baring, he says, now makes seven per cent. upon a large purchase of this sort in Hampshire. When an extensive property is sold in this way, the mansion house goes for almost nothing. The only objection to your following this plan is, the want of a large capital of ready money, but, while you have the liberty of

¹ Duchess of Somerset.

² Lady Susan Hamilton, sister to the Duchess of Somerset, married 1803 Viscount Fincastle, who in 1809 succeeded his father as 5th Earl of Dunmore.

selling land in order to buy land, the objection is of no great weight.

I have not your last letter by me, and therefore cannot now give a full answer to it ; but I should be very glad to have the copy of your speculations on language, which you offered to send me. If you are acquainted with anybody connected with the public offices, you might avail yourself of a Government frank to send it. I have seen manuscripts sent conveniently and securely in this way.

You would oblige me much by committing to writing your observations on the progress of the minds of the children. I am collecting, (slowly indeed from the nature of the subject,) facts and anecdotes, illustrative of the general laws of mind, whether in thought, or in feeling. Many of them must of course be drawn from observers far less qualified to furnish them than you are, and any from you must comparatively be more valuable.

Tell Charlotte, I am extremely happy to hear she is so much better. I return to town [Edinburgh] in a few days.

Yours ever affectionately,
W. S.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh, June 19, 1808.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am glad to hear that you are going to make a tour this summer, were it only on account of Charlotte's health. There is no doubt that it will be one of the best things for completing her recovery. I wish she was out of that smoky Town, and so do you, I dare say, but there is always a something to detain one in London.

I can say little about the bill for lengthening the term of literary property. The general question as to the expediency of securing literary property by law is an interesting one, and I remember Horner once shewed me a report of a law case, in which there was an ingenious argument upon it by Thurlow. The present measure affects merely the

degree in which the right is allowed, but this question of degree must be determined by many of those arguments, which bear upon the question of right *in toto*. You had better talk to Horner on the subject, and ask him for the law pleading I allude to.

Mr. Playfair observed upon the proposed measure, that it would evidently be very desirable for an old man to be able to sell his work for the longer term.

In about ten days there is a party of us to set off on a mineralogical excursion to the Island of Arran, consisting of Playfair, Mr. Allan, a banker here, who is a good mineralogist, Mr. Jardine, a young man of extensive scientific knowledge, and myself. Arran contains in a small compass a greater variety of mineral formations, and more strikingly displayed, than perhaps any other part of the kingdom, particularly some phenomena, about which there is a great contest between the disciples of Werner,¹ and those of Dr. Hutton.² I have never yet been upon the Island, and promise myself much amusement, as well as instruction, especially when I consider who my companions are to be. We shall probably remain there three weeks, for there is much that requires minute examination. [He started June 31.]

Without venturing at this late hour, as they say in the House of Commons, upon the extensive subject of algebraical language, I will mention one fundamental point, on which your ideas do not seem to be correct. The letters are used to express quantities of different kinds, and this has probably prevented you from observing that the letters nevertheless always represent the same things, namely, *numbers*. If a letter signifies a line, it does so merely by expressing the number of units of length contained in that line, and when in mechanics *v* expresses velocity in an equation, it indicates the number of units of length passed over in a unit of time. The use of letters for *general numbers* has led, perhaps accidentally, to a beautiful facility of

¹ Werner, Abraham Gottlob, German mineralogist, 1750-1817.

² Hutton, James, Scottish mineralogist and chemist, 1726-1797.

expressing by an initial letter both the *kind* of quantity, and the *numerical relation* of that kind of quantity to other kinds of quantity, having corresponding variations, and involved in the same equation. It was some time after I had begun to study algebra before I knew exactly, what the letters universally represented. I was at last let into the secret by the Title of a book : Sir I. Newton calls his elementary book on Algebra, 'Arithmetica universalis.'

Your's very affectionately

W. S.

From Lord Henry Petty to the Duke of Somerset.

Bounds, August 8, 1808.

MY DEAR DUKE,—I am not surprised at your despair of hearing any thing like truth from Spain ; & I am told that even 'our facetious Secretary'¹ has been able to extract so little from his dispatches, that he has bewailed it in some verses which begin

I see good men of Oviedo

You can lie, as well as we do &c.

but I confess that the few objects I can discover thro' the mist appear rather gloomy, & after having like most other people allowed an unreasonable latitude to my hopes I am now trying to let them down as gently as I can.—It is evident from the recent motion of the French, that the communication between the different bodies of their army, far from being rendered more difficult from the progress of the insurrection, are more open than before ; & that there is either not sufficient unanimity amongst the Spaniards, or too invincible a skill in the French leaders ; let the result be what it will the diversion will for a time be of importance, & compared with other nations the Spaniards will have fallen gloriously. Should some man of genius rise amongst them before the termination of the conflict whom if any such exist, these searching events will inevitably call forth, I should still flatter myself with

¹ Canning was Chief Secretary of State.

some hope as I apprehend the great difficulty arises from internal jealousies connecting themselves with the difference of law & customs in the provinces ; which could be allayed only by the talents & reputation of an individual, whose decided superiority might procure him a general respect.

As to the illustrious personage with whose presence we are willing to console the Spaniards for the absence of their own Royal defenders, I am much afraid the determination was actually taken of appointing him to the command by an unwilling, but not obstinate cabinet ; & the D of Cambridge was to accompany him : but there seems now to be some hesitation, whether owing to the prospect being less encouraging, or the expression of public opinion more decided, I know not.

I do not know whether you may have heard that Sir J. Moore¹ was actually put under arrest by the King of Sweden, the expedition having been sent to the Baltic without any previous concert ; & having some difference of opinion, the King proposing an attack upon Sveabourg, & Moore according to his instructions insisting upon the invasion of Norway, the former thought the best mode of proceeding with the argument was to secure the person of his antagonist.—he escaped in disguise, as one of Mr. Thornton's messengers from Stockholm.

I am happy to hear so good an account of my little god-daughter, & hope to make up in future, for the opportunity I have lost in bespeaking her good graces, at her christening.—Lady Louisa desires her best comps to the Dutchess, to whom I will beg of you to remember me & to thank for her kind letter.

I remain always my dear Duke
very sincerely yours

H. PETTY.

¹ Sir John Moore, 1761–1809, Scottish general, fell at Corunna.

From Lord Henry Petty to the Duke of Somerset.

Bounds, September 2, 1808.

MY DEAR DUKE,—Many thanks for your venison which arrived safe, & was extremely good. When I heard of Dupont's capture the day after I had written to you I was very near punishing you, instead of myself, for my gloomy speculations, & making the amende honorable, in a second epistle. I trust that all other apprehensions will turn out as ill founded; & that the Edin. Reviewers who have I think gone a little out of their province in bestowing so much consideration upon a subject so little published & so little known as the future destinies of Spain, will prove as fortunately mistaken in the view they have taken of them. There is now certainly every incentive both to one's wishes & expectations, & I confess that I feel a much more lively & unmixed pleasure in the Spanish, than I should have in any Russian or Prussian triumphs.

The Duc de L'Infantado has certainly escaped & is gone to a patriotic Council of War at Madrid. The motive for his past conduct is understood to have been regard to the safety of his mother, who was in the power of the French.—Doyle who is with Blake writes word that Cuesta has rejoined him with 1500 Cavalry & a thousand peasants. The French have taken a strong situation at Burgos, extending their outposts to Polencia, & have collected there about 40,000 men—the Cortez it is now settled is to meet at Lugo, not without some reluctance upon the part of the Junta of Corunna whose importance will be somewhat eclipsed by it.

The Spaniards have declared their intention of receiving no subsidy from us, but repaying our advances as fast as they receive their treasure from Mexico, a very dignified measure, & one which will not tend to injure their popularity here.

Ly. Louisa begs to join with me in kind comps, to the Dutchess, & congratulations on Lord Douglas's safe arrival at Stockholm, of which we were happy to hear—& I remain always my dear Duke

very sincerely yours

H. PETTY.

From Lord Henry Petty to the Duke of Somerset.

Bounds, November 17, 1808.

MY DEAR DUKE,—My best apology for having been so long in your debt for a letter, is that I did not think it worth while to trouble you while you were in town with my usual speculations. My astonishment is still *fresh* at the event which astonished you six weeks ago, & for my comfort I do not perceive that those who have been nearer the sources of information, have brought away much that is satisfactory. The Court of Enquiry must bring out a good deal, & not I should think in the way that will be most advantageous to Ministers or their Generals, as the latter with a Court Martial impending upon them, will be obliged either to criminate themselves by their answers, or to decline answering upon that account, & in either case will add to the public dissatisfaction.

From our own misdeeds, it is gratifying to turn to the exertions of our friends in Spain, of whose judgement as well as valour this campaign has afforded such striking proofs; & one may hope that they will be as little shaken by that share of adversity they must expect, as they have been led astray by that unexpected success, which is perhaps a greater trial. Yet it is impossible not to feel nervous at this critical moment when the tiger, who seemed to have suffered a paralytic stroke, is about to make his spring at last. I understand that Moore's instructions are not to expose to the slightest hazard the certainty of a retreat to Portugal, & to be cautious of making forward or active movements, so that the Spaniards whose all is at stake, & who must risque every thing, are to be supported by allies acting upon the most reserved principles.

I am impatient to hear Lord Douglas's ¹ account of the state of Russia. We propose going to town the end of this month, & shall probably remain there for the winter.

¹ Alexander, Marquess of Douglas, eldest son of the 9th Duke of Hamilton, born 1767, married, 1810, Susan Euphemia, second daughter and co-heir of William Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey. Succeeded his father as 10th Duke, 1819, and died 1859.

With kind compts to the Duchess in which Ly Louisa begs to join with me

I remain my dear Duke

Always very truly yours

H. PETTY.

In August 1808 the Peninsular war was going on. Napier, in his History, after describing the battle of Vimiero (August 21), during which Sir Arthur Wellesley, Sir Harry Burrard, and Sir Hew Dalrymple had in turn assumed the chief command, says :—

‘Thus, in the short space of twenty-four hours, during which a battle was fought, the army fell successively into the hands of three men, who, coming from different quarters, with different views, habits, and information, had not any previous opportunity of communing even by letter, so as to arrange a common plan of operations.’¹

And after the Convention of Cintra he writes :—

‘But in the midst of these affairs, and before the garrison of Elvas arrived at Lisbon, Sir Hew Dalrymple was called home to answer for his conduct relative to the convention ; the command then devolved upon Sir Harry Burrard, and he, after holding it a short time, also returned to England, there to abide the fury of the most outrageous and disgraceful public clamour that was ever excited by the falsehoods of venal political writers. . . .’

‘*Sep.* 1808.—A court was assembled at Chelsea to enquire into the transactions relating to the armistice and the definite convention. Sir Arthur Wellesley, Sir Harry Burrard, Sir Hew Dalrymple, and the principal generals engaged at Vimiero were called before it ; a minute investigation of all the circumstances took place, and a detailed report was made, at the end of which, it was stated that no further judicial measures seemed to be called for. This was not satisfactory to the government, and the members of the court were required to state, individually, whether they approved or disapproved of the

¹ See Napier's *Peninsular War*, Book II. chap. v.

armistice and convention. It then appeared that four approved and three disapproved of the convention, and among the latter the Earl of Moira distinguished himself by a laboured criticism, which however left the pith of the question entirely untouched. The proceedings of the board were dispassionate and impartial, but the report was not luminous ; a circumstance to be regretted, because the rank and reputation of the members were sufficiently great to secure them from the revenge of party, and no set of men were ever more favourably placed for giving a severe and just rebuke to popular injustice.

‘ Thus ended the last act of the celebrated convention of Cintra ;¹ the very name of which will always be a signal record of the ignorant and ridiculous vehemence of the public feeling ; for the armistice, the negotiations, the convention itself, and the execution of its provisions, were all commenced, conducted, and concluded, at the distance of thirty miles from Cintra, with which place they had not the slightest connexion, political, military, or local. Yet Lord Byron has gravely sung,² that the convention was signed in the Marquis of Marialva’s house at Cintra, and the author of the “ Diary of an Invalid,”³ improving upon the poet’s discovery, detected the stains of ink spilt by Junot upon the occasion ! ’⁴

And Napier ends this same chapter thus :—

‘ A saying attributed to Napoleon perfectly describes the convention in a few words. “ I was going to send Junot before a council of war, but, fortunately, the English tried their generals, and saved me the pain of punishing an old friend ” ! ’

¹ August 22, 1808, the date of the Convention.

² *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*, Canto I. 24.

³ The full title of this book is, *The Diary of an Invalid, being the Journal of a Tour in Pursuit of Health, in Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and France, in the Years 1817, 1818, and 1819* ; by Henry Matthews, A.M., Fellow of King’s College, Cambridge, 1820. The passage referred to is on p. 19, but it is fair to add that Matthews speaks of the ink-spilling as a legend. (See *Notes and Queries*, 10th ser. vi. p. 73.)

⁴ Napier’s *Peninsular War*, Book II. chap. vi.

CHAPTER III

1809-1812

Letter from the Grand-Duchess Catherine to the Czar of Russia, January 1809—Three days out of Lord Webb's diary, and Lord Dudley's remarks on Lord Webb, 1809—Mr. Horner to Lord Webb, January 7 and 27—Rev. Sydney Smith to Lord Webb, November 4, 1809—Extracts from Lord Webb's diary, with description of his journey from London to Scotland, March 15 to October 23, 1811—Duke of Somerset to Lord Webb, September 1812—Lord Webb to the Duke, September 1812—The Duke to Lord Webb, October 1812

AMONG the Duke of Somerset's papers there was found the following copy of a letter (evidently a translation) from the Grand-Duchess Catherine.¹

The reason of her indignant appeal to her brother the Czar requires explanation.

In September 1808 Napoleon and the Czar Alexander met at Erfurt and spent most of the days together in intimate and friendly conversation, in the course of which Alexander took occasion to deplore that Napoleon had no heir. This was the very subject Napoleon wished to touch upon, and he wondered why Alexander, who so often frankly expressed unbounded admiration for him, did not pursue the subject farther by offering him his sister Catherine in marriage. Alexander stopped short of doing this, not from any dislike to such an alliance, but because he foresaw that his mother, of whom he stood greatly in awe, would not consent to the marriage, and, to use Thiers' own expression, 'he dared not offer what he was unable to give.'

Napoleon, not knowing the secret reason of Alexander's reserve, was at first inclined to resent it, but he then bethought himself it would be wiser to give Talleyrand a hint to suggest to the Czar that a family alliance would strengthen and confirm the political alliance between the two emperors. Talleyrand then had a long

¹ Afterwards Duchess of Oldenburgh. See p. 134.

interview with the Czar, whose reply was expressed in flattering terms as to his own personal desire to become Napoleon's brother-in-law, but that this was beyond the scope of his power. 'For though a great deal had been said in St. Petersburg of his mother's influence,' he declared to Talleyrand, 'he was master, and he alone, of the affairs of his empire, but not of those of his family.' At the same time he would try to persuade his mother, if Napoleon wished it, though without being able to answer for the result. With regard to his sister, he added, without doubt he should be able to prevail with her.

The following letter shows how much he was mistaken. However, Napoleon had a private interview with the Czar before leaving Erfurt on October 14, and Alexander explained his difficulties on the subject, repeating all he had said to Talleyrand. The two emperors parted friends and perfectly satisfied with each other, unconscious of the great change in their feelings towards one another that was to follow some months later.¹

*From the Grand-Duchess Catherine to her brother
Alexander I., Czar of Russia.*

St. Petersburg, January 25, 1809.

SIRE,—I implore the generosity, the humanity, of the most just of Princes, of the most beloved of Brothers, and permit me to add, of the dearest of friends. These epithets are sincere: they are due to your Majesty, whose Will I shall always consider and respect as the most sacred of Laws, except where the reproaches of my Conscience, and in my humble judgement (pardon me Sire if I err) the utmost *dishonour* would be the consequence of my disobedience. Nay more, certain I am, that as the intended Wife of Napoleon my trembling heart would break, before I could reach the limits of his usurped dominions. And who knows whether, in that event, his wounded pride, seeking to avenge itself on your Majesty, for the weakness of your Sister, might not produce an immediate rupture between Russia and France? Whereas, his vanity would concur with other motives in inducing him to dissemble

¹ See Thiers' *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, Livre 32: Erfurt.

his disappointment at my rejection of his proposals. And tho' he might ultimately give vent to his feelings of rage on that account, your Majesty would have sufficient leisure to prepare in the meanwhile the requisite means of resistance.

In order to show my determination is not the rash act of a light giddy and inconsiderate Girl, I am under the necessity of trespassing a little on your Majesty's goodness. Although the blood stained annals of Modern Europe are in themselves the private history of Napoleon Buonaparte I have endeavoured to trace more particularly, the character and conduct, of the Man pointed out to me, as my new Sovereign, and future Lord and Master. Alas! Sire in the long Catalogue of his Exploits, not a single virtue is discoverable that could even extenuate his numerous crimes. He was already an Assassin, while I was yet but an Infant, and every year of my advancement towards Womanhood, records his perpetration of some fresh and shocking atrocity on the innocent and unresisting.

In 1793 I find him publickly boasting of his butchery of the unfortunate Toulonese. In his Official Reports of 1795 he glories in the Massacre of thousands of men women and children in the streets of Paris. In 1796 and 1797 he put to death an infinite number of the peaceable inhabitants of Italy, of all ages, ranks, and professions, merely because they refused to listen to his hypocritical cant, about Liberty and Equality, and to renounce their religious faith and allegiance of their lawfull Sovereigns. Is it not notorious that in 1799 he poisoned his own wounded Soldiers in Syria, and slaughtered many thousand disarmed prisoners at Jaffa? In 1800 and 1801 having fraudulently usurped the supreme power in France, he first treacherously entrapped and then imprisoned and put to death numbers of Loyal Inhabitants of the Vendée. Treating also with like barbarity many of his own former adherents of the republican faction. The year 1801 was signalised by his atrocious murder of the Duc d'Enghien, which I have myself so often heard your Majesty reprobate in the most forcible language and deplore with tears of pity and indig-

nation. In 1805 was not the humble and obscure Palde [*sic*] sought out and put to death as a victim to his implacable spirit of vengeance? And in 1806 did he not inhumanly deny a burial place to the Duke of Brunswick, and violate the tomb of Frederic the Great, thus equally insulting the dying and the dead. In 1807 thousands of German and Swiss patriots made prisoners on the Rhine, the Elbe and the Danube, were caused by him to perish miserably thro' famine, excess of Labour, and other modes of ill treatment, amongst which was the exile of some of them to the pestilential Madagascar. Finally in the year 1808 which has just expired, did he not perfidiously debase seduce betray and arrest the Spanish Princes of the House of Bourbon? While he thus in his public capacity violated all laws, divine and human, has he ever ceased to be a most harsh and capricious domestic Tyrant? Even his Wife, to whom, whatever might have been her former misconduct, he owed the utmost gratitude as his benefactress, has on the contrary, experienced from him the grossest and most brutal ill treatment: And ought it to be expected that a foreign Princess who can have no such claim on his kindness would be able to moderate his furious temper, to reform his vicious and perverse inclination and habits, or escape being the victim of his unmanly violence? Can any faith be placed in the promises of one whose whole life has been a course of bold defiance to the Supreme Being, and has evinced the utmost contempt of the most solemn oaths and obligations?—whose very despotism is founded on a breach of the allegiance which he had sworn to a different form of Government: and who according to his selfish purposes of the moment has by turns professed himself a Christian, a Mussulman, and an Atheist. Will he who thus scoffs at the Divine Authority, hesitate to trample upon, and set at nought the claims however just of a defenceless Woman? Be pleased Sire, to pardon these warm effusions of an alarmed Virtue, and an innocent mind, that has not yet learnt to disguise its real feelings, nor can be induced by any consideration to proffer homage where nothing is due,

but the utmost scorn detestation and abhorrence. And excuse me too if I venture to add, that tho' not prone to superstition, I cannot but consider as frightfully ominous this offer of marriage from an Imperial Assassin, to the Daughter and Grand daughter, of two Assassinated Emperors.

CATHERINE.

During the next few years there are not many letters. Mr. Hallam wrote sometimes, but his correspondence chiefly refers to the progress he was making in writing his History, and is therefore not included here. At this time Lord Webb Seymour was writing a paper on Glen Tilt, and spent his days in the usual way—studying hard, and conversing with his friends. For instance, on January 22, 1809, he writes in his Diary :—

Dr. Brown¹ breakfasted and we had a conversation for about 3 hours on various literary and metaphysical topics. 1½ hours in reading Reid's Inquiry. 1¾ in reading Gibbon.

On January 31 :—

Writing on Glen Tilt. Went to hear a lecture read from Stewart's chair by Dr. Brown. A great part of the morning in conversing on various topics with Playfair. 1 hour in reading Gibbon.

February 2 :—

Two hours in studying Watts' Logic which I was led to by the argument on Glen Tilt. ¼ of an hour in writing philosophical notes. 2 hours in reading Gibbon. Sneyd Edgworth breakfasted with me. The evening at Lady Carnegie's.

Later in this year, while he was at Worthing, Lord Dudley describes how they met there :—

1809.—Lord Webb Seymour is still in London. I fell in with him a short time ago at Worthing, where I went to

¹ Thomas Brown, Scottish philosopher, physician, and poet, 1778-1820.

see my father and mother. I was not aware of his being there, and discovered him by a most characteristic circumstance. I arrived in the evening at the inn, and was shown into a room in which I was told I might dine, though it belonged to another gentleman, as he was gone out. Whilst dinner was preparing, I proceeded to examine some books belonging to the said gentleman which I found upon the chimney-piece. The first I opened was 'The Edinburgh Review,' and the next—a small pocket volume—the 'Novum Organum.' I of course asked immediately for the name of the person of whose light summer reading at a watering place I had just seen so curious a specimen, and was infinitely amused when I discovered it was my old acquaintance, Lord Webb. If such are his recreations, what must his serious studies be !¹

And the next year Lord Dudley alludes to Lord Webb again :—

1810.—When does Mr. Stewart expect to appear in print ?² He ought not by rights to be later than the end of May or the beginning of June—that being about the period at which Lord Webb Seymour and other gay philosophers lay in their stock of metaphysical books to carry to the watering-places.

From Mr. Horner to Lord Webb Seymour.

Lincoln's Inn, January 7, 1809.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,—I was not prepared to expect that poor George Stewart would be so soon relieved from his sufferings, though I looked upon the melancholy event as inevitable.³ You will believe that I shall be anxious to hear now and then of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. Her sorrow will be more lasting, I fear, and incurable ; for no distress or calamity can be greater than hers. But I am

¹ *Letters to 'Ivy' from the 1st Earl of Dudley*, by S. H. Romilly, pp. 71, 99.

² His *Philosophical Essays* were published in 1810.

³ George, Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Stewart's son, died 1809.

apprehensive about the first excesses of his grief, in a constitution of such strong and sanguine affections. I know not when I should venture to write to him; from which I have abstained during the period of his poor son's illness, except at that momentary interval of apparent recovery, which is always so delusive in this disease:

Visa tamen tardi demum inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore salutem
Speravi. . . .

a passage which I have heard Mr. Stewart read with the most touching expression, but which he will never be able to read again. About writing to him, I wish you, who are upon the spot, to direct me; after a while, he may take some interest in the details of public news, or be tempted to amuse himself with new books; and as soon as there would be any real kindness, and no unpleasant intrusion, in supplying him with these, I should be happy to make a duty of such attentions to him. I shall rely, therefore, upon being guided by your hints.

If the last number of the 'Journal de Physique' (for October 1808) is arrived in Edinburgh, let me recommend to you a report, made by Cuvier and Sabatier, on Dr. Gall's anatomical discoveries, at the direction of the Institute of France.¹ It is not upon the subject of his foolish craniology; but upon those particular views of the system of the brain and nerves, upon which, as the foundation, he conceives himself to have erected the solid fabric of his other speculations. This memoir is full of anatomical *minutiæ*; but I wish you to examine it as a piece of logic—a sort of scientific decree of judgment—reasoned upon the principles of the inductive method, in which the judges, by the test of those principles, laboriously separate ascertained physical facts from loose evidence and the adulteration of metaphysical fallacies. I have been a good deal

¹ 'Rapport sur un Mémoire de MM. Gall et Spurzheim, relatif à l'Anatomie du Cerveau. Commissaires, MM. Tenon, Portal, Sabatier, Pinel et Cuvier.' (*Journal de Physique*, tome lxxvii., Octobre 1808.)

struck with the excellent manner of the report in these respects ; but I do not recommend it the less to you as an exercise, because I thought there were one or two passages in which they did not strictly, or, at least, perspicuously enough, keep to the line of demarcation between the phenomena of anatomy and those of mind. But I fear the little I ever knew of these subjects is become less by long disuse.

Affectionately yours,
FRA. HORNER.¹

From Mr. Horner to Lord Webb Seymour.

Lincoln's Inn, January 27, 1809.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,—I had a letter from Mrs. Stewart two days ago, and have since written to her at Mount Tiviot. Her account upon the whole is satisfactory, both of Mr. Stewart and herself. She informs me, that he has at last determined, and openly declared his intention, of lecturing no more after the present winter.² I think this resolution quite right. Thirty-eight years of service would justify him, even if he were retiring from all public duty ; but he has engagements to the public and to posterity, which he ought no longer to delay fulfilling, and for which he will thus secure himself an ample command of leisure. I am pleased, besides, with the hope, that he may be tempted to employ some part of it in England, and that I shall have some opportunities of seeing him.

I hear faint and distant rumours of immense discoveries in chemistry, which I eagerly wish I had the means of knowing and following ; but it has pleased the gods to dispose of me otherwise, for no good to others, and for less enjoyment to myself. I hear, however, of Davy,³ Berzelius,⁴ and others, from Tennant occasionally ; and

¹ From *Memoirs of Francis Horner*, vol. i. p. 441.

² See note at end of this letter concerning these lectures.

³ Sir Humphry Davy, English chemist, natural philosopher, and scientific writer, 1778–1829.

⁴ Baron James Berzelius, Swedish chemist and scientific writer, 1779–1848.

their late successes appear truly wonderful and immensely important. How happens it, that Edinburgh contributes nothing to these discoveries, with all the study and zeal that prevail there for this science ?

Will you listen for a moment to a difficulty which I wish to have solved, in a very large speculation, but one with which you must be very conversant ? Since the modern astronomers completed the Newtonian system of the universe, and ascertained all the apparent irregularities to be periodical and constant, we have been led to the proposition, that all the revolutions of the system are uniform, and repeated in a certain order. The views of geology which have been opened by the Huttonian manner of treating that science, point to the same conclusion, with regard to the changes that happen to the surface of this planet ; which would appear to be repeated in a certain uniform succession, and are not progressive either from an ascertained origin, or towards a probable end. But is there not one difficulty in the way of this general conclusion on account of the chemical composition of the substances of which the surface of the earth consists ? If every earth is an oxyd, the oxydation has been progressive ; and going back through the whole succession of compositions that have been effected, one would be led up (within the limits of definite duration) to the first instance in this series, to the first union of oxygen with the first metal that was oxydated. I have no doubt that the principle of periodic revolution will be found to prevail throughout nature ; but I cannot state to myself in what manner this apparent exception is to be reduced under it. Probably I am talking nonsense all this while ; if there appears to you to be any reason in the speculation, but that I have not sufficiently explained myself, I will try again. It is rash in me now-a-days to 'tempt with wandering feet the dark unbottomed infinite abyss ;' but in making an escape from the subjects to which I ought to confine myself, and trying an excursion once more 'through the palpable

obscure,' I feel the gladness and vanity of an old man who tries to repeat the scenes of his young days.

I am ever, my dear Seymour,

Sincerely yours,

FRA. HORNER.¹

Lord Cockburn, in his Memorials, thus describes Dugald Stewart's lectures :—

' To me his lectures were like the opening of the heavens. I felt that I had a soul. His noble views, unfolded in glorious sentences, elevated me into a higher world. I was so much excited and charmed as any man of cultivated taste would be who, after being ignorant of their existence, was admitted to all the glories of Milton and Cicero and Shakespeare. They changed my whole nature. In short Dugald Stewart was one of the greatest of didactic orators. Had he lived in ancient times, his memory would have descended to us as that of one of the finest of the old eloquent sages. But his lot was better cast. Flourishing in an age which requires all the dignity of morals to counteract the tendencies of physical pursuits and political convulsion, he has exalted the character of his country and his generation. No intelligent pupil of his ever ceased to respect philosophy, or was ever false to his principles, without feeling the crime aggravated by the recollection of the morality that Stewart had taught him.'²

From the Rev. Sydney Smith to Lord Webb Seymour

November 4, 1809.

DEAR SEYMOUR,—Many thanks for your Letter, which follow'd me to Lord Grey's where I have been staying, for a fortnight past. I am truly glad to hear you are better. Your health requires the greatest care but with that I am sure you will do well. Remember we have an hospital in Yorkshire if you want one. As for public affairs : omnes

¹ From *Memoirs of F. Horner*, vol. i. p. 447.

² See Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of His Time*, p. 26.

64 CORRESPONDENCE OF TWO BROTHERS 1809

ibimus ad Diabolum, ubi damnabimur, et Bonaparte nos conquerabit, et Dominum Webb Seymour ponet ad mortem . . . et quod in primâ causâ non credit. I read at Lord Grey's Warburton's Letters to Hurd with real pleasure, was as much struck with the great Talents of Warburton, as with the flatness and meanness of Hurd. I read also the Cid of Corneille the only one of his plays I had ever read, and which [illegible] us'd always to call the 'chef d'œuvre' of human genius. A poorer piece of business I never yet met with, it is worse than Mat Lewis's worst play. The whole turns on a box of the ear. Then the Son of the person whose ear is boxed kills the boxer, being in Love with the boxer's daughter—which daughter tho desperately in Love with him gets another of her Lovers to challenge him. The gentleman however conquers this said Lover & then the Lady whose father has been murdered agrees to marry the murderer. But just as they are going to be married, the King of the Country says such an early match would be indecent, & recommends them to wait a Year, and so the Curtain drops.

ever Yours most truly.

SYDNEY SMITH.

I need not say how much pleasure it will give me, if you will tell me every now and then the philosophical news of Edinburgh—but I know your aversion to writing.

M^r Sydney sends her very kind regards.

1811

Extracts from Lord Webb Seymour's diary while in Edinburgh in the spring, in London in July, and describing his journey back to Scotland.

Mar 14 An hour or two in reading some letters written by Hume to Murray on philosophy and literary subjects as long ago as 1796; finely characteristic of his early habits of thinking, and of his powers.

Apr 31 Mr Mackenzie breakfasted with me, and I passed 3 or 4 hours with him, and afterwards with Playfair in discussing the plan of an Astronomical Institution at Edinburgh. The evening at M^r Mackenzie.

Apr. 1.—Two hours in studying Duncan's Logic. Attended a meeting of the Royal Society, to hear Mr Playfair read a part of his work on the Huttonian theory on the subject of Volcanoes.

7. *Sunday.*—Mr Mackenzie breakfasted with me, and we had three hours of philosophical discussion on metaphysical topics. Am glad to find that he quite agrees with me as to the importance of the study of the phenomena of mind in the scientific form, as to the imperfections of the attempts of our ablest philosophers, and as to the improvements of method to be adopted.

13.—Brown breakfasted with me, and we had two hours of discussion on metaphysical subjects. The evening at Sir J. Hall's, where he read to me a part of his manuscript on Gothic Architecture.

July 27.—A political discussion with Lord A. Hamilton. The latter part of the day with Hallam at Windsor. Talked a great deal on my own philosophical views. Heard the speeches in Eton School.

28. *Sunday.*—Till between 2 and 3 o'clock with Hallam, in conversation upon his pursuits in Literature and my own in Science. Dined at Bulstrode.

29. *Monday.*—Some conversation with my brother upon his mathematical pursuits and projects for improving language. Horner arrived.

30.—Much profitable conversation with Horner and my brother.

31.—Some discussion on philosophical topics with Horner and my brother.

Aug. 1.—Much conversation with Horner. Dined and slept at Holland House. A long conversation with Allen on Spanish affairs.

2.—Dined with Whishaw at Chelsea in company with Horner and Mr Mallet. Went with them to see the Military Asylum, the Hospital, and old Botanic Garden. Late in the evening went with Horner and Whishaw to Vauxhall by water. Arrived in London to breakfast.

3.—A great part of the morning at Holland House.

Looked over some minerals; a long political discussion with Allen. Dined at William Spencer's with Horner.

4.—Dined with M^r W. Spencer.

Aug. 5.—Looking over books at Deboff's. Dined with my brother, and had an interesting discussion on some points of moral philosophy.

7.— . . . found Davy in his laboratory, and had about two hours of eager conversation with him upon his late discoveries and present views in Chemistry.

11. *Sunday.*—Went to Bulstrode. M^r Smirke the architect arrived. Busy about plans for the house.¹

12.—Much interesting conversation with M^r Smirke on matters of taste in general.

26.—Went to London. Passed the evening with Lady Carnegie and her daughter Christina [wife and daughter of Sir David Carnegie].

27.—Passed a great part of the morning with the Carnegies and had some good discussion on moral topics with Christina. Dined at the Chemical Club in company with Davy, D^r Hope, D^r Wollaston, D^r Monsel etc. The evening with the Carnegies.

28.—Attended some experiments performed by Davy, on the powers of the galvanic apparatus. Dined with D^r Hope, and went with him to the apartments of the Geolog. Society where we met D^r Babington and D^r Laird; looked over specimens, and had a great deal of discussion. The evening with the Carnegies.

30.—Dined with Lord Dundas and met Sir J. Banks, D^r Hope, D^r Wollaston and Davy.

Sep. 1. Sunday. Returned to Bulstrode.

4.—Left Bulstrode for the North and reached Buckingham. Wrote to Horner.

5.—As I proceeded to Warwick read Duncan's Logic, and speculated on judgment, and the first principles of belief.

6.—Chiefly occupied in looking at the curiosities of

¹ The house, however, was only pulled down, and not built till 1864-1865, when the 12th Duke built Bulstrode as it now stands.

Warwick: the Castle, its pictures, and pleasure-grounds and the old part of the Church and St. Mary's Chapel annexed to it. An hour in writing out some notes of my speculations yesterday. Read a couple of Spectators.

7.—Breakfasted with Mr Greathead at Guy's Cliffe, and passed 2 or 3 hours in walking about the place. Saw Kenilworth Castle. Slept at Wishaw.

8.—Looked at the Cathedral at Lichfield. Dined at Ashburnon. Slept at Matlock.

9.—Left Matlock on a delightful morning, and through Chesterfield, Sheffield and Barnsley. Reached Wakefield.

10.—Breakfasted at Leeds. Saw the Cloth Hall. Spent the day with Mr Gott, looking over his manufactory and a flax mill; and the afternoon at his house. His conversation very pleasing and instructive.

Sep. 11.—Breakfasted at Mr Gott's. Went with him to see some manufactories: carpet weaving, and the combing of wool by the *Big Ben*. Slept at Leeming Lane.

12.—Proceeded to Penrith.

13.—Saw Lowther Castle, and criticised its architecture. Proceeded to Carlisle.

14.—Looked at the new Court House, erecting under the directions of Smirke. On the road to Gilsland read Duncan's Logic. In the evening read L. Horner's paper on the Malvern Hills.

15. *Sunday, and 16th, Monday.*—Letters etc. Read two or three of Addison's papers and Mackay's absurd description of the cave in the Isle of Skye. Have put myself a good deal upon the lounge, in order to recover from my late fatigues.

17.—Read Addison's paper on dreams. Walked to examine a part of the Wall with Staffa and Stewart.

23.—Have been compelled by weak health to adopt a plan of more relaxation.

24.—Busy with letters. Employed in writing some verses.

27.—Looked into Waller's poems.

Oct. 6.—Read some of Waller's poems, and a part of his life.

8.—Left Gilsland, and slept at Longtown.

9.—On my road to Moffat. Met Lord and Lady Selkirk, with whom I passed a most agreeable evening.

10.—Stayed at Moffat with Lord and Lady Selkirk. Had a great deal of instructive information from Lord S., and some good discussion.

11.—Went to Hamilton.

12.—Fatigued and stupid. Had some very instructive conversation with Sir George Smart.

14.—Rather indisposed, and lounging among a large party collected for the races.

15.—Engaged in the amusements of the day.

16.—Engaged in the amusements of the race week.

17.—Engaged by the races etc. Am endeavouring to extract what I can from the occurrences of the gay scenes around me for 'speculations on the emotions,' and with some success.

18.—Races, ordinary, and ball: out of which I am gathering facts for speculations on the 'emotion of animation' etc.

19.—Races.

21.—In the evening a ball at the Palace.¹

22.—Heard some good music from Sir George Smart and the Marchioness (of Douglas).

23.—Travelled to Edinburgh.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Bulstrode, Sept. 14, 1812.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am rather sorry as you were not absolutely wanted at Glenarbach,² that you did not know of it sooner, and take the opportunity of calling on the Duke of Hamilton. You would have found him very civil. Ashton affords much accommodation and some amusement,

¹ The Duke of Hamilton's, where he was staying.

² Lord Webb's place.

and with Stewart there, the hours would not have flagged. The Duke has often spoken of you in very flattering terms.

Stewart is certainly, as you describe him, a most excellent companion. All I am afraid of is his engaging in election contests which I hope, for his sake, he will not do. I look upon an election as a sort of trap, in which young birds are caught and plucked.

You give me a distressful account of the harvest in the North. We must make up our minds to the average crop in a series of years : but yet, as the business is now managed, great variations are attended with occasional and severe pressure.

The Review of Leslie's Elements caught my attention presently, and I perused it with much interest, as I always do Playfair's writings, particularly on that subject. Leslie's conduct on the occasion is very foolish but very natural. He had better employ his time in revising his work, than in replying to the reviewer.

I remain, Your's very affectly,

SOMERSET.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Glenarbach. Sept. 26, 1812. Sa.

DEAR BROTHER,—Glenarbach is not sold. It was offered publicly for sale on Tuesday last, but nobody bid what we had reason to think a low price for it. This is owing to the dearth of money in Scotland at present ; for the check to credit has been felt here to a greater degree than in England, because credit had previously obtained to a greater extent. The price of land is said to have fallen one fourth. Glasgow is at present suffering under a dismal stagnation of trade and manufactures, and the value of this estate in the market is most naturally affected by the circumstances of Glasgow. There were one or two persons enquiring pretty eagerly about Glenarbach, and I may still receive private offers from them. At all events,

however, I expect to spend the winter here. It is some consolation to have the plague of removing postponed.

I have this morning received Charlotte's letter of the 21st. Your journey to the West is much later than I expected. It is not mentioned how long you are to stay at Bradley, but my calculations lead me to direct this to Berry.¹ You are not likely to fall in with Horner, for he will have left Somersetshire in all probability before you pass through it on your return.

An appointment took place last summer in the University of Edinburgh, which must interest you,—the election of Dr. Murray to be Professor of Hebrew and Oriental languages. He is a man of extraordinary attainments, as a philologist, and his knowledge of languages includes Sanscrit, Arabic, Coptic, Persic, Celtic, and Gothic, in their various dialects, and various languages of Africa and the Russian Empire. He has also carried on some important speculations upon the general facts exhibited in the progressive formation of languages, as to pronouns, declensions, conjugations &c. These he is to bring forward in a work preparing for the press. He is a clergyman of the Scotch Church and has been living in Dumfriesshire for some time past; his removal to Edinburgh must be an additional incitement to his literary industry. I really have great hopes from what we are to receive from him. It is very difficult to meet with a mind capable of the details of language, and at the same time disposed to philosophic generalization. The two requisites seem united in Dr. Murray. The simplicity of the first divisions of words in grammar, and the uniformity of the fundamental rules in the syntax of all languages, promises a great deal to an enquirer, who should consider language with a view of determining the divisions of ideas, and the principal relations of ideas arising universally in the human mind. Grammar does not appear to have been sufficiently connected with logic.

¹ Close to the ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle, in Devonshire.



BERRY POMEROY CASTLE: WEST FRONT.
(From an old coloured Print.)

Before examining into the nature of prepositions, syllogisms, &c. it would be of advantage to ascertain the characters of substantives, adjectives, verbs, &c. and thence to infer the classes of ideas, and the relations of these classes to each other. In Duncan, one of our best books upon logic, grammar is scarcely at all called in to aid the analysis of our ideas,—the chapter on the relations of ideas is quite trifling. Dr. Murray's work may be a great assistance to this branch of logic ; for the mind can generalize most readily upon those examples with which it is least familiar.

I remain here a fortnight or three weeks, and then go to Edinburgh in expectation of meeting the Davys, and some other friends.

Yours ever affectionately,

W. S.

Let me thank you too for the sketch of Lord Wellington. I agree with you that trifling peculiarities often indicate the most important traits of character.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Ashton Hall, Oct. 31, 1812.

(The Duke of Hamilton's place).

DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter reached me just as I was about to step into the carriage to come here, and I was very glad that, by happening to put off my journey for a day I was thus enabled to hear from you before my departure.

With regard to the burning of Moscow I am in suspense. It was a most horrible expedient, but time and events may perhaps justify it. After encountering the bigotry of Spain, and the popular principles of England, Bonaparte is now experiencing what can be effected by Asiatic Despotism. Nothing less could have dared to set fire to its own Metropolis ; and even Bonaparte seems to have been surprised by it, though accustomed to the Mitraille and the Septembrizing of Revolutionary France.

I have just received a letter from Count Pahlen, who describes Rio Janeiro in terms that would not dispose anybody to go there. His letter is in very tolerable English, with one or two Latin quotations. When I answer it, I mean to enclose the note you left for him.

I remain, Yours affectly

SOMERSET.

According to Thiers, Count Rostopchin, the governor, was alone responsible for the burning of Moscow. Kutusof, the general in command, had arranged to leave quietly in the night of September 13 with all his soldiers. Starting by the Riazan road, he had planned to make a *détour* and return by the Kalouga road, in order to take up a position which would threaten the flank of the French army. Count Rostopchin did not approve of this plan, and would have preferred to fight the French in the streets of the city itself. He did not, however, waste time in disputing with Kutusof, but resolved in his own mind what he would do, and kept his own counsel. He ordered all the inhabitants to leave with the army, and on the 14th, just an hour before starting, he caused the prison doors to be opened and the criminals to be set free, on condition that they would set fire to some combustibles he had already, under some pretext or another, prepared for the purpose. Then, ordering all the engines and other apparatus for extinguishing fire to be carried away before him, he marched out of the town. Colonel Wolzogen asked him what was the object of this, but Rostopchin merely answered: 'I have my reasons.'

Some of the inhabitants, of whom a few were foreigners, unwilling to leave their homes, hid themselves in hopes of obtaining protection from the French as soon as they arrived.

On September 15 Napoleon and his army entered Moscow and took up his quarters in the Kremlin. The soldiers, who were scattered in different parts of the town, were very much surprised to find it nearly deserted. One or two fires took place that day, but were attributed to accident and soon extinguished.

In the night, however, an equinoctial gale arose and blew violently from the west. At the same time a raging fire suddenly burst forth, and, spreading rapidly, soon passed beyond control.

The French realised with consternation that incendiaries were at work. Though some of the wretches were caught in different parts of the town, with torches in their hands, and were ordered by Napoleon to be shot or hanged on the spot, it was too late. They had done their worst, and, having no means of extinguishing the fire, the French were powerless.

To make matters worse, the wind having suddenly changed, the Kremlin became in danger. Sparks began to fall in the courtyard where four hundred cases of ammunition were lying, and about the arsenal where the powder was stored. The danger grew so great that Napoleon was implored by his officers to leave, and soon all the French, together with the few inhabitants who still remained, fled from before the fire.

Only after four days, when four-fifths of the town were destroyed, the fire began to abate, and they ventured gradually to return, driven by the inclemency of the weather to seek food and shelter among the ruins and desolation of what had been the beautiful city.

To add to the gruesomeness of the scene, there were discovered the remains of Russian wounded soldiers, estimated to number not less than 15,000, who, unable to save themselves, had perished in the flames, 'victims,' as Thiers expresses it, 'to the barbaric patriotism of Rostopchin.'¹

¹ See Thiers' *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* livre 44, 1812.

CHAPTER IV

1813

Letter from Lord Lansdowne to the Duke of Somerset, January 24—
Lord Webb to the Duke, February 10—The Duke to Lord Webb,
February 16 and February 20—Lord Webb to the Duke, March 29—
The Duke to Lord Webb, April 16—Lord Webb to the Duke, May 23
—G. Vernon to the Duchess, June 7—Lord Webb to the Duke,
June 13 and 26—Count Stroganoff to the Duchess, July 1—Lord
Byron to the Duchess, August 15—Mr. Hallam to Lord Webb, July 8
—The Duke to Lord Webb, July 9—Lord Webb to the Duke, Septem-
ber 25—Extracts from Lord Webb's diary while in London—
Mr. Hallam to Lord Webb, November 5

From the Marquess of Lansdowne to the Duke of Somerset.

Berkeley Square, Jan. 24, 1813.

MY DEAR DUKE,—You will probably have seen in the newspaper that a meeting has been convened by the Sheriff of the Co. of Wilts on the 27th. at Devizes, against the Catholics, or as it is briefly expressed 'the Claims.' This has given me great concern, 1st, that there should be any such proceeding, 2nd, on account of the disagreeable duty which I really think it impresses upon me of attending for the purpose of giving some opposition at least to so unnecessary & ill-timed a measure.

Ld. Holland has consented to go with me for the same purpose—& if you can prevail upon yourself to do the same I am sure your appearance there would be of great service, & we should both be very happy in the pleasure of your company as we shall go in a landau. I am aware this is not (at this time of year) inviting you to a party of pleasure—but I am confident the only way of counteracting the clamour & falsehoods that are circulated, is to meet them fairly, & that opposition to such proceedings however unsuccessful at the time, ultimately produces its effect.

If you cannot go, you will perhaps allow us to make some use of your name, if there appears occasion for it—but your presence would tell more.

ever my dear Duke

Yours very sincerely

LANSDOWNE.

If there are any persons on or about your estate whom you could influence to attend, you will perhaps take the trouble of writing a few lines by the post tomorrow.—We shall go early on Tuesday morning to sleep at Devizes.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh, Feb. 10, 1813.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I send you in two covers some leaves cut out of a Scots Magazine, published last summer, containing documents relative to the diction of Dr. Murray,¹ the present Professor of Oriental Languages in this University. I have selected merely what I thought would interest you, partly as pointing out the wonderful acquirements of Dr. M., and partly as indicating the peculiar bent of his speculations upon language. I would particularly call your attention to what is contained in the pages from 512 to 519. You will see that Dr. M. proceeds upon a view of the formation of declensions and conjugations directly opposite to that of Adam Smith, in that he supposes the analogous terminations to be pronouns, prepositions, &c. compounded with the radicals.

Dr. Murray is now settled in Edinburgh, and his projected work is lying by him in a state nearly ready for the press, making a thick folio manuscript. His health, I am sorry to add, is very weak and such as to render his life precarious. A friend of his tells me that his analysis of languages has led him to refer them all to one parent stock. I grieve at this, for I cannot conceive the position to be well founded, and it raises apprehensions lest Dr. M. though

¹ Alexander Murray, Scotch self-taught linguist, 1775–1813.

possessing more philosophy than most philologists, should have been seduced, like the rest, by the *ignis fatuus* of etymological resemblance. I am very glad that you succeeded so well at Devizes. The stir now making by the clergy against the Catholics is more likely to favour their cause, by rousing men to reason upon the question, and to open their eyes to the changes that have taken place in the church government, the spirit, and the political principles of the sect. Their meetings, addresses, &c. will operate like the councils and declarations of the Papists in forwarding the Reformation.

Your's very affectionately

WEBB SEYMOUR.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Park Lane, Feb. 16, 1813.

DEAR BROTHER,—I was very much interested by the documents you sent me relative to Alexr. Murray, and particularly by his own letter to Principal Baird. His method of investigation appears to me to be admirable. He says he discovered the radicals, by observing the process of compounding words, which process is everywhere essentially the same. Now if he has really found out a law of that kind, the consequences of such a discovery may well be surprising.

I do not like his dwelling upon particular etymologies, which should have their proper place in the body of a work professedly written upon the subject. They rather serve to excite wonder than to give us any valuable knowledge, when they are introduced in a casual way. The vast and important studies in which he is engaged are continually degraded by that sort of gossiping. The ignorant and the idle may well look down upon our results, if they are supposed to consist in particular etymologies. 'What a satisfaction it is to me to know that Gang, in Scotch, is Ganga in Sanscrit!' Such little consequences tend to defeat the purpose for which they are sometimes mentioned; and a very poor opinion of the age must indeed

be entertained by the man of science, who can think it worth his while to interest those, who are chiefly to be attracted by such trifles.

It is a great pity that Murray's health is so bad. But these men will always be in a hurry, and sometimes crowd into one day what ought to be the work of two. Health suffers from that exertion.

Now that we are upon language, I must say something of what I am about. I have simplified my method, and, in one sense reduced it very much, by confining it entirely to triangles of which every two have a common side. This renders the definitions much less comprehensive, and reduces them to four.

It also makes the application of the principle more obvious, of which I have found the advantage in demonstrating. The signs are also reduced in number, and the alterations are altogether so great that I have changed the very name of the contrivance.

I am very sorry that you have thrown by the remarks you made at Heene upon the nature of philosophical language. They struck me as particularly interesting, and made me wish to have them more completely developed.

I remain

Yours affecly.

SOMERSET.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Park Lane, Feb. 20, 1813.

DEAR BROTHER,—I must beg you to convey to Dugald Stewart my best thanks for his very interesting present,¹ which I have just received. Horner had favoured me with a sight of it, so that I am not unacquainted with its contents. To have it by me is however desirable. I certainly am no intentional enemy to the speculations of metaphysics; though I have been told that I make sad work,

¹ Possibly the first part of the book on *Philosophy of the Mind*, by Mr. Stewart. It was published this year.

when I pretend to understand them. On this subject however, the dumb and the blind have appeared to me to be amongst our best teachers.

Yrs. very affectly,
SOMERSET.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Glenarbach, March 29, 1813. Mond.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—After the usual bustle on leaving a town, I *cleared out* on Monday last, and went to Kinneil, where I spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Stewart. I think I never saw him in such health and spirits. He has printed about 150 pages of his new volume, and is proceeding with the greatest ardour. It will contain about 600 pages, and is not to appear till the autumn. I believe you know that the chief subject is logic. He fears this part of his work must of necessity be dry; but, if I may judge from one or two chapters which he read to me, he will materially soften the austere aspect of this branch of science. No subject has been farther removed from the ordinary train of our thoughts than this, in consequence of the attention bestowed by speculative writers on its terms, divisions, and technical forms, to the omission of those expanded reflections, which are necessary to show how this structure of language employed in reasoning has originated in the nature of ideas, and in those relations of them, which involve the notions of true or false.

Business detained me two days at Glasgow, and I did not reach home till Friday evening. I am going to leave it again immediately on a visit to the Dunmores.

I return Horner's letter, and expect to hear from you soon upon that subject. Horner can no where have so much leisure as upon the circuit.

Believe me

Yours ever affectionately

W. S.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Park Lane, April 16, 1813.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am very glad to hear that Dugald Stewart is proceeding with ardour in his work. It is a long time that the literary world has been in expectation of it. The subject has always appeared very interesting to me. There is, by Dumarsais,¹ a little work entitled 'Logique,' which D'Alembert² speaks of as containing all that is known upon the subject. It seemed to me very meagre. I trust Dugald Stewart's will be in a very different style.

Charlotte is as busy as a bee upon a bank of thyme. Furnishing her house³ has been one occupation, and she has the fashionable predilection for old things. I have now behind me a sort of cabinet inlaid with mother of pearl and made in the time of the Commonwealth.

I remain Your's very affectionately
SOMERSET.

P.S.—We dined yesterday at Lord Lansdowne's, where we met the Abercrombies, Lord Rosslin &c. The party was very pleasant. But I had a very bad cold, which indeed prevents me from writing more now.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Glenarbach, May 23, 1813. Sund.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—My summer plans are not fixed, but I think of coming to England, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in July.

Your computation gives an enormous weight to the ceiling at Lord Lansdowne's. I imagine you may have assumed your data incorrectly in taking the thickness of

¹ César Chesneau Dumarsais, French grammarian, philosopher, and author, 1676–1756.

² Jean d'Alembert, French philosopher, littérateur, and mathematician, 1717–1783.

³ In Park Lane, lately purchased by the Duke.

the piece weighed, perhaps some bold work in relief, as the uniform thickness of the whole.

I have not looked at the Tableau &c. of the literature of the 18th. century. Have you read the Review of Mad. Staël's work on the progress of literature in ancient and modern Europe? It furnishes matter for a great deal of speculation. I am a great admirer of Mad. Staël.

Who is Sir Humphry Davy¹ going with? and when? Does Lady Davy accompany him? Geology as you observe does afford grounds for believing wonders, that might seem imaginary. You remember perhaps the Edin. Review of Cuvier's account of the fossil remains of animals no longer existing. What a curious picture it gave of an ancient state of the earth! There are many other phenomena equally astonishing, and inferred with equal confidence. Geology is now pursued in such a way as will soon dispel the ridicule formerly attached to such speculations.

Yours ever affectionately

W. S.

From George Vernon to the Duchess of Somerset.

Vienna, June 7, 1813.

MY DEAR DUCHESS,—I have been so bad a courier that your last dispatches arrived here before mine—but I am infinitely indebted to you for so employing me, as you have procured for me a very agreeable society—The Duchess² has open house every evening, & as she is rich, agreeable & hansom, it does not want visitors—her two sisters, both of whom are agreeable, but not I think so well looking as the Dss though one of them is very pretty, & not unlike her, are always there & a few other women, but more men—Genty³ is a constant visitor, Prince Lobkovitz, the Land-

¹ Sir Humphry Davy, chemist, natural philosopher, and scientific writer, 1778–1829.

² It is probable he means the Duchess of Sagan.

³ Pierre Genty de Bussy, French military superintendent and writer, born 1793.

grave of Hesse, the Prince of Hesse Homburg, Count Gudenloven, Irozoff & his Wife, Humboldt the Prussian Minister, Prince Winsingratz, & several more whose names I have not well learnt—Metternich & Stadion¹ are absent, otherwise they are often of the party—Another house which I frequent is that of the Comtesse de Zicki-Fenoni, whom I like much—but the cleverest woman I have seen is a new acquaintance whom I met yesterday at Ragumozsky's a Ctsse de Witz—She is a very good English scholar, which I am pleased to find is properly valued here—it enters very much into the present course of education, & many read though few attempt to speak it—the Dss. does so still with tolerable fluency, but Prince Lobkovitz, & especially Boreet a Dutchman talk it readily—I spent nearly a month at Berlin & then visited the army, with which I staid till after the battle of Bautzen²—having seen enough of military sports I thought it would be more amusing to come here than attend the retreat—so after reposing for two days at Toplitz, the Bohemian Tonbridge, for I had been sleeping on straw near Bautzen for ten days, I proceeded hither. The Emperor & Metternich are gone to a Bohemian Chateau on the Silesian frontier to negotiate, & they have a good argument in 80,000 men who are close to them. However it is feared that they are too likely to be satisfied with the name of peace without obtaining its reality. War is almost universally desired here, but if Napoleon is allowed to demolish the Prussians at his leisure, it may then please him to make another visit here. The Court & several lovers of green fields have already left Vienna for the summer—I mean to stay as long as I find Society, & then go to Baden, which is only two hours from hence, where the Dss is also going—It is you know, a water-drinking place, much resorted to from hence, & besides the attraction of society, has that of picturesque situation. How can you be so absurd in London

¹ Count von Stadion, Austrian diplomatist, 1763–1824.

² Battle of Bautzen, between Napoleon and the Allies, May 20, 1813 (indecisive).

as to dine at 7 o'clock—it is much pleasanter to drive & walk in the Prater at 6 after dinner—We cannot comprehend here why poor Denmark is to be eternally pillaged, first of her fleet & then of Norway—I did not wish to shew my party politics here, but I have been forced [word torn out] this to strengthen my negative of a report which Ruffo the old Neapolitan Minister told me was obtaining here, that I was secretly employed by the Government. The course of communication with England is not safe enough to allow me to enter into details which might be interesting to you ; but I hope this will reach you, as I am very desirous to tell you how much I am indebted to you for introducing me to your friend & her society.

Yrs. truly

G. V.

I send this to Sir C. Stewart's care to whom the Dss. will convey it, by a private opportunity.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Glenarbach, June 13, 1813.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I returned from Glenfinart on Friday. Your letter reached me there, and I much wished to have answered it, while among the mountains, but the very fine weather kept me without doors a great part of the day, and the conversation of my friends filled my time, when within. They are both looking very well, particularly Lord Dunmore ; Lady D. is rather thin in the face. They seem to grow more attached to Glenfinart every day, and the prospect of changing their residence to Dunmore Park is of course more faint. Improvements are going on with activity, both on the great scale and the small ; Lord D. is planting the lower parts of the mountains and bringing the barren bogs of the valley into the state of arable land and meadow, drilling turnips, rearing stock, &c. Lady D. is planting evergreens on the gravelly slopes near the house, training creepers against its walls, and nursing kalmias and rhododendrons.

Their charitable kindness to the poor about them is quite exemplary, and more deserving of grateful attachment, than the profuse hospitality of an old chieftain. The benevolence of Lady Dunmore's heart is truly admirable. W. talked about you and Charlotte, and Lady D. warmly expressed the pleasure it would give her to see you in her glen. She desired me to tell you so, when I saw you, and I do it now, because such messages are apt to escape the memory. The boys are thriving, and are no doubt much the better for having passed the spring in the country. Henry is much improved, though he does not speak plain yet.

When you talk of admitting the 'doctrine of perfectibility,' I presume you do not mean to the extent of Godwin or of Condorcet,¹ but merely that a great progress may still be made in the improvement of human nature, and its condition. To this I entirely agree though at the same time I do not anticipate that progress for this present period of civilization, with any confidence. What is now going forward upon the continent shews how much the state of mankind depends upon the character and conduct of individuals, to the interruption of all the good that may have been growing up from general and more steady causes. I cannot join in your objection to the stress that has been laid upon the influence of letters, and of the art of printing. This circumstance forms perhaps the most striking distinction, next to that of religion, between the state of ancient and modern Europe. Printing diffuses and hands down to posterity a vast mass of detailed information with respect to the arts of common life, and every branch of knowledge, which in ancient times men never thought of committing to writing at all, or if it was written down, it was confined to a narrow circle, and soon lost, from the scantiness of the record. Your idea of an art to supersede the use of books is a bold one indeed; I know not which way to look for the principle of such an art, while sight and hearing are the only two senses, or the preferable two, to

¹ Marquis de Condorcet, French philosopher, 1743-1794.

which the signs of ideas may be addressed. Speaking of the communication of ideas puts me in mind of a book I saw not long ago, giving an account of Pestalozzi's method of instructing children. Have you heard of this singular genius? He has now been at work in Switzerland for a number of years, and some speak of his plan with admiration. The book I saw is in French; I am sorry I forget the author's name. I had merely a glance into it, and from what I could see of it, I am much disposed to think that the perseverance of the inventor, and the admiration he has met with, must be in a great measure ascribed to German enthusiasm.

My kind love to Charlotte, and believe me

Your's very affectionately

WEBB SEYMOUR.

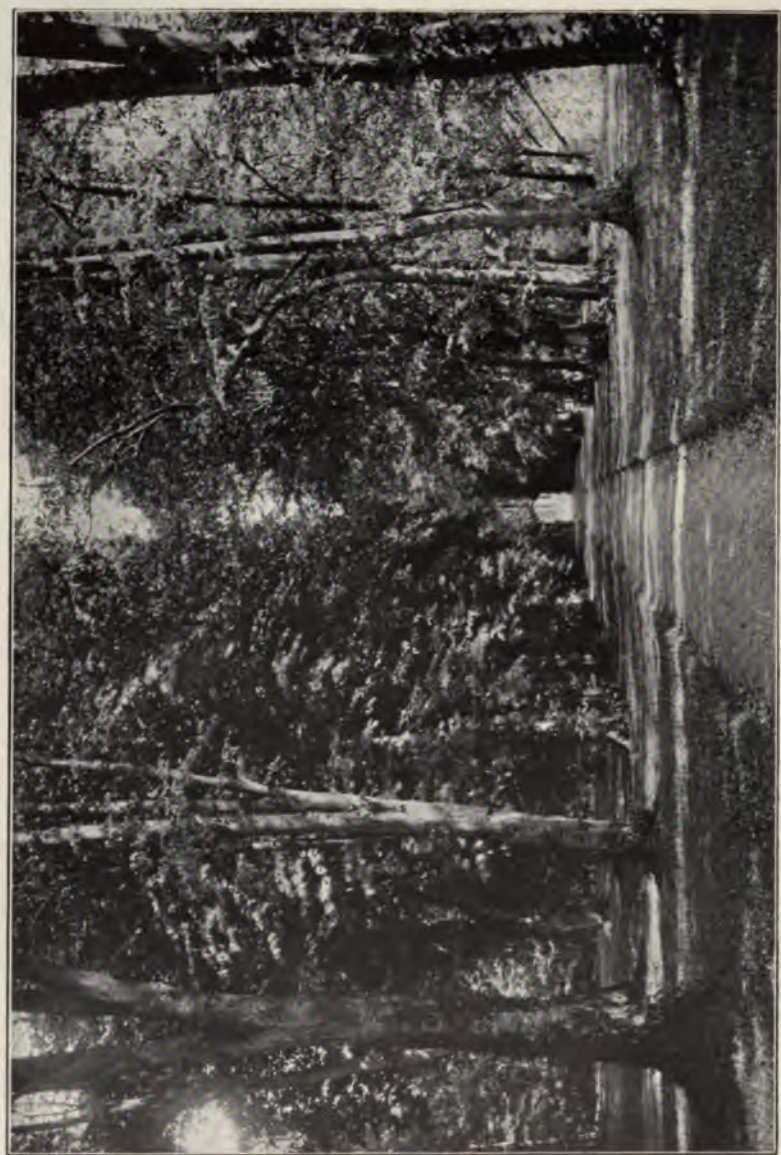
From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Glenarbach: June 26, 1813. Sat.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—My plans are still in a great measure unsettled, except that I propose to travel up in the course of next month. When my setting off is fixed I will let you know. At present I am expecting an answer from Mr. Playfair, to whom I have made an offer of travelling up together. I will communicate your invitation to him. I am sure it would give him pleasure to pass some days with you; but, when he gets to London, his time is quite devoured by his numerous friends.

The only principle, that I gathered from the book treating of Pestalozzi's method of instruction, was, that of teaching children a habit of analytical observation. He was for beginning this, even while they were in arms, by pointing out to them all the different parts of an object and such relations between them, as were easily comprehended, but might pass unnoticed, unless thus pointed out. I dare say Dulau could procure you the book.—I saw it in the hands of a brother of Lord Kinnaird; I think he told me he had employed Dulau to get his, for him.

I am very busy at present with an amanuensis, who is



LIME AVENUE AT BULSTRODE.

lately come to me, after having been employed for some months with Dugald Stewart. He is modest, quiet and accurate, and promises to be very useful. At present he is merely copying a geological paper ; but I hope hereafter to have his assistance in reducing into order some favourite speculations upon subjects of greater extent and importance.

If your weather is as hot as ours, London must resemble the middle of a potter's kiln. I hope you have run down to Bulstrode to enjoy its delightful shades. I could wish myself in the lime-walk with you.

Let me hear your plans when they are fixed, and how long you remain at the seaside. I do not mean to return to the North till October, and shall therefore be able to enjoy a good deal of your society in the Autumn.

My best love to Charlotte. All the children are well I hope.

Your's very affectionately

W. S.

From Count Stroganoff¹ to the Duchess of Somerset.

St. Pétersbourg, ce 1^{er} de juillet, 1813.

MADAME LA DUCHESSE,—Il n'y a que peu de jours que j'ai reçu la lettre que vous avez bien voulu m'écrire par le comte Bruge, et ce n'est encore que quelques temps après que j'ai reçu le livre Child Harold que vous m'avez envoyé avec lui si bien que je croyais que c'était perdu, mais enfin il m'est arrivé et il m'a fait grand plaisir. Vous l'avez lu vous même et en avez marqué des passages charmants, c'est une marque de votre souvenir à laquelle je suis bien sensible.

Que d'Evenements madame la Duchesse il s'est passé depuis que je vous ai quitté, j'ai été pour moi continuellement à courir depuis la Suède jusqu'à la Turquie, et maintenant enfin contre cette France contre laquelle je voudrais employer toute ma fortune et tout ce que j'ai. La Fortune nous a été favorable pendant un moment et maintenant

¹ Count Paul Stroganoff, Russian statesman and warrior, born 1774, died 1817.

elle semble regarder un peu son ancien favoris, mais il ne faut pas perdre courage. We must persevere in the same line of conduct ; the cause is too just not to hope that we shall see the good accomplishment of it. Je viens de faire une très grande maladie et ce n'est que depuis très peu de temps que je reprend mes forces. Je repars pour l'armée et j'y mène mon fils avec moi ; il est élevé dans les mêmes sentiments de haine à Napoleon que moi, il a déjà dixhuit ans et il est temps qu'il fasse ses premières armes.

J'ai été bien fâché des nouvelles que vous m'avez donné des enfans que vous avez perdu.¹ Il faut se soumettre sans murmurer à la volonté de Dieu. J'espère que Lady Charlotte² se porte bien : quel grande demoiselle cela doit faire ; je désirerais bien pouvoir la revoir, mais je n'ose nourrir cette idée. Adieu, madame la Duchesse, faites moi la grace de me rappeler au souvenir du Duc.

J'ai l'honneur d'être votre très humble
et très obéissant serviteur

P. STROGANOFF.

Count Paul Stroganoff had been brought up by his father in liberal principles.

The old Count had in his younger days lived in Paris during the reign of Louis XV., and, like other Russian nobles, wished his son to have a French education. He therefore sent him with a French tutor, M. de Romme, to France.

This man was a great admirer of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, with some of whose doctrines the old Count himself agreed ; but when the French Revolution broke out, and was glorified as being the result of Rousseau's teaching, he became somewhat uneasy. His fears were augmented by hearing from the Russian Ambassador, who had as yet not left Paris, that M. de Romme and his son had taken part in some revolutionary scenes, that they had both become members of the Jacobin club and attended meetings there, and that, in fact, M. de Romme's lessons were being given in practice, and not in theory only. He became so

¹ George Spencer Adolphus, born 1812, died about this time.

² Lady Charlotte, the Duchess's eldest daughter, was about ten years old.

alarmed that he sent young M. de Novosiltzoff to fetch his son home, and draw him away from this dangerous influence.

Novosiltzoff acquitted himself in this difficult task with such tact and success that he won the gratitude of both father and son.

Not long after his return Count Paul realised to what dangers he had been exposed. Both he and Novosiltzoff became friends with Prince Czartoryski, and joined the liberal entourage of the future emperor, the Grand Duke Alexander.

Though Count Paul Stroganoff modified his opinions later, he retained some Jacobin principles to the end of his life.¹

From Lord Byron² to the Duchess of Somerset.

August 15, 1813.

I leave London so soon that it will not be in my power to have the honour of seeing you before my departure.

Your Grace is one of the few whom I would not willingly see for ye *last* time—and though my regrets are not numerous I must not add so melancholy a reflection to ye account.

I trust at some future period you will permit me to renew an acquaintance which does me such honour—and should be more grieved for its present interruption—but for the idea that you will now have less to remember to my disadvantage—if indeed you condescend to remember me at all.—With my best wishes for your health and welfare—I have ye honour to be most respectfully

Yr. obliged
& faithful Servant

BYRON.

From Mr. Hallam to Lord Webb Seymour.

Stamp Office : July 8, 1813.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,—It is too true that nearly a whole year has elapsed without any written communication between us—bad correspondents as we have long been, we

¹ See *Memoires du Prince Adam Czartoryski*, vol. i. p. 152.

² Lord Byron was going to Sicily and Greece. See *Letters to Ivy*, p. 199.

have become still worse ; & this time I have to reproach myself with being more remiss than you. In fact, I have, as you will perhaps conjecture, long *thought* of saluting you, and made due enquiries about your residence, but, as the interval of absence increased on one side, it diminished on the other, & I finally determined that it would be hardly worth while to commence a correspondence that was so soon to be closed in the most desirable manner, but that time I had flattered myself we should meet rather earlier than your latest letter leads me to expect.

Your letter found me at Windsor, from which, after a short stay I returned on Saturday. This month & most, if not all, of the next I shall be in London. Afterwards we go to the coast either of Kent or Sussex. I hope you will not disappoint me of seeing you for some days. It is very unlucky that you never come to England but in the middle of summer, when all your friends are separating in different directions. Horner will be on the circuit in August. I wish you would meet me at the sea in September—if I could induce you to do that, I should look forward to such an opportunity with particular pleasure.

I am very sorry to find you complaining still of weak health. It is indeed a common tax upon thinking minds, by which nature seems to equalize her blessings. Knowing you as I do, I can hardly understand how you could, as you say, *read*, but not *study*. I never knew you do one without [*illegible*] of the other. But probably by studying you mean your own particular objects, to which a man refers all his studies—these I trust have made some progress, notwithstanding all obstacles—but I shall inquire particulars when we meet.

With respect to my own plans, I have but a moderate statement to make. It was perhaps ill-advised in me to undertake a scheme so indefinitely extensive, &, in many of its details, little adapted to my inclination. But certainly, situated as I now am, there are insuperable impediments in the way of making very rapid progress. The daily avocations of this office, destroying almost the whole of

the morning, united to the increasing temptations of society, are very hostile to any steady and serious exertion. If I got a few days for reflection or writing undisturbed, or in the country, I easily perceive by the ground I gain, and by the pleasure of the journey, how much is lost by the ordinary habits of my life. Without mixing so much in Society as most other men, I find its dissipations increase on me, & with the distractions of private cares, & political castle-building make my weeks slide away without moving one step forward in a prosecution of what is still my favourite plan. I have long been meditating an escape from one part, at least, of these enemies to literature—if I can manage consistently with prudence to retire from this office, I shall at least acquire the command of some hours a day, and shall be at liberty to consider the question whether to continue or not in the smoke & turmoil of London. I have completed, since I saw you, my chapter on the feudal system, & am entering on a new chapter.

Hume's history must naturally delight you. So much philosophy, such general views, & so much liveliness of narration have seldom been united. Its defects are certainly considerable. Besides his partialities, he had not taken adequate pains, especially with the earlier history. The English constitution, especially, he had never properly studied. His views of manners are generally right, except in rather exaggerating the rudeness of former times. It must be observed, that a great deal of matter has been brought to light since he wrote.

Mrs. Hallam is at best as well as last year—Arthur¹ comes on very rapidly, in bodily & mental vigour, but his genius seems to lie more towards horses than metaphysics—Bett has, I believe, made a very satisfactory arrangement with Ld. Stafford. I have not heard from him lately, but his health was much improved.

I have seen Mme. de Staël once.² She has been very well received, but English curiosity soon yields to English

¹ His son, afterwards Tennyson's great friend.

² Madame de Staël, born 1766, died 1817.

prejudice. A learned lady, & a foreigner will not long be popular, especially if she gives occasion to her adversaries. Glorious victory of Wellington! ¹ We have had three nights illuminations. He is probably before this in France.

Ever truly yrs

H. H.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Bulstrode: July 9, 1813.

DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter of the 2nd. reached me just before I left town.

In my last letter I mentioned going to visit Madame de Staël. She was just going out as I got to the door, and, but for Mr. Rogers who was coming out as I went in, I should not have gained admittance. There were many persons with her, and she was running about and talking as fast as possible. Her dress and manners are very extraordinary. The news of Lord Wellington's victory had just arrived, and she descanted upon it with much animation. I can not better describe to you the bustle she makes, than by saying that after leaving her, the streets of London seemed solitary: for, as to noise and hurry and rapidity in the succession of events, there is as much difference between her room and them, as between them and the park at Bulstrode.

I shall be happy to hear that you are on your road to the South.

I remain

Your's very affectly.

SOMERSET.

Napoleon exiled Madame de Staël in 1804 and more vigorously it was said, after the publication of 'Corinne' in 1807.

Countess Potocka describes Napoleon while at Osterode receiving a bundle of despatches in the middle of the night, among which 'Corinne' was found. After reading the

¹ Battle of Vittoria, June 21, 1813.

most important letters, Napoleon ordered Talleyrand to be called out of bed to come at once and read the novel aloud to him. In half an hour however he lost patience, said the book was rubbish, and sent Talleyrand back to bed.¹

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

75 Welbeck Street : September 25, 1813. Sat.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am sorry to find I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again before you set out for Lancaster, for I am engaged on Sunday to go down to Hertford with Horner on a visit to Mr. Malthus, and do not return till Tuesday.

Though it is the month of September, I find more people here than I can see comfortably, and I have not yet been able to call at Holland House.

Your intended arrangement of your Method of Assimilations promises well, as far as my slight insight into the subject enables me to judge. But what I wish to see most, is not an arrangement of the whole work, as much as an abstract of what is essential to shew the utility of the method in carrying the student to the demonstration of certain profound theorems more rapidly than the trains of reasoning now employed.

I went down to Richmond on Wednesday to dine with Madme. de Staël. There was nobody there, but Mrs. Spencer, and Sir H. Englefield, and the party wanted some important personage to call Madme. de Staël's powers into their full display. She is quite absorbed in interest about the great political events of the day, and shewed much feeling in her anxiety about the fate of poor Moreau.²

I remain in town till the 9th. of October.

Your's very affectionately
W. S.

Moreau was wounded on August 27, 1813, in the battle before Dresden, and both his legs had to be amputated, an operation he bore with characteristic fortitude. While

¹ See *Mémoires de la Comtesse Polocka*, p. 150.

² Jean-Victor Moreau, general, 1763-1813.

suffering great pain he had to be carried, by the enemies of his country, to Laun, a distance of twenty miles. Alexander the Czar, who had conceived a great affection for him, was truly grieved. The King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, Metternich, the Prince of Schwarzenberg, generals of the coalition, all visited him on his death-bed by turns. But, according to Thiers, 'he felt more embarrassed than proud' of these honours. His thoughts were full, and his conscience troubled, as to whether he had acted right. 'Yet I am not guilty,' he exclaimed; 'it was only for the good of my country! . . . I wished to deliver it from a humiliating yoke!' And several times he exclaimed: 'That Bonaparte is always lucky!' It had been his cry when the cannon-ball struck him down, and he repeated it again as he died.¹

Extracts from Lord Webb Seymour's diary, 1813.

Sep. 20.—Went with Horner, Stewart, Miss Carnegie and the Miss Elliots to see Westminster Abbey and the houses of Lords and Commons. In the evening with the same party at Drury Lane.

Sep. 21.—With same party to British Museum.

Sep. 22.—With same party to see Temple Church, St. Paul's. Drove to Richmond with Mrs. Spencer to dine with Mad^{me} de Staël.

Sep. 23.—With same party to see the Mint. In the evening at Covent Garden Theatre.

Sep. 30.—Went with Miss Carnegie etc. to see the Indian jugglers and Elgin marbles. Dined at Mrs. Elliot's and went with her party to Covent Garden. Afterwards at Mad^{me} de Staël's, where met Sir J. Mackintosh, Sir Humphry and Lady Davy, Southey, etc.

Oct. 5.—Called at Holland House. Other visits. Read a part of Hallam's manuscript. In the evening at Madame de Staël's.

Oct. 8.—Some hours at Miss Berry's,² talking over her work upon the manners of France and England. Dined

¹ See Thiers' *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, livre 49, p. 361.

² Mary Berry, 1762–1852. The friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole.

and spent the evening at Ward's, in company with Madame de Staël, Miss Berry, Mr. Curran, etc.

Oct. 9.—Dined at Miss Berry's in company with Sir Humphry and Lady Davy. In the evening Mad^{me} de Staël etc. joined the party.

Oct. 10.—Dined at Holland House, where met Southey, J. Kemble, Fred. North, etc. Slept there.

Oct. 11.—Dined with the Princess of Wales at Kensington and met the Glenberries, Fred. North, etc.

From Mr. Hallam to Lord Webb Seymour.

Stamp Office : November 5, 1813.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,—Though I was a little disappointed on my own account at not seeing you on the coast of Sussex, I was far too well aware of the fascinating charms of London to blame your conduct, or even to entertain any high expectation that you would be able to leave the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Even in September you would find some interesting companions, and with Horner, Malthus, Mackintosh, & Mme de Staël, not to add, as I am told might be done, the fair Rawden you must have passed your time very pleasantly.

I am highly indebted to you for the letter containing remarks on my historical manuscript. While it gives me full encouragement to proceed, without being disheartened, in my tedious labour, I gain from it some valuable and candid criticism, by which, if I cannot altogether amend what is written, I may be guided in my future career. What you read, the Italian history, was written five years ago, & some of the defects you justly notice, will, I think, be less observable in other parts of the work, especially the abruptness & brevity with which I have passed over events. My original scheme, as you will remember, was that of a very concise abridgement, rather on the model of lectures, than a detailed view of facts, even of those which were really important & interesting. But, as is natural, more study & attention as it gave me more extended

information, increased my own interest in the subject, & have rendered my exposé more prolix. Upon the whole, I do not think what I have latterly written, deficient in fullness; perhaps I have sometimes dwelt rather too long upon subordinate topics. But in the part you read, the objection is very just, though I fear it will not be in my power to remove its whole force. I cannot again go through the original authorities in Marston's collection, & I should be sorry to draw from any modern source.

There may perhaps be a want of philosophical remark. Your suggestion, that in accumulating the materials, I was not at leisure to form interesting speculations upon them, is very candid, & I think is in a great degree well founded. The labour of collecting facts of itself places the mind in a state adverse to the formation of general results on original theories; & in the uncertainty which I have frequently found to attend my views of this kind from a consciousness of imperfect information, I have generally been afraid to hazard them. Perhaps I do not altogether concur with you as to the degree in which the views of political philosophy should be blended with an historical work, even of such a nature as my own. However, in some parts of what I have already written, & especially in the chapter on the English constitution, I am not aware that this objection is applicable.

Your criticism in regard to style shall meet with all attention, and I will endeavour to supply the deficiency of notes. I do not thoroughly understand the plan of printing subordinate matter in a smaller type in the body of the page, instead of throwing it into notes. It does not seem to me that the reader has any advantage in this, & it would deform the page. You know I am in favour of keeping notes in their place, & not banishing them to the close of the volume. Since my return to town, I have looked at the Italian volume, & perceive that it is rather short of notes & references.

I congratulate you on our glorious prospect. This struggle of Europe keeps me in a continual fever & has,

I assure you, all along materially impeded the progress of my work. All literary labour seems unworthy of occupying the mind at such a juncture, & one cannot think of the petty transactions of former times while these tremendous revolutions are passing. I anticipate with hope, though not implicit confidence, the speedy restoration of such a state of things, as may secure the world, from the barbarism of a military tyranny, into which it was sinking. Peace is, I fear, not so near at hand as some expect, there will probably be another effort.

We arrived in town from East Bourne last Friday—Julia & Arthur are extremely well, but, alas for philosophy ! the latter shews no taste but for living or delineated horses. I am sometimes afraid that the animal, which is very fine, will predominate over the speculative soul ; the *ψυχή* over the *νοῦς*. I have not seen Horner. This is a bad letter, about myself ; let me hear from you again.

Ever yrs.

H. H.

CHAPTER V

1814

Letter from Lord Webb to the Duke, January 17—Four notes from Madame de Staël to the Duke and Duchess, January to March—The Duke to Lord Webb, March 16—Two days in April, from Lord Webb's diary—Lord Webb to the Duke, April 14—The Duke of Clarence to the Duchess of Somerset, April 18—The Duke to Lord Webb, April 21—Lord Webb to the Duke, April 28—The Duke to Lord Webb, May 4—Madame de Staël to the Duchess, May 7—Prince Metternich to the same—The Duchess of Sagan to the same, June 27 and July 10—Prince Czartoryski to the same, July 12—Prince Metternich to the same, August 18—Duchess of Sagan to the same, August 18—The Duke to Lord Webb, July 23—Lord Webb to the Duke, August 15—The Duke to Lord Webb, September 1—Lord Lansdowne to the Duke, December 9—The Duchess of Sagan to the Duchess of Somerset, January 5, 1815, describing the Congress of Vienna.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh : Monday, January 17, 1814.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—How is Charlotte? and how is the child?¹ I long to hear again. This severe frost is trying to people in delicate health, and we are told that your weather in the South is quite as cold as ours.²

We have had a good deal of snow, and it is drifted to a great depth on the coast near Berwick, so as to interrupt the roads considerably. This makes our mails arrive late, and raises a teasing anxiety for news at this important crisis. You sent me some good remarks on the influence of the late changes upon the state of the world. The balance of power will surely be restored upon a firmer footing, and upon a wider scale than ever. Another benefit to be anticipated is, that this spirit, to which Germany

¹ Lord Algernon St. Maur, born 1814, afterwards 14th Duke of Somerset.

² Severe frost : a fair held on the Thames in February.

owes her independence, and the old governments their restoration, may leave among the nations a ready zeal against domestic oppression, and teach their rulers the necessity of consulting the happiness, and in some degree the will, of the people, in order to secure their attachment and support in foreign contests. But the internal state of France begins to fix the most anxious attention. We seem to have reached the fifth act of the Tragedy of Buonaparte, and may every day look for a *dénouement* in some strange catastrophe. That he should be assassinated, seems a very probable event, amidst the universal odium, and the violence of his despotic measures. His own decrees, and proclamations, shew his apprehensions clearly, and I conceive the military force he has left to be insufficient for keeping his own subjects in awe, and restraining the conscripts. The moderation of the allies is admirable: and whatever want of brilliant talent there may be in the Emperor Alexander, I must look upon him as in many respects a great man—in temper certainly; there was a magnanimity in placing his own troops under foreign generals very little to be expected in a crowned head, especially in one who was taking a triumphant lead in the great cause.

The arithmetical boy¹ has left us, after affording the philosophers here a very interesting object of investigation.

The question with them was, upon what peculiar faculty, upon what rule in calculation, or upon what degree of instruction does this extraordinary power depend! The result of all the enquiries is, that he appears to be a boy of singular natural quickness in the use of numbers, and at the same time possessing an extraordinary memory for numbers—that his father is a good arithmetician, and seems to have cultivated his son's mind in this point with care that the boy knows a multiplication table as far as 100, and perhaps beyond it, and that his knowledge of prime numbers, and of the factors of numbers, is also, in

¹ This was Zerah Colburn, 1804–1840. His remarkable power of mathematical calculation disappeared as he grew to manhood.

a great measure an acquirement of memory—that his knowledge of squares and cubes, and of their roots, depends partly on memory, and partly on the application of some simple rules—that at the same time he has a power of performing the operations of multiplication and division in his head with extraordinary facility. He appears to be a clever boy in other respects, and this is rather surprising, for great facility in the use of numbers has often been observed to belong to those who were nearly idiots.

Dr. Gordon, who contributed so much to Stewart's account of Mitchell, read lately to the Royal Society here some account of a young man now living in Dumfriesshire, who has very singular talents for arithmetic, and in other respects is so weak as to be almost an idiot. He is about twenty years of age, and his talent was first discovered by his having added up a number of figures in the book of a clerk at an auction, who was performing the same operation, and surprised him by his quickness, as well as his exactness. He multiplies and divides in his head more figures than the American boy, and with greater quickness. I cannot send any examples with confidence of being correct; but I think he told the quotient of six figures by five in two minutes and a half.

I am glad to hear such a good account of Seymour. I gave him Anson's Voyage, because I thought it a book likely to engage his attention, as well as enlarge his knowledge. To give him a taste for reading by any means is a good object.

Your's ever affectionately
W. S.

From Madame de Staël to the Duke of Somerset.

January 2, 1814.

Je vous remercie, my lord, des faisans et de la philosophie. Je ne sais lesquels s'élevèrent le plus haut. N'oubliez pas vendredi et présentez mes hommages à la Duchesse et au futur lord Seymour.

Mille compliments,
N. DE STAËL.

From Madame de Staël to the Duchess of Somerset.

J'ai eu mes chevaux mis pour aller chez h. g. la duchesse ce matin, mais les visites m'ont obligée à remettre à demain l'espoir de la voir.

Si Monsieur le duc de Sommerset était en train d'une soirée aujourd'hui, il me trouverait 'at home' et heureuse et honorée des moments qu'il m'accorderait.

N. DE STAËL.

Ce vendredi : Feb. 4, 1814.

From Madame de Staël to the Duke of Somerset.

Je me flatte d'être en état de sortir jeudi ou vendredi, my lord, et je me flatte aussi de vous voir ce soir chez lady Stafford et vendredi à dîner chez moi. Je voudrais exprimer à la Duchesse et à vous, my lord, le prix que je mets à votre constante bonté pour moi.

Mille hommages.

N. DE STAËL.

Feb. 28, 1814.

From Madame de Staël to the Duchess of Somerset.

March 1814.

J'accepte avec bonheur mardi 22—c'est le jour que je voulais demander à votre grace, mais je la prie de me permettre d'aller après demain matin chez elle.

Vos billets, my lady, me rendraient la vie mille fois plus douce. Je voudrais tant parvenir à vous plaire un peu beaucoup.

Mille hommages,

N. St.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Park Lane : March 16, 1814.

DEAR BROTHER,—Mme de Staël requests me to ask what is the latest time at which she may arrive at Edinburgh so as to find the society there not yet dispersed. She means to come in the approaching spring or summer ;

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but after all she has heard of the literature of Scotland, she talks more of seeing the country than of conversing with the men of letters. In this she may have some reason ; for with all her talents, she seems to have no science, which is the department that shews the Scottish School to most advantage.

She is here in a round of dinners, assemblies, and visits. She complains however of the loss of time, of the nothingness of a great part of the London Conversation, and of the want of the spirit of society, which last she attributes much to the reserve and the subdued tone of the women. She would herself make a considerable alteration in it, if she could make a long stay here, and proceed as she has begun.

But I must not stay to say more of her at present. Pray tell me something that I may say to her respecting Edinburgh, and believe me,

Your's very affectly

SOMERSET.

Extracts from the Diary of Lord Webb Seymour.

Edinburgh : 1814.

April 8th, Friday.—Received the news of the surrender of Paris to the Allies.

April 11th.—News arrived of the dethronement of Bonaparte. Spent the evening at Sir J. Hall's.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh : April 14, 1814.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The history of the world can scarcely produce so eventful a fortnight as that between the 23rd. of March and the 6th. of April. I must send you a line to wish you joy of the glorious events we have witnessed, far exceeding in rapidity and in the complete accomplishment of our wishes, what the most sanguine Pittite could have anticipated. We are here all with our heads half turned, in spite of the calm of Scotch metaphysics, and the gloom of Calvinistic religion.

The reflections to be made upon the occasion must be poured in from so many quarters that I think it needless to tire you by letting you know that my thoughts run in the same train with those of every noodle you meet. There are some few people near you now, whose sentiments I should like to hear, after all that I have heard; Mad. de Staël must be in a state of *enthusiasm* approaching to insanity. What a triumph for her over her hated enemy? and what a pleasing prospect of returning to Paris, to be in favour with the new court, and to rule in the literary circles! I can conceive no joy like hers, when I consider the energy of her feelings. It must be curious too to know something of the state of mind produced in the King of France, and his exiled followers. Six months ago, there was little hope for them, and hope has grown into certainty in the course of a few weeks.

I should much like to see Horner, to hear the warm burst of his feelings upon this regeneration of the world, and the comprehensive remarks that he might make upon the detailed effects to be expected from this mighty change, which induces such novelty into every relation public and private, as almost to bewilder the mind in its attempts to look forward.

16th. Sat.—Last night we had an illumination, and all kinds of good-humoured uproar. It seems you have had three nights of it in London.

I dined yesterday at Holyrood House, where I met Jeffrey. I do not think you ever saw that extraordinary little man. In brilliancy of conversation he is inferior to none, and what he says is very instructive, for, though he has wit, he is not always labouring to display it. He lately returned from N. America, where he went to marry a lady he had a few years before formed an acquaintance with in this country. His remarks upon the United States are amusing. At New York all the gentry are aristocratic, and friends to this country, but the great faction of a thriving mob prevails with the government. They are doing wonders in manufactures, in consequence of the war

with England, and were it to continue, might soon be independent of us for woollen articles.

My love to Charlotte

Yours affectionately

W. S.

From the Duke of Clarence to the Duchess of Somerset.

St. James's : Sunday morning, April 18, 1814.

DEAR MADAM,—I am to acknowledge your Grace's letter from Bulstrode, and want words to express myself properly : I once thought more *tenderly* of Charlotte Hamilton and now am proud to be considered by the Duchess of Somerset as *her friend* : I trust our mutual friendship can only end with our lives.

I could not forget Seymour¹ was related to my amiable friend and shall be happy to serve him : I rejoice with your Grace at the late glorious events and agree *these* are proud times for dear old England.

God Almighty bless and preserve you and ever believe me,

Dear Duchess

Your sincere friend

WILLIAM.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Bulstrode : April 21, 1814.

DEAR BROTHER,—The ecstasy I felt with a gazette in my hand and a large map of France before me, in tracing the march of the Allies from Arcis to Paris, is what I do not hope to experience again upon any occasion whatever.

The result gives rise to various reflections : but any, that occur to me, may not be so interesting to you as it might be to know the effect produced upon one or two of the characters you mention.

¹ Francis Seymour, captain R.N., born 1788, died 1866. Grandson of Rev. Lord Francis Seymour, who was the fourth son of the 8th Duke of Somerset.

I dined at Mme. de Staël's, with Lord Grey, Sheridan, Mackintosh and a large party of the opposition, on the 6th. April. She was graver than I had before seen her, and could not bear any jokes upon the situation of France. I called upon her however a day or two afterwards, when she said she was quite happy. Whilst I was there, Adair came in, and related some further particulars which had just arrived, with regard to the settlement of the monarchy. She expressed the greatest satisfaction at everything that had been done. She called in Park Lane on Sunday the 10th. inst. when she was more gay and facetious than usual. She spoke with great contempt of the utter want of character displayed by the Parisians, and said some laughable things with respect to the probable termination of the career of Buonaparte. I should think however that her exultation must be greater than it appears, and that she has self-command enough to suppress a great part of her feelings.

Horner rather surprised me. He was against the restoration of the Bourbons, which he seems to think a bad precedent on several accounts. It tends, he says, to confirm the prejudice in favour of the divine right of Kings. It holds up to reigning families the hope of being maintained on their thrones by one another, independently of the wishes of the people whom they are to govern. And it threatens France with a return of the abuses of the old government, which he thinks by no means indifferent to the interests of the world at large. His objections were however qualified by the turn which things had taken, and by the limitations which had been imposed upon the power of the crown.

I have met Jeffrey once or twice, and indeed sat by him one day at dinner. Nobody will deny that he is clever : but his cleverness is not of the kind that I most value. However he may do some things that nobody else could. The conducting of the *Edinburgh Review* alone is not an easy task, considering the number of articles that he writes himself.

We go to town tomorrow to meet the Duke of Hamilton who is to be there today. London, they say, is soon to be full of foreign royalty, which the Duke of Clarence is going to waft over from the continent. He has been so gracious as to appoint F. Seymour his Flag Lieutenant.

Will not you be tempted to take a view of the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, the Duchess of Oldenburgh,¹ the Hereditary Prince of the Netherlands, and I don't know whom besides? It is the Festival of the Crown and Sceptres.

Believe me

Your's very affectly,

SOMERSET.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh: Thursday, April 28, 1814.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—I am glad you gave me the account of your own feelings upon the late glorious occasion. Never perhaps were there political events in which the whole human race was so deeply interested: and this tide of joy, of which we have all participated, is still rolling on towards the remotest corners of the earth, to gladden the hearts of millions in its progress for months to come. Some impressive incident, characteristic of our regeneration, or some forcible contrast to our former bondage, now and then comes upon the mind to renew the fullness of exultation. This morning, on reading the account of the embarkation of the King of France at Dover, my feelings were quite oppressive: not that I thought much of the restored monarch, but because the event called forth such cordial feelings of amity between the two nations, and because it is the decisive signal of renewed peace and prosperity over the whole globe.

¹ The Duchess of Oldenburgh, Grand-duchess Catherine, sister of the Czar of Russia, came over to England with her brother, and attracted great attention by wearing a huge bonnet, which afterwards became the fashion, and was called after her.

I thank you for what you mentioned respecting Mad. de Staël, and Horner. I conceive that the former must have experienced one great drawback to her joy in the thought that her great enemy Talleyrand had performed the principal part in the restoration of the Bourbons. As to Horner, I am sure his exultation would be great, and his prospects for the world sanguine if the remarks of some less liberal friends, such as must be found in every political party, did not damp the tendencies of his own heart. Dugald Stewart, who is a keen whig, and has always taken the most lively interest in the course of events, says he has not been so happy for twenty years.

Dr. Brown,¹ who succeeded Dugald Stewart in the Moral Philosophy chair at Edinburgh, is going to pass some time in London, not having been there since he was quite a boy. He has been an intimate friend of mine since almost the first years that I passed in Edinburgh, and I should be glad to introduce him to you, if you would like to see him. Of his knowledge and his talents I could speak in the highest terms and he is one of the best men I know. Yet I am very fearful that he will not please you, owing to some unfortunate circumstances in his address and manner. He is extremely sensitive, and there is an expression of soreness, irritability, and impatience, in his looks, the tones of his voice, and his gestures, which are very inconsistent with the usual calm of polished society. He is not coarse, overbearing, or ill-natured: but the acuteness, and sometimes the dogmatical precision, which he shews in urging an argument, may often give pain to a lover of that easy and harmonious flow of ideas contributed by different minds, which form the first charm of conversation. It is not always thus, however; and while I prepare you for what is prominently displeasing in his character, I think his merit in other respects may make it desirable for you to form his acquaintance. You may ask Horner about

¹ Thomas Brown, Scottish philosopher, physician, and poet, 1778-1820.

him, and I will not say a word about introducing him, till I hear from you.

Your's very affectionately
WEBB SEYMOUR.

Playfair is coming to London in about a fortnight.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Park Lane : May 4, 1814.

DEAR BROTHER,—I shall be very glad to see Dr. Brown when he comes to London. Yesterday I called on Horner and had some conversation about him ; and from all he said, I think he will be a desirable acquaintance. Horner said 'see him by all means.'

I am very glad to hear that Dr. Stewart is happy at the restoration of the Bourbons ; because I must conclude that this event is agreeable to the system of opinions which he holds, and which I conceive to be widely diffused amongst men of talent.

Mme. de Staël is still in London, but resolved to go to Paris. She seems however not altogether happy, and I have heard that some unpleasant things have passed between her and the Bourbons.

I have the greatest curiosity to see what the French will do when they are left to themselves again, and when the Allies shall have departed. After taking off the strait waistcoat of a madman one is curious to see how he will act.

To be sure the present prospect is delightful. Balance of power, public law, municipal law, political liberty, mixed governments, religious toleration, liberty of the press, advancement of science, instruction of the lower orders, diffusion of knowledge, revival of commerce, freedom of trade ; all these things are now in the foreground. And the want of them all has lately been such, that I trust Europeans have learnt to know their value.

Believe me to remain

yours very affecly.

SOMERSET.

From Madame de Staël to the Duchess of Somerset.

May 7, 1814.

Je crains, dear dutchess, de n'avoir pas un moment à moi pour venir vous voir. Si vous veniez chez moi à trois heures je vous embrasserais encore ! Au moins envoyez moi le duc que j'aime et que je regrette. Adieu. Adieu.

Mille respects.

N. DE STAËL.

Ce samedi.

From Prince Metternich (Austrian Minister) to the Duchess of Somerset.

June 11, 1814.

Le Prince de Metternich prie Madame la Duchesse de Sommersett de bien vouloir recevoir & de faire agréer de même à Monsieur le Duc ses plus véritables regrets de se voir privé du bonheur de pouvoir se rendre à leur invitation pour le dîner d'aujourd'hui. Il vient d'être invité chez Lord Liverpool à un dîner que L'Empereur de Russie, le Roi de Prusse & le Prince régent honoreront de leur présence.

Le Prince de Metternich saisera le premier moment pour renouveler à Madame la Duchesse ses excuses & pour lui offrir de vive voix les assurances de son regret.

Argyle House, ce 11 Juin, 1814.

Prince Metternich in his 'Mémoires' writes in the spring of 1814 :—

Après la signature du traité de Paris, je me rendis en Angleterre avec l'Empereur Alexandre et le Roi de Prusse, afin de porter au Prince régent les excuses de l'Empereur François, qui ne pouvait entreprendre ce voyage. J'étais d'ailleurs appelé dans ce pays par une invitation personnelle du Prince régent. Vingt ans s'étaient écoulés depuis mon premier voyage en Angleterre et le commencement de mes relations personnelles avec lui, qui n'était alors que le prince de Galles. Je désirais revoir l'Angleterre et me rendre

compte, par moi-même, de l'impression qu'avait dû faire nécessairement dans ce pays le changement de la situation politique du continent européen ; je voulais par la même occasion conférer avec le cabinet anglais au sujet des négociations aux quelles allait donner lieu le Congrès de Vienne.

From the Duchess of Sagan to the Duchess of Somerset.

Douvres, ce 27 Juin, 1814, à 2. h. après midi.

Je ne puis quitter ce pays, ma bien chère Amie, sans vous dire encore une fois adieux. Je suis toute triste de vous avoir quittée, et de devoir même abandonner le pays que vous habitez. J'ai si peu le talent d'exprimer ce que je sens que je n'ai jamais pu vous dire à quel point je vous suis reconnaissante de toute l'amitié que vous m'avez témoigné. Votre amitié, ma chère Charlotte, a fait longtemps le charme de ma vie par la constance que Vous y avez mis. J'ose à présent me flatter que rien ne pourra jamais l'altérer, et je pars, pour ma consolation, d'un côté avec la persuasion de vous trouver toujours la même, de l'autre avec l'espoir de Vous revoir en quelques mois.

Aussitôt que notre diné sera pris, nous nous embarquerons comme nous avons un calme plât. Je crains que nous serons encore quinze heures sur l'eau. Je suis décidée à me coucher et à dormir. Le Roi de Prusse est parti ce Matin, l'Empereur et le Régent sont encore ici et vont partir ce soir.

Adieu, ma chère Amie. Dites mille et mille choses de ma part au Duc, je viendrai l'enlever l'année prochaine. Embrassez vos Enfants de ma part et croyez moi toujours

tout à Vous
WILHELMINE C.

It is probable the signature 'Wilhelmine C.' stands for 'Courland,' and as the Duke of Somerset wrote 'Duchess of Sagan' on the letters, the lady must have been Catherine Frederica *Wilhelmine* Bénigne (apparently) in her own right, 'Duchess de Sagan,' and was one of the daughters of Anne Charlotte Dorothée, born Comtesse of Médem (afterwards, 1816, Dowager Duchess of the late Duke Peter of the

House of Biron, or Courland-Biron). "Wilhelmine" was born Feb. 8, 1781 and married at the age of 19 on the 1st July 1800 Prince Jules Arvand Louis de Rohan-Guemené, then aged 33. In 1806 the Duchess of Sagan was separated from her first husband. In the year 1817 mention occurs for the first time that the Duchess had been 'separated' from this Prince, and on 17th July, 1819 she married, for the third time, Count Charles Rudolphe de Schulenberg, 'Chambellan' and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Austrian Service. Who her second husband was does not appear.

Her sisters were: 1.—Marie Louise Pauline, born in 1783, married Frederic Herrman, 26 Apr., 1800, who was an Hereditary Prince of the House of Hohenzollern-Heckingen.

2.—Jeanne Catherine, born 1783, married 1801 the Prince François Pignatelli de Belmonte, Duke of Accerenza.

3.—Dorothée, born 1793. She was 'Propriétaire' of la Seigneurie de Wartenberg, in Silesia, and married in 1809 'Edmond, Comte de Talleyrand-Périgord, Duc de Dino,' Lt.-Gen. in the French army. (He was son of Charles Maurice, the famous Talleyrand.)

In 1840 the House of Courland had, it would seem, been divided into two branches: 1. 'Courland de la Maison Electorale de Saxe,' and 2. 'Biron-Sagan.' (See Almanach de Gotha. 1840.)

From Prince Metternich to the Duchess of Somerset.

June 29, 1814.

J'ai passé, Madame la Duchesse, ma matinée en recherches du moment où je pourrai avoir le bonheur de vous faire ma cour. Mais l'homme propose & Dieu dispose. J'ai passé 3 heures chez le Prince régent & 3 autres chez Ld. Castlereagh; il ne me reste donc que l'espoir de vous rencontrer ce soir, car mon départ est invariablement fixé à demain matin 3 heures. J'irai avec Lady Lansdowne au Vauxhall. Je me flatte que si la paresse ne vous gagne pas, j'aurai le bonheur de vous voir de la société. Si vous avez une lettre pour la Duchesse de Sagan veuillez me l'apporter ou me l'envoyer.

Je ne puis que vous renouveler l'assurance de la bien

sincère reconnaissance que je vous porte pour toutes les bontés dont vous m'avez comblé. Je me flatte que vous viendrez nous voir chez nous, & dans le cas contraire que je pourrai un jour vous faire ma cour à Londres.

Agréez mes bien sincères hommages, & veuillez faire agréer mes complimens à M^r. le Duc.

LE PRINCE DE METTERNICH.

Ce 29.

From the Duchess of Sagan to the Duchess of Somerset.

Paris : ce 10 Juillet, 1814.

J'ai reçu, ma bien chère Amie, votre lettre du 28 Juin, et vous en remercie de toute la tendresse de mon cœur. Vous avez été si invariablement mon amie que les preuves de votre amitié ne peuvent me surprendre mais bien ajouter de plus en plus à l'attachement que je vous porte. Mon voyage a été heureux malgré les treize heures que notre passage a duré. A Boulogne il nous est arrivé la même histoire qu'au Prince Liechtenstein à Douvres, excepté qu'on ne nous a pas porté en Triomphe par la ville, mais nous avons été pris pour la Grand Duchesse, malgré toutes nos protestations. L'embarras de côté, je vous assure que c'était très plaisant. Nous sommes arrivées ici le 30 au matin. J'ai voulu repartir tout de suite, mais ma mère a tant désiré me garder plus longtems que j'ai prolongé mon séjour jusqu'à demain. En attendant j'ai profité de ce tems pour donner séances à Gérard, qui a fait un très grand portrait de moi, et qui je crois lui réussira fort bien. Le tems était un peu court. Celui qu'Isabey a commencé et qui vous est destiné ne pourra s'achever qu'à Vienne, il était trop affairé ici. Je vous regrette tous les jours, et aurais bien voulu vous enlever. Je ne puis absolument vous dispenser de votre promesse de venir sur le continent au commencement de l'année prochaine, s'il m'est possible je viendrai vous chercher moi-même. J'ai une ancienne passion pour l'Angleterre dont rien ne peut me détacher, et excepté le bonheur de vous revoir j'aurais encore grand plaisir à revoir le pays même. Le Prince de Metternich,

qui est parti depuis une couple de jours pour Vienne, m'a chargé de le rappeler à votre souvenir, s'il a eu le bonheur d'obtenir votre approbation vous pouvez être sûre de tous ses suffrages. Je me réjouis d'apprendre que vous avez été contente de son amitié pour moi; elle dure depuis plus de dix ans, et alors cela devient une chose excellente. Mes sœurs me chargent de mille et mille remerciemens pour votre souvenir et vous en demandent la continuation. Dites je vous prie bien de choses de ma part au Duc. Vous savez que je suis bien sincèrement de ses amies. J'embrasse tous les enfans. Ecrivez moi bientôt, chère Duchesse, et souvent.

Adieu. Croyez que je suis bien sincèrement
tout à vous,
WILHELMINE C.

Oserai-je vous prier, chère Duchesse, de ne pas oublier ma commission pour les deux vases de potpourri chinois que nous avons vus chez Fogg's. J'apprends que Ld. Burghersh a pris notre maison pour 40.£. Voudrez-vous avoir l'extrême bonté d'employer cet argent pour payer en partie la somme de reste. Je vous l'enverrai de Vienne.

Le premier courrier autrichien vous portera trois petites robes, une en *grenadine* capucine, une en *moire* bleu, et l'autre en *crêpe Royal* blanc. Ce sont les étoffes les plus en vogue.

From Prince Czartoryski to the Duchess of Somerset.

July 12, 1814.

Je regrette infiniment, Madame la Duchesse, d'être privé du bonheur de vous présenter mes devoirs aujourd'hui; mais l'espoir me reste de réussir encore à prendre congé de vous, avant mon départ, et de vous exprimer mes vifs remerciemens pour le souvenir que vous avez eu la bonté de m'envoyer, et qui est extrêmement précieux à mes yeux. Je le conserverai soigneusement. Un des motifs constans,

qui m'attireront toujours en Angleterre, sera sûrement le désir de me rappeler à votre aimable bienveillance.

Puissiez-vous avoir dit vrai sur l'espoir que vous me donnez, et sur mon Pays ; et veuillez agréer l'hommage des sentimens avec lesquels je ne cesserai d'être,

Madame la Duchesse,

Votre très humble

Et très dévoué serviteur,

CZARTORYSKI.¹

Ce mardi, 12 Juillet, 1814.

As the writer of the foregoing letter had a remarkable career, which began in the crisis of 1788, at the eve of the French Revolution, and passed through '60 years of great events, deliberations of congresses, deceptive experiences, and national catastrophes,' only to end in years of exile—it may be interesting to give a sketch of his life.

In Sep. 1789, Prince Adam Czartoryski came to England with his mother, and stayed some weeks with the Marquess of Lansdowne, completing his political education by studying the English constitution. While in London he had the opportunity of being present at the trial of Warren Hastings. He then made a tour to Scotland and the English manufacturing towns. After returning to Poland, he entered the army in 1791, and served under his brother-in-law, the Prince of Würtemberg. In 1792 he took part in the campaign against Russia, and was present at the battle of Polonna, and received a decoration from the hands of the King.

In 1793 he returned to England, and made friends with all the public men ; but in 1794, when the insurrection of Kosciuszko broke out, he left England immediately to take part in the struggle. On his way, at Brussels, he was arrested by orders of the Austrian Government, and in the mean time the insurrection had been crushed, and had been followed by the third partition of Poland. After these events, in which he had been prevented taking any part, Prince Adam rejoined his parents in Vienna, where by the intervention of the Emperor Francis negotiations were set on foot with the Empress Catherine, for the restoration of the Czartoryski estates, which had been confiscated by her.

¹ Prince Adam Georg, born 1770, died 1861. The Czartoryskis are an old princely house of Lithuania, with properties in Poland, Austria, and Hungary.

To this the Empress finally agreed, under the condition that Prince Adam and his brother Constantine should come to St. Petersburg, and enter the Russian army. Accordingly these two young princes came in 1795 to the Court of Catherine, and were kindly treated by her and well received in society. But their position must have been difficult, brought up as they had been in the traditions of Poland, with liberal ideas learnt in England, and imbued with invincible aversion towards all who had contributed to the ruin of their country.

However, later on Alexander (the future Emperor), at that time expressing secretly liberal sentiments, became acquainted with Adam Czartoryski, and soon made him his intimate friend and confidant: a friendship which lasted many years, and only cooled after the Congress at Vienna, when Alexander showed clearly his intentions with regard to Poland. Czartoryski's last letter to Alexander in 1823 marks the final rupture between the two. After this, freed from the last link that bound him to the Russian Sovereign, he devoted himself entirely to the cause of Poland, and resolved to follow its fortune.

After the Emperor Alexander's death, in 1825, when Nicolas began to reign, the cause of Poland seemed even more hopeless than before. In 1830 Prince Czartoryski joined the Polish insurrection, and after its defeat he became the exiled and wandering representative of the conquered nation, and was recognised as such by other countries.

Though banished, he remained keenly interested in the cause of Poland, watching every event in European politics, which was likely to afford the least opportunity of enlisting the sympathy of governments belonging to liberal nations.

In 1855-56, during the Crimean war, he had a ray of hope, and worked hard notwithstanding his eighty-five years.

He was past ninety when 'the end came, and he died full of years and memories, firm of spirit and strong of soul.' 'A patriot to the last, moderate yet firm, without illusions, yet never faint-hearted.'¹

According to la Comtesse Potocka, Prince Czartoryski, full of illusions as to the Emperor of Russia's real intentions concerning Poland, followed him to the Congress at Vienna.

¹ See preface to *Mémoires du Prince Adam Czartoryski et Correspondance avec l'Empereur Alexandre I.*, by M. Ch. de Mazade, de l'Académie Française, 2 vols., published 1887.

But soon finding out his mistake, he desired passionately to enlist England's help and sympathy, and renewed a long and private correspondence with Lord Grey and Lord Holland, in which he tried to convince them that it was indispensable to the peace of Europe to restrain Russia's designs by reconstituting the Kingdom of Poland. But these letters were unfortunately confided by him to his secretary, who betrayed his confidence by giving them up to Monsieur Novosiltzoff, by whom they were shown to Alexander, whose friend and minister Czartoryski had been.

Czartoryski's only ambition was the faithful service of his country. 'Those who suspected him of working for his own ends have strangely misjudged him.'¹

From Prince Metternich to the Duchess of Somerset.

Baden près Vienne ce 18 Août 1814.

Je saisis avec empressement l'occasion du départ du Général Nugent pour Londres pour vous remercier Madame la Duchesse des différentes marques de souvenir que vous avez bien voulu me donner depuis mon départ. L'édition de Shakespear ornera toujours ma bibliothèque particulière & je vous sais gré d'avoir sanctionné votre don par votre Signature. Je regarde comme une des circonstances les plus flatteuses de mon dernier séjour à Londres le bonheur d'avoir fait votre connaissance, & je me féliciterai de toutes les occasions de la cultiver. Les distances se sont rapprochées depuis les derniers tems & si mes vœux de revoir Londres devaient ne pas se réaliser de si tôt je suis loin d'abandonner l'espoir de vous voir chez nous. Vous y trouverez des amis bien empressés à vous rendre le séjour agréable.

Agréez Madame la Duchesse les assurances de mon respectueux dévouement & veuillez faire agréer également mes Complimens au Duc.

LE PRINCE DE METTERNICH.

¹ *Mémoires de la Comtesse Potocka*, p. 369.

From the Duchess Sagan to the Duchess of Somerset.

Baden, près de Vienne : ce 18 Août 1814.

Encore une lettre de Vous, ma bien chère Amie, est venu m'apporter de Vos nouvelles, et je ne puis assez Vous en remercier, car c'est une véritable jouissance pour mon cœur que d'apprendre que Vous vous portez bien et que vous pensez à moi avec cette même amitié qui tant d'années de suite a fait mon plaisir mon bonheur et ma joie. Je suis enchantée que les petites Etoffes vous plaisent ; je regrette seulement de ne pas vous avoir envoyé plus de celle qui vous plaît de préférence. Si vous en désiriez en autre couleur écrivez moi un mô't et vous en aurez par ma sœur ou ma mère qui sont à Paris. Mille et mille graces aussi pour l'achât des cassolettes chinoises. Si vous voulez bien les faire remettre au Général Nugent qui est porteur de cette lettre il me les fera expédier. Je vous ai écrit l'autre jour une couple de lignes renfermant le montant de ma dette, comme cette lettre est partie avec la poste, elle arrivera un peu plus tard que celle-ci. Et maintenant que voilà nos affaires terminées, que je vous remercie encore une fois de m'avoir donné si souvent de vos nouvelles en vous priant de continuer ainsi. Depuis que je vous ai quittée je n'ai songé qu'aux moyens de Vous revoir, et il faudrait bien du malheur si je ne viens pas vous retrouver le printems prochain.

Je ne sais pas ce que je deviendrai avec cette facilité de se transporter d'un endroit à un autre. Sans véritable patrie qui concentre mes affections je m'en suis créé une partout où j'ai trouvé des personnes qui me sont chères. Or, il me semble que je suis destinée à courir toute ma vie, après les objets de ma prédilection. Que ne puis-je les réunir tous, ce serait trop de bonheur. Je vous ai écrit l'autre jour par Mr. Bruce, une longue lettre, j'aime mieux les occasions, car malgré que je ne vous écrive pas de grands secrets l'idée qu'on lit toutes nos lettres m'impatiente. Me voilà depuis quinze jours ici, ma santé qui avait à la fin beaucoup souffert de ces voyages en courier s'en trouve à

merveille. J'habite une jolie maisonnette qui me donne l'illusion de la campagne. Mes sœurs sont à la leur, et je crois que j'irai pour un moment à la mienne au commencement du mois prochain avant que cet éternel congrès ne commence. Après une vie si agitée ce calme momentaire paraît tout à fait étrange, aussitôt que nous serons relancés dans le grand monde je vous parlerai des nouvelles du jour. On nous promet toujours l'arrivée des souverains pour la fin de 7^{bre}. Je voudrais pouvoir regretter leur départ, tant les fêtes dans cette saison dérangent tous mes plans, mais enfin que faire? Pour m'en consoler je me dis que c'est un espèce d'adieu que je vais dire pour longtems à cette vie bruyante qui n'a jamais été celle de mon choix et de mon gout. Je voudrais tant causer avec vous, il me semble que je n'ai jamais pu le faire tout à mon aise pendant le peu de momens que nous avons passés ensemble, je crois les avoir rêvé mais je m'en dédommagerai à Bradley le printems 1815, et puis quand nous retournerons ensemble sur le continent. Ne perdez pas de vue vos projets de voyage, parlez en souvent au Duc pour le maintenir dans ces bonnes dispositions. Dites lui aussi mille et mille choses de ma part et embrassez bien tous vos jolis enfans. Rappelez moi au souvenir de L^d Grey. Je ne puis assez vous remercier de m'avoir fait faire sa connaissance. Le Prince Metternich me charge de le rappeler à Votre souvenir malgré qu'il vous écrit lui même.

Adieu, ma chère Charlotte, excusez ce griffonnage. Je suis bien pressée. Pensez à moi, écrivez moi et croyez au sincère attachement que je vous ai voué pour la vie.

tout à Vous

WILHELMINE.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Park Lane: July 23, 1814.

DEAR BROTHER,—I shall be very ready to take a copy of Dr. Jamieson's¹ intended publication. Relics of ancient language always appear to me to be interesting. I have

¹ (?) John Jamieson, Scotch ecclesiastic and philologist, 1759–1838.

been the more disposed to this way of thinking from having lately perused the preface of the translator of Mallet's Northern Antiquities; and from seeing how much that learned writer was mistaken in consequence of having neglected researches of this kind. But I am told that the French have never cultivated the study, though they have ample means in the public libraries of Paris.

Mr. Playfair has at last left us for the season. He was absent for a time during an excursion he made to the Isle of Wight, where he found some curious geological facts. What wonders are every day coming out from the subterraneous repositories of nature! I did all I could to persuade him to write upon Fluxions, pray try and aid me in this endeavour.

Yrs. very affecly
SOMERSET.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh: August 15, 1814. Mond.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have sold Glenarbach, and tolerably well, considering the times. I paid £13,500, and have sold it for £13,250. Had there not been the severe check to the prosperity of the country during the last four years the estate would probably have yielded considerably more than I gave for it. In the course of the autumn, I shall remove to Hailes, a place near the village of Colington, about four miles to the South-west of Edinburgh. It is an entailed place, belonging to Sir Thomas Carmichael, and I have taken a lease of it. The house is not large, but comfortable, and the country near it rather pretty.

Your's very affectionately
W. S.

Extract from Lord Webb's diary :—

Aug. 30, 1814.—'Spent the morning at Barnbogle with Lord Rosebery, choosing the site of a house, and planning improvements upon the grounds.'

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Park Lane : Sept. 1, 1814.

DEAR BROTHER,—We leave London to-morrow, for Bulstrode, where we expect to meet General Stewart in his way from Cheltenham. Pahlen's brother called here this morning, and says Pahlen¹ is coming immediately from Brazil to pass some months in England. It will be very pleasant to see him again and talk with him upon recent events.

We have seen a good deal lately of General Pac,² a Pole, who served under Buonaparte. He talks a great deal, but not much of military affairs. His pursuit at present is the English Improvements in Agriculture and Machinery, which he is endeavouring at considerable expense to introduce into Poland.

This leads me to mention two machines which I have lately seen and which struck me exceedingly. One is Huddart's contrivance for twisting cables. Nothing seems at first sight so simple as twisting a cable ; but that is from this circumstance, namely, that the more delicate parts of the operation are not obvious and escape notice. A cable is made of three ropes. Each of these should, in the first place, be so constructed, that every part of them may be subject to equal tension. Then, again, in forming the cable, each rope should be so twisted, that its separate tendency to untwist, acting in an opposite direction to that of the others to do the same, may keep them all confined together. The new machine had to fulfil these conditions : and the manner in which it does so, is quite wonderful.

The other invention is a musical instrument. It produces sounds by means of friction, and they resemble those of wind instruments. Its simplicity and novelty struck

¹ Paul Petrovitch, Comte de Pahlen, Russian general, died 1836. There was also Pierre, Comte de Pahlen, Russian governor-general, died 1826.

² There was a French general, ' Louis Michel Comte Pac,' 1780-1835.

me; I like to see means resorted to that are quite out of the common way; this I think, distinguishes an invention from a mere improvement. Lord Bacon has some remarks upon this in the *Novum Organon*, where he says that the finest inventions have never been produced by gradually developing and extending those already known, but by striking out a new path. But I am now referring to principles, which you have made it your business to explain and to limit, and which I hope will soon be much better understood than they have hitherto been. I hear you have been very busy last spring, and am glad that you have been able to bestow so much attention on the perfecting your original design.

Yrs. very affectly
SOMERSET.

From Lord Lansdowne to the Duke of Somerset.

Bowood: Decr. 9, 1814.

MY DEAR DUKE,—I hope by a letter Ly. Lansdowne received lately from the Duchess we are soon to have the pleasure of seeing you here, & trust you will not allow your business at Berry Pomeroy to detain you so long, as to deprive us of so great & long promised a satisfaction. We shall not stir from home till we go to settle in town about the middle of January, & shall be happy to see you at any time.

I have just seen a letter from Paris which mentions from very good authority that a conspiracy had been formed to get possession of the King's person by some officers, but 3,000 troops that could be relied on were brought round the theatre (the Odéon) by the D. of Ragusa in time to prevent its taking effect. Things are certainly in a very unsettled state, & the Royal family (the King himself excepted) do not conduct themselves with the discretion they shewed at first. The D. de Berri openly calls the officers of Bonaparte's army 'Messieurs de la Fabrique' as a term of contempt; it will be long however before he will be able to manu-

facture goods of the same quality, and till then he ought to speak respectfully of the old cloth.

Pray remember me & Lady Lansdowne most kindly to the Dutchess and believe me ever

my dear Duke,

Yours very sincerely

LANSDOWNE.

From the Duchess of Sagan to the Duchess of Somerset.

Vienne ce 5 Janvier, 1815.

J'ai été un siècle sans vous écrire, ma chère Amie, malgré le désir que j'en avais, mais c'est que cela n'a pas été chose si facile, d'abord nous avons vécu dans une dissipation extrême, et depuis j'ai été assez souffrante, me voilà mieux, et je m'empresse de vous remercier mille et mille fois de différents témoignages de votre souvenir que j'ai reçus ainsi que de deux jolies robes que vous m'avez envoyées, et donc le Duc a si parfaitement choisie les couleurs. La verte est devenue une pélisse très élégante et l'autre une petite robe ne me va pas du tout mal. Vous avez été la bonté même en vous occupant autant de mes commissions. Le G^l Nugent me promet que mes belles cassolettes chinoises arriveront bientôt, et après vous avoir réitéré mes remerciemens il ne me reste qu'à demander Votre pardon d'avoir tardé si longtems à m'acquitter de ma dette. La lettre que je vous avais écrite et qui contenait une traite avait été donnée par mon banquier à un voyageur qui s'est arrêté en Hollande, et puis est allé à Paris, il a renvoyé la lettre et j'ai remis à M^r Neumann 56^l avec la prière de vous les remettre. Ma bien chère Carlotta, toujours comptant sur vos bontés, j'ose vous prier de faire donner de ce qui restera une couple de ^l à ce bon Domestique que vos gens m'avaient recommandé et dont j'étais si contente, et s'il restait quelque chose de m'acheter quelque joli livre tout à fait à Votre choix—entr'autres je vous demanderai un exemplaire *of the rejected addresses*. Pardonné mon importunité, il faut en accuser votre bonté qui m'a gâtée.

N'allez pas croire ma bonne Amie que j'aie oubliée la

promesse que je vous avais faite de vous tenir un peu au courant de ce qui se passerait au congrès, mais grands Dieux quelle tâche au dessus de mes forces. Dieu seul a lu dans le cœur de nos grands faiseurs nous autres pauvres mortels ne voyant aucun effet de tout ce qu'on nous avait promis, nous n'avons passé notre tems qu'à faire des connaissances intimes de la petitesse de la villainie et de l'incapacité de ceux qui nous avaient accoutumés à les regarder comme ce qu'il y avait de mieux. Enfin jusqu'à ce moment ce fameux congrès n'a été qu'un cours de mépris pour le genre humain, et je vous assure que les spectateurs ne l'ont pas fait en vain. Cette étude rendue si facile par ceux qui en ont été l'objet a désabusé à jamais l'Europe sur ses souverains et ses hommes d'état. Ces premiers n'entendent leurs métiers qu'en Asie, où ils ne se font jamais voir. Je ne puis en faire que deux exceptions, et cela sans la moindre partialité, l'un en faveur de l'Empereur d'Autriche dont la bonhomie et l'honnêteté parfaite se soutenant sans varier l'ont placé là où il aurait toujours dû être rangé par ses contemporains. C'est une victoire morale de vertus peu éclatantes sur les vices les mieux ornés. L'autre c'est le Roi de Wurtemberg qui à force d'être haï pour la méchanceté de son cœur, et ne permettant à personne de rien attendre de bon de lui, nous a étonné ne donnant prise en rien sur lui. L'esprit peut pendant quelque tems quand il est très supérieur tenir lieu de vertu. Mais puis, que vous dire des autres ? Il n'y a jamais eu de conduite plus honteuse que celle de l'Empereur Alexandre. Vous connaissez sa marche en général qui doit vous donner la mesure de ses intentions désintéressées, tant pronées, de cet amour pour la gloire qui seul semblait posséder son âme ; mais qui pourrait dans un espace si court et si retréci vous peindre la duplicité, la bassesse, l'intrigue, la petitesse des moyens qu'il emploie pour parvenir à son but ? Rien de plus vil de plus pitoyable que cet homme, pâr   de tant de gr  ces et de charmes dans l'esprit. Ce n'est qu'une l  g  re   corce qui couvre un assemblage informe de toute esp  ce de vices et de d  fauts, auxquels il manque la seule qualit   qui peut les faire

pardonner à un certain point, *la grandeur*, cet appanage du génie qui accompagne hélas la vertu et le vice. Vous pouvez ne croire ma parole, vous qui avez vu combien j'étais enthousiasmé pour lui, et combien de chemin il m'a fallu faire pour rétrograder à ce point. Mais avec ce manque de grands moyens ses défauts auraient pu être facilement neutralisés s'il avait trouvé des antagonistes propres à le tenir dans les bornes nécessaires, mais c'est une autre jérémiade que de parler de ceux-là. Je passe sous silence les autres souverains. Le Roi de Prusse, homme entièrement dénué d'âme et de cœur, est le singe manqué de l'Empereur Alexandre, ce qui le couvre de ridicule et du mépris qu'ils se partagent entr'eux. Les autres sont par leur valeur intrinsèque des derniers de leurs pays tandis que le sort aveugle les plaça en premier ligne.

Maintenant un peu de nos grands hommes d'états. Je dois d'abord vous demander votre indulgence si je vous ennuie en vous exposant quelle est l'idée que nous avons de la position des différens états de l'Europe entr'eux. Nous mettions l'Angleterre à la tête de tous. Son indépendance du reste de l'Europe, son inaccessibilité, ses richesses, plus que tout cela, sa conduite irréprochable tandis que tous les autres pays avaient subi plus ou moins un joug honteux, et la gloire qu'elle avait acquise en feraient le pouvoir protecteur de l'Europe entière. C'est elle qui placée au-dessus de toutes les considérations, sans peur et sans reproche, devait tenir la balance en main, protéger le faible intimider l'agresseur et dicter des loix pour le bonheur et l'honneur de l'humanité. L'Autriche victorieuse et puissante, placée au milieu de l'Europe, sans projets d'ambition pour elle-même semblait désignée comme la seconde puissance dans cette honorable série avec la tâche toute particulière de protéger l'Allemagne qui voyait en elle le seul point de réunion. La Prusse ayant lavé la tâche de 1806, redevenue un état puissant, pouvait se contenter de la gloire de ses armées et de 10 millions de sujets qui lui furent garanti par le traité de Paris. La Russie qui la première des puissances continentales avait eu l'avantage

innappréciable de briser la puissance de Buonaparte pouvait avec cet avantage qui définitivement en faisait une puissance Européenne, et avec cette partie de la Pologne qu'on ne lui aurait pas disputée, mettre une fin à ses prétentions. Au lieu de cela la Russie demande aujourd'hui en opposition avec les engagements pris avec le monde entier toute cette même Pologne sous le vain prétexte de rétablir ce royaume, tandis qu'elle refuse de le reconnaître pour tel sous un Roi de sa nation et agrandie par la partie que l'Autriche aurait rendue, elle arrive de cette manière jusqu'aux frontières de l'Allemagne et nous menace en peu de tems d'une invasion qui ne rappellerait que trop celles des Goths des Huns et des Vandales. La Prusse oubliant que l'Allemagne est un pays dont elle ne faisait naguère qu'une partie, veut en envahir la motié et donne l'exemple d'un souverain légitime dépossédé de ses états par la force des armes, tandis qu'elle a combattu contre des violences de cette même nature. L'Autriche se retranchant derrière sa modération, négociant, finassant, abandonne la cause de l'Europe et de l'Allemagne et perd la confiance qu'elle devrait inspirer en même tems que l'Angleterre, se plaçant dans une situation subordonnée, n'ayant point le sentiment de ce qu'elle est et de ce qu'elle se doit à elle-même et au monde, nous donne l'exemple effrayant, des efforts de tant d'armées couronnés par le succès le plus complet échouant contre l'ineptie et le manque de caractère d'un seul homme. Je suis revoltée, en voyant L^d Castlereagh laissant échapper de ses mains le sceptre qu'il tenait pour le voir tomber dans les mains de Talleyrand. L'objet de notre juste haine, des efforts réunis de l'Europe contre elle, cette France qui se souilla de tous les crimes, et qui naguère vit dans son sein les armées victorieuses de l'Europe entière, est aujourd'hui la première et la plus honorable de toutes les puissances. Se servant de l'homme le plus méprisé, le plus taré, mais le plus habile, c'est elle aujourd'hui qui protège sans rien exiger en apparence au moins pour elle-même le monde entier, c'est elle qui dit aux uns je vous soutiens, aux autres je vous écrase si vous passez les bornes de la modération. Pour l'intérêt de

l'Europe il peut être indifférent peut-être qui défend sa cause, mais non pour son honneur, encore faut-il remercier aujourd'hui le ciel que la Russie par son arrogance, ses prétentions démesurées ait forcé les autres puissances à faire cause commune contre elle, et que quelqu'un nous protège. Mais l'honneur et la gloire me semblent tout aussi nécessaire aux empires qu'aux individus, et je ne puis voir sans un mortel chagrin mêlé avec le mépris le mieux conditionné 25 années de malheurs d'efforts et de succès perdus pour les individus et les nations.—Le monde sera peut-être sauvé d'un état pire que celui dont nous sortons, car il semble que la main de Dieu veille là où la sagesse des hommes finit. Je ne cesserai néanmoins de regretter que personne n'ait eu le sentiment de ce qu'il est, et qu'on ait trouvé moyen d'anéantir ce qu'il y avait de plus beau.—Je suis honteuse de vous envoyer ce long bavardage mais vous m'y avez encouragée par la patience avec laquelle Vous m'avez écoutée quelquefois. De grace empêché le Duc de se moquer de moi, et assure le bien que c'est vous qui avez voulu que je vous parle de choses si fort au-dessus de ma portée.

J'aimerais à vous entretenir, chère Duchesse, de quelques petits commérages de société plus amusants, mais ma lettre est déjà d'une longueur démesurée. Je me bornerai donc à vous dire quelques mots de vos compatriotes. L^d Castle-reagh plaît ici assez généralement, on ne peut lui disputer un maintaien parfait pour la société. On voudrait que son maintien en affaires quand il s'agit de tenir tête à quelqu'un fut aussi imposant. L^{dy} C. n'ayant pas tout à fait nos manières nous a paru un peu singulière dans le commencement, mais elle n'est pas assez marquante pour ne pas s'y accoutumer facilement. Notre cour désirant faire un compliment à celui qui vous représente a donné à L^{dy} Castle-reagh le rang d'ambassadrice qu'elle n'aurait pas de droit, et qui ne revient qu'aux femmes des ambassadeurs à notre cour et non à ceux aux congrès. Elle voit tous les soirs du monde et sa maison est très remplie par le grand nombre de vos compatriotes des gens qui ont affaire à L^d C. et par

les oisifs. Comme elle est étrangère à nos usages, et qu'en disant en général qu'elle voit le soir du monde, elle a cru pouvoir se dispenser de le dire aux personnes elles-mêmes, il se trouve que ce qu'il y a ici de plus grandes Dames et Seigneurs n'y vont pas.—N'ayant pas eu à me louer de sa politesse quand j'ai été en Angleterre je n'y ai pas mis le pied quoiqu'elle trouve bon de m'accoster chaque fois que nous nous rencontrons en public, grande faveur qui m'inspire toute la reconnaissance qui lui est due. Elle a avec elle sa belle sœur L^{dy} Mathilda qui est un véritable monstre, fagottée comme une folle et en ridicule. L^{dy} Octavia Law qui est avec L^d Stewart est jolie, mais je crois qu'elle participe un peu au manque de bon sens qui règne dans sa famille et qui se montre dans toute sa force en L^d Stewart. Bon Dieu, ma chère Amie, quel ambassadeur, chez nous un homme comme lui serait depuis longtems aux petites maisons. Il est d'un ridicule complèt, habillé comme un marchand d'orviétan, sans usage du monde, étonné d'être Pair et Ambassadeur autant que le serait un pauvre petit étudiant en théologie de se voir Pape, ou une petite Demoiselle qui met sa première robe à queue. Je vous enverrai un jour une petite liste d'anecdotes sur son compte. Il n'a aucune espèce de succès ici, et en est fort étonné. Jamais dans le pays le plus despote, un ministre n'aurait pu nommer un frère comme celui les Ambassadeurs, mais l'Angleterre le seul pays libre est aussi celui du népotisme le plus complèt.—Adieu, ma chère et bonne Amie. De grâce n'allez parler à personne de ce que je vous mande. Je n'ai dû bien à dire de personne et tout le monde me tomberait sur le dos pour ne pas les admirer d'avantage. Maintenant que je suis mieux j'espère faire connaissance avec votre cousin M^r Stewart qui m'a toujours paru très aimable. Mes sœurs se rappellent à Votre souvenir. Mes amitiés au Duc. Mille belles choses à Vos enfans et à vous l'assurance de l'amitié la plus sincère et la plus inaltérable.

1814

Although at the Treaty of Paris (11th April) it had been settled that the Congress should be held at Vienna on the

1st of August, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia did not arrive there till the 25th. They were received by the Emperor Francis of Austria with great magnificence and by the inhabitants with great rejoicing. According to Thiers, besides the kings of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Denmark, and all the German, Italian and Dutch Princes, there were also as great a number of Princesses. Amongst these was the Grand Duchess Catherine, sister of the Czar of Russia, and now widow of the Duke of Oldenbourg, 'a princess active and "spirituelle" and exercising a certain amount of influence.'

Besides the crowned heads there were generals and diplomatists of the Coalition 'forming the most dazzling and tumultuous gathering that ever was seen.'

After the first days, devoted entirely to fêtes and frivolous amusements, had passed, it was thought the serious business for which they all had met ought soon to begin. But everybody felt reluctant to start discussions, for fear of breaking the cordial unanimity which prevailed among all the nations.

The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia had settled between themselves in their own minds, that one should have Poland, and the other Saxony in its entirety. 'In their own estimation they considered themselves the saviours of Europe. To listen to them—if Alexander had not given the signal for resistance in 1812, if Frederick William had not followed in his steps in 1813—if when arriving at the Oder, they had not pushed forward to the Elbe—to the Rhine—and even to the Seine—dragging Europe after them, the civilised world would still have been slaves.' Yet Frederick William was modest and straightforward, and Alexander generous and seductive. 'But as is often the case with good people who have great pretensions to honesty, they believed themselves impeccable, and even made a virtue of their ambition.' If therefore Alexander wished for Poland and Frederick William for Saxony, 'it was only, they declared, from the purest motives.'

Though there were many deliberations between the plenipotentiaries, the congress did not really begin till the 30th of October. Talleyrand had arrived on the 23rd of September, and had a stormy interview with the Czar Alexander, many discussions with Metternich, Castlereagh and Nesselrode, and finally placed himself at the head of the smaller powers to counteract the projects formed by England, Austria, Russia and Prussia. But Metternich

did his best to appease Talleyrand in an interview early in October, by assuring him 'that Prussia should have neither Luxembourg nor Mayence. "We will do our best," he said, "to preserve for the King of Saxony the greater part of his dominions and to keep Russia as far as possible from the Oder; but have patience, and do not raise unnecessary obstacles for us."'¹

Metternich did not stand alone in his endeavours to arrest the greed for annexing territory that seemed to pervade so many of the other nations, for—to quote Miss Martineau: 'A voice had gone forth from the British Parliament to protest against the annexation of Saxony to Prussia, and the total subjugation of Poland by Russia. The Chancellor of the Exchequer declared on the 28th of November, in the House of Commons, that he did not believe that any British minister would be a party to these acts.'

The whole of the deliberations were anything but peaceful and reassuring, and to quote Miss Martineau again . . . 'there requires little to convince us now . . . that if Bonaparte had not leaped into the throne of the Tuileries in the spring of 1815, the Peace of Europe might have been broken before it was consolidated.'²

¹ See Thiers' *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, livre 66.

² *The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace*, 1816–1846, by Harriet Martineau, vol. i. pp. 3, 4.

CHAPTER VI

1815-1816

Letter from Lord Webb to the Duke, January 17—The Duke to Lord Webb, February 4—Lord Webb to the Duke, February 23—The Duke to Lord Webb, March 7—Lord Webb to the Duke, June 12—Hesse to the Duchess of Somerset, June 20—The Duke of Hamilton to the same, August 3—Lord Ebrington to the same, August 4—Lord Webb to the Duke, August 9—The Duke to Lord Webb, August 16—The Duchess to Lord Webb, September 24—Lord Webb to the Duke, December 8—1816. The Duke to Lord Webb, March 9—Lord Webb to Mr. Horner, March 27—Mr. Horner's answer, June 15—Mr. Seymour to the Duke, March 15—Marchioness of Douglas to Lord Webb, June 2—Lord Webb to the Duke, June 30, August 11, and October 1—Mr. Horner to Lord Webb, October—Lord Webb to the Duchess, October 24—Lord Webb to the Duke, November 1—Lord Holland to the Duke, November 2 and 20—Lord Webb to the Duke, November 9

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh: January 17, 1815. Tu.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—After the letter of apologies I lately sent to Charlotte, I will not trouble you with a repetition of the same dull topics. A daily routine of occupations has filled my time for many weeks past. I have been printing a paper¹ in the Transactions of the Edinburgh Royal Society, and have had the new and tiresome duty of correcting proof sheets: this business is not yet half finished, as the paper is a long one. Then I have been attending a course of Lectures on Physiology by a Dr. Gordon, a man who is rising fast into distinction in this place. For a moment you may perhaps wonder that I should study physiology; but you will immediately see the important connection between the constitution and living functions of

¹ A paper on 'Glen Tilt.' In his diary at this time almost every day he writes 'correcting proof-sheets of my paper on Glen Tilt.'

the body, and the state of the passions, and their prevailing tendencies, whether constitutional or incidental. In those branches of physiology which are most allied to my subjects, there is very little done as yet. Medical authors just touch upon certain mental phenomena, because they lie too immediately in their way to be altogether passed over ; but they rarely dwell long upon them, and in their professional practice they continually allow facts the most interesting to a metaphysician and a moral philosopher, to escape with slight observation, and to perish for want of a record. I am confident that some of the most common diseases, far short of producing delirium or stupor, are attended with striking modifications of the susceptibilities of emotion, and of the dispositions in reasoning and in action. These I am anxious to trace, and reduce under some general views ; but, in order to do so, I must enable myself to state the circumstances of bodily disorder with tolerable precision. Physiology, even without such views, is a delightful branch of science, borrowing a great deal from other departments of natural philosophy, and affording the most pleasing contemplations of our own organization, and that of the lower animals. You were once fond of the study.

Have you found any leisure at Bradley for your mathematical pursuits ? I really quite pity the distractions by which you are continually teased, and diverted from those more elevating occupations, for which your mind was by nature so well fitted.

There is a Dr. Goldie going to settle as physician at Warminster. I remember to have met him, when he was studying here, and some very respectable people, who at that time took great notice of him, begged me lately to give him a letter of introduction to you. It was his own wish ; not with any view of obtruding himself as physician, but merely to have that additional credit in the country, which an acquaintance with you must procure for him. I declined giving the introduction, because I did not like to trouble you with any new acquaintance, without a stronger motive. However, in justice to Dr. Goldie, I will do some-

thing to set his character forward in the country, and will tell you that I have heard him very well spoken of, as a worthy man, and of respectable talents in his profession. His personal appearance and his manner are against him ; but in mind he is said to be quite a gentleman, both from his natural feelings, and his literary acquirements. There is one singularity in his history, that some years ago he turned a catholic ; but he holds that faith with a very liberal spirit.

Walter Scott's new poem¹ meets with a very cool reception here. It is scarcely thought to equal Rokeby. I have not yet read it, and the criticisms I hear do not make me in a hurry about it.

Have you read a novel that came out last summer, entitled *Waverley* ? With many offensive errors in point of taste, it has considerable merit in its force of painting : and in the descriptions, both of scenes and characters, it furnishes a pretty faithful picture of Scotland about the year 1740. At the same time it must be owned that two or three of the personages are gross caricatures.

Yours very affectionately

WEBB SEYMOUR.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Park Lane : Feb. 4, 1815.

DEAR BROTHER,—The interval between your former letter and your last was certainly rather longer than usual, and till the arrival of that you sent Charlotte I had begun to be apprehensive of some relapse in the state of your health. I am glad to find however that this was not the case.

I wish you every success in your attempt towards an accurate analysis of the passions. The study of physiology may give you much assistance. There is, we know, in several instances, a constant relation between the moral

¹ *The Lord of the Isles* was published in 1814.

and the physical phenomena, not only in the latter are sometimes signs of the former, but also in the way of cause and effect. We know however, only the remote moral causes of any natural appearances : we can never discover the proximate cause. And the same observation may be applied to any physical cause that may have influence upon the passions. I am I confess, very much dissatisfied with the present, and with every past, state of moral philosophy. It has consisted either of erroneous systems, or of cursory observations that go but a little way, and that as far as they go, are not quite accurate. The latter are however very preferable to the former : and I had much rather read one of Addison's papers or one of Hume's essays, than an account of the Stoic Philosophy, or Dr. Alembert's chapter entitled *Morale*.

I found at Bulstrode some leisure for mathematics, and I have made an Abstract of my theory, in which it is compressed into a small compass. Some of the results are curious. It has led me to a method of solving some certain biquadratic equations, in a way that appears new. I will put one of these in the postscript.

We shall be very glad to see Dr. Goldie when we return to Bradley. A good physician at Warminster will be indeed of great consequence to the neighbourhood : for at present we have none nearer than Bath, Salisbury and Castle Cary. Indeed we did not think much of the one at the last place, when we had once occasion to consult him : and Bath and Salisbury are so far off as to be quite inconvenient.

I have not read *Waverley*, but Charlotte has, and does not much like it. From looking at the review of it, I conceive that the painting is too local to please much beyond the Tweed.

I dined yesterday at the Literary Society, where I heard nothing of Walter Scott's new poem, but a good deal of Southey's, which was much commended.¹ The conversation, in other respects, turned much upon exploring

¹ *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, published 1814.

the interior of Africa, for which there is here a sort of enthusiasm that you will not easily conceive.

I remain,

Your's very affectly

SOMERSET.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

103 Princes Street, Edinburgh :

February 23, 1815, Th.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It gave me pleasure to hear that you had found some leisure for your favourite pursuit, in spite of the distractions of business. Mathematics must have been a real relaxation, amidst the worry of anxious deliberation, and correspondence about money concerns. That you have made an abstract of your theory promises well, both for the greater precision it must have given to your views, and from the advantage you may derive from submitting it in this form to the judgment of others. I have carried your biquadratic in my pocket-book, with the intention of giving it to Mr. Playfair, but have not yet had an opportunity ; business, and a bad cold, have combined to keep me much at home, and I do not live so near him now, as I did in Abercromby Place. It is to be regretted that you have no friend in London, with whom you can discuss what is growing up in the progress of your investigations. An original thinker, following his own train in solitude, often wastes a great deal of time and labour, partly in making out what others have already discovered, and partly in contriving methods, which better means already acquired must render superfluous.

I don't know if you ever met with Playfair's friend, Baron Maseres.¹ He lives very retired, and might perhaps suit you as an acquaintance, unless the reserve of both should prevent either from making any advances towards the other. Of his learning in mathematics I need hardly

¹ Baron Maseres, 1731–1824. Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer. He persevered to the end of his life in wearing the costume of the reign of George II. See Charles Lamb's *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*.

tell you, or of his heresy about the negative sign. For my own part, I rather like a little heresy : it shews that a man has courage to think for himself. I never saw the Baron but have been once or twice very near being introduced to him by Playfair. I believe he is a very worthy man : slow and strict in demonstration even to a fault. He must now be very old : he did live in chambers in the Temple.

As you have no objection to seeing Dr. Goldie, I shall perhaps give him a letter of introduction to you, when you are next in Wiltshire. In the meantime I will make some farther enquiries about him : I believe my friend Dr. Brown saw a good deal of him, when he was in Edinburgh.

I am not surprised that Charlotte was not much pleased with Waverley. She has scarcely seen enough, I imagine, of the middling and lower classes, to enter into the merit of a great deal of the painting, and the enjoyment of the tale depends much upon a relish for broad humour, of which Charlotte is not susceptible. To you I think much of Waverley would be entertaining, if you had patience to get through the heavy chapters at the beginning of the first volume. No doubt, there are many scenes and dialogues, which possess a stronger interest for a native of Scotland : you, however, have seen a good deal of Scotland, and there are striking traits of Scotch manners, and character, and country, which you may easily interpret from what is more general in human nature.

Your's very affectionately
WEBB SEYMOUR.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Park Lane : March 7, 1815.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am afraid Baron Maseres is much too old to enter into my views : and though I should not condemn his, never having read his book, and therefore not knowing precisely what they are, I must say that I like the use of the negative sign, and have never had reason to find any fault with it. But the history of science frequently

shews us how very unwilling old men are to admit of innovations under any circumstances ; the greatest improvements would have been crushed in their birth, if they had been the sole judges. If I could but get men of this description to say that I was doing a great deal of mischief, I should think much more highly of myself than I ever have done since I was born. As to my biquadratic, you are very good to think of giving it to Mr. Playfair. I sent it to you rather wishing that some mathematician should try what he could do with it, either by describing the curve or curves to which it belongs, or by reducing it to an equation of less dimensions, or in short by shewing any of its properties that are not obvious on inspection. I quite agree with you, that, in solitary speculation, we are in danger of losing much time in investigations rendered superfluous by discoveries with which we are unacquainted. Reading is in some measure a bar to this waste of labour, and it is the only one that I have been able to employ.

With regard to Waverley, I can hardly prevail upon myself to become interested in a prose narrative of that kind. When I do read fiction, I like it in verse. I can read an epic poem with a patience that has been pronounced impossible : but the novel somehow falls from my hand. I thought, however, from the review of it, that the one in question has the merits you ascribe to it.

Charlotte desires to be kindly remembered to you, and lives in hopes of having a letter. We are going to dine with P. Knight,¹ who is a very entertaining companion at dinner. To-morrow we are going to Bulstrode for a day.

I am glad to hear that you intend spending a longer time than usual in England in the course of this year, and I hope you will give us a considerable share of it.

Believe me,

Your's very affectly

SOMERSET.

¹ Richard Payne Knight English antiquary, and littérateur ; 1750-1824.

Concerning Sir Walter Scott's novels Miss Martineau remarks :

'Before this time [1830] the public had become aware of Sir W. Scott's claim to the undivided authorship of the Waverley Novels. In 1827, the copyrights of the novels, from Waverley to Quentin Durward, with those of some of the poems, were sold by auction, and bid for as if the successive editions of these wondrous works had not already overspread the civilized world. After the unparalleled issue which had amazed the book-trade for so many years, the competition for the property was yet keen ; the whole were purchased by Mr. Cadell for £8,500 ; and he made them produce upwards of £200,000. What would the novelists of a century before—what will the novelists of a century hence—if such an order of writers then exists—think of this fact ?' . . .

'Genius of a high quality finds or makes its own time and place : but still the unbounded popularity of Scott as a novelist seems to indicate some peculiar fitness in the public mind for the pleasure of narrative fiction in his day. And it might be so : for his day lay between the period of excitement belonging to the war, and that later one of the vast expansion of the taste for physical science, under which the general middle class public purchases five copies of an expensive work on geology, for one of the most popular novels of the time. Certain evidences, scattered through later years, seem to show that while the study of physical science has spread widely and rapidly among both the middle and lower classes of our society, the taste for fiction has, in a great degree, gone down to the lower. Perhaps the novel-reading achieved by the middle classes during Scott's career was enough for a whole century ; and in sixty years hence, the passion may revive. To those, however, who regard the changes occurring in the office and value of literature, this appears hardly probable. However that may be, the world will scarcely see again in our time a

payment of above £8000 for any amount of copyright of narrative fiction.'

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

1815. June 12. Edinburgh.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is so long since I have written, that I must say something about myself. My life goes on in such an uniform routine, that time flies faster than usual, and I am startled to find how long it is since a letter has passed between us.

You are of course in London amidst much private business, and some public. I am glad to see this morning so large a minority in the House of Lords upon the Catholic question. I should have no apprehension about the final issue of the discussion, were it not for those hot-headed leaders of the Catholics in Ireland. It is a great obstacle to the peace of mankind, that those who shew the most violence of party spirit, are sure to be placed at the head of affairs on either side. Men are always ready to lend an ear to those who shew most zeal in their cause, and never suspect it to proceed, either from a want of candour or wisdom, or from selfish motives. In reading the history of the rebellion under Charles I. it is melancholy to find how many men of moderate and enlightened views, and actuated by the best motives, were gradually forced to yield the ascendancy to haughty, ambitious and fanatical spirits and to join in the violent measures produced by unbending arrogance at first on one side, and afterwards by licentious presumption on the other. Just so at present are Lord Grenville, and Grattan, and Plunket, abandoned for the mobbish vehemence of Mr. O'Connell, Mr. O'Gorman, and Dr. Dromgoole. I observed that you acted in the minority upon the question of peace or war. For my own part, I should have voted with Lord Grenville, after having been long in suspense from a wish to procure peace, if it could possibly be done with a prospect of security. The views I take of the state of Europe, and of our own interests,

are in the main what formed the basis of Mr. Grattan's brilliant and exaggerating harangue. It is amusing to see Buonaparte obliged to resort to the spirit of liberty, out of which his despotism grew, for the maintenance of his revived dominion.¹ Should he succeed in keeping possession of the throne, he will take care to silence the cries of *Vive la liberte ! Vive la Nation !* when they have served his purpose, and that of *Vive l'Empereur* will be the only one allowed, as before. How well he understands the French, '*ce peuple pantin !*'

You may wonder that I should remain in Edinburgh, when I have a place in the country so near. The house at Hailes is occupied by workpeople, employed in various little repairs, as partitions, painting, &c. as the place, though well laid out, and with substantial buildings, has been much neglected of late. My presence is required frequently to superintend what is doing, and this must confine me for a good while to Edinburgh. I wish I could find a fortnight, or three weeks, to pay a visit to the Dunmores.

Playfair has found out the curve to your equation. He promised to write to you about it, and I have not heard that he has done so.

Give my love to Charlotte : I ought to have answered her last letter long ago, but my sins of omission as a correspondent are very numerous.

Your's affectionately
WEBB SEYMOUR.

From Chas. Hesse to the Duchess of Somerset.

Brussels : June 20, 1815.

DEAR MADAM,—In the Battle of the 18th² I received a wound by a Ball thro' my right Arm which prevents my writing myself—it is not however dangerous & I hope the Arm will not have to be amputated—I am in the House of my friend Mr. Creevey where I shall have every care taken

¹ Bonaparte returned and Louis XVIII. departed.

² The battle of Waterloo.

of me—My direction is chez MM. Creevey¹ 1095 Rue du Musée Vis à vis Le Jardin Botanique à Bruxelles.

Yours very Sincerely
CHAS. HESSE.²

From the Duke of Hamilton to his daughter the Duchess of Somerset.

Ashton : August 3, 1815.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—Dr. Broxendale gave me a most agreeable account of the Duke's, yours, and all the dear children's health. Such a family of young ones as he never saw before, the pictures of health, full of spirits, and yet so tractable as to do credit to their own dispositions, and also to the manner in which they have been brought up. He then dwelt no little on the very, very flattering reception he met with from his Grace and yourself. The tears came in his eyes. He is a kind-hearted man, I am confident. I intend to try a jaunt to York, but before I go will write you more particularly.

St. Helena, the papers tell us, is to be the future residence of Buonaparte, if he *surrendered* himself to Great Britain, rather than trust himself to any other power. I should suppose he thought the *laws* of this country would determine his fate. I fear much a general peace will not last longer than suits.

Adieu, my dear Charlotte, make my kind respects to the Duke and love to all the dear young friends at Bulstrode, not forgetting dear Lord Seymour.³ Pray is the person that taught him his sword exercise in the land of the living ? It seems now to be an *uncommon* fashionable exercise, though not one that I think will add power or riches to this island. Adieu !

Yours most affectionately,
H. AND BRANDON.

¹ Thomas Creevey, M.P. (born 1768, died 1838), was at Brussels at the time. See the *Creevey Papers*, vol. i.

² Lieut. Charles Hesse, of the 18th Regiment of Light Horse (Hussars). See Army List, 1815.

³ The Duke of Somerset's eldest son, then aged ten. Succeeded his father as 12th Duke in 1855.

From Lord Ebrington to the Duchess of Somerset.

Genoa : Augst. 4, 1815.

MY DEAR DUCHESS,—I wish I could send you any thing interesting from hence but you are much nearer (at least well within hearing of) the great theatre of events & amidst them the little politics of Genoa must be a dead letter ; the poor people here however still flatter themselves that England will do something for them, & give the K. of Sardinia an indemnity out of the French territory, though in the mean time his arrival is almost daily expected to settle the administration of their Govt.

So Bonaparte has at last thrown himself on the protection of the P. Regent, & is by this time in England.¹ We must take better care now not to let him give us the slip, though I hope he may not be disappointed in his notions of British generosity to fallen foes in spite of the ruffianlike language of some of our newspapers. How extraordinary the changes backwards & forwards of 4 months ! The result is certainly a great triumph to the advocates for war. I wish it could convince me that its commencement was necessary ! Our dearly bought victory has however raised our military glory beyond all competition, & as such affords us just ground of triumph & exaltation. Let us hope that its consequences will be to secure to *us* at least some years of peace. I congratulate Ld. Archibald on the defeat of the Bill for increasing the allowance of his friend the D. of Cumberland, which I read with particular pleasure in the last English papers. The French ones some days before brought the melancholy account of poor Whitbread's catastrophe.² His loss both as a public & private man will be severely & widely felt independent of the additional blow which its striking circumstances will have given to all his friends. Tavistock's feeling address to the H. of Commons on moving the new writ does him

¹ Bonaparte exiled to St. Helena. July 31 he was at Plymouth. See the *Creevey Papers*, vol. i. p. 244.

² Mr. Samuel Whitbread, M.P., committed suicide.

great credit, & the manner in which it was received shewed more liberality than is always exercised on the ministerial benches.

With great truth My dear Duchess

Your sincere & obliged

E.

In two letters from the Hon. H. Bennet, M.P. to Mr. Creevey, Mr. Samuel Whitbread is mentioned. 'I hear he vexes himself to death about Drury Lane. I am told a bill is filed against him by the [*illegible*] to the tune of £25,000. . . . I hope it is Drury Lane and not bad health that destroys his spirits.'

July 7th.—'It is with a heavy heart that I write to tell you that you have lost your friend Whitbread; and though I hardly know how to name it, yet I must add that he destroyed himself in a paroxysm of derangement from the aneurism in the brain. He had been for the last month in a low and irritable state. The damned theatre and all its concerns, the vexatious opposition he met with, and the state of worry in which he was left—all conspired together to [*illegible*] his understanding as to lead to this fatal step. . . . On Wednesday he passed all the evening with Burgess the solicitor, discussing the theatre concerns—walking up and down the room in great agitation, accusing himself of being the ruin of thousands. . . . He lived but for mankind—not in showy speeches and mental exertions alone, but there was not a poor one or oppressed being in the world that did not consider Whitbread as his benefactor. . . . I never heard of his equal, and he was by far the most honest public and private man I ever knew.'¹

To quote from Miss Martineau :

'The place which Whitbread filled is vacant. A sudden, mysterious, and most melancholy death had silenced that fearless tongue, which, as it was the last to denounce the war of 1815, would have been the first to tear

¹ *The Creevey Papers*, vol. i. pp. 241-242.

in pieces the treaties which that war had consummated. The miserable and oppressed listened to him as their friend and deliverer. His political enemies acknowledged his inflexible honesty. His love of justice made him generous even to those whom he habitually opposed. He had been for several years the true leader of the Opposition, and he had led them with right English courage. Others might win by stratagem; he was for the direct onslaught. He perished the day after Paris capitulated. Two nights before he had spoken in the House of Commons. His health had been long broken. He was desponding without a cause. Insanity came, and then the end.'¹

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh: Aug. 9, 1815.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—We are at present all crazy here about Miss O'Neill,² who has come to play for a fortnight. She is a most astonishing creature, though very unequal in different parts of her performance of any character. In scenes of agitating distress she is beyond any actress I ever saw, and I should not except Mrs. Siddons, at least as I chiefly remember her, since she grew large. Last night, in the mad scene of *Belvidera*, she was natural to a degree that was quite horrible. How shocking most of our tragedies are! how little adapted to raise any steady emotion of sublime heroism, or softening pathos! I feel much disposed to join the French critics in their censures of the English for a want of just taste in the drama. We seem to wish constantly for a mental stimulus not much better, or more refined, than what might be produced by a selection from the Newgate Calendar.

My hopes, or expectations, of being in the South this year are very slight indeed. If I come at all, it will be quite late in the autumn: but I see so much business before me, in which one thing must follow another, that I scarcely

¹ *History of England during the Peace*, by Harriet Martineau, vol. i. p. 14.

² Elizabeth O'Neill (Lady Becher), English tragic actress, 1791-1872.

expect to be able to quit this neighbourhood for any length of time.

Playfair is to set out soon upon a visit to Lord John Russell at Wooburn. I hope you will see him, if you remain at Bulstrode.

Your's very affectionately
WEBB SEYMOUR.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Bulstrode : Augst. 16, 1815.

DEAR BROTHER,—Mr. Playfair has been so good as to mention to me the names of several books upon curves, but he says that Cozener's work is the great thesaurus upon that subject, which rather disappoints me. I have written to him an answer explaining a little what I am about. I am very glad to hear that he is coming to England, and hope he will bring something for the press, as the world has been long expecting it.

Miss O'Neill is indeed a great performer, but in seeing her act I felt one kind of admiration which perhaps should not have occurred. An expression of your's implies the same thing, 'she is a most astonishing creature.' Her powers were so visible, that they were continually suggesting this reflection : and the mind was vacillating between two feelings, sometimes disposed to be pleased with the actress, and sometimes to be affected with the part. This last however was the one by which Charlotte was entirely engrossed, and she was so overwhelmed with sympathy at theatrical distresses, that I do not wish her to see Miss O'Neill any more.

I agree with you about our tragedies : but the arbiters of dramatic merit do not come from amongst the most refined society in this country. In early times indeed, and particularly when Shakespeare wrote, I conceive the taste of the first people was rather gross and inelegant. In later days, the common people have had a great deal to say : and it is fit that there should be at least one country, in Europe, in which they have.

I am quite sorry you cannot come to England, as we hoped, at this time, when the season is one of the pleasantest that occurs in the year. I hope however you will get through your business, and come at the end of autumn.

Yrs. very affectly
SOMERSET.

From the Duchess of Somerset to Lord Webb Seymour.

Littlehampton : 24 Sept., 1815.

Thanks my dear Brother for yours of the 13th. In consequence of what Mr. Horner said we thought of fixing ourselves at Felpham but there was no house ; we should then have remained at Bognor if it had not been so very full which decided us to come here. During the whole of my stay I have been so ill and suffered so much, that I can't feel any great partiality for Littlehampton. The bathing is good and the place quiet—when you have said that I think there remains nothing to add.

I saw Miss O'Neill in *Isabella*, I believe the fourth tragedy I ever saw in my life, and I think the last : I quite forgot it was fiction, and felt all the sorrow the reality would have occasioned. We have surely troubles enough without going to seek imaginary ones, I don't want agitation of any kind, tranquillity is what I should court. Once I read the *Gamester*,¹ sat up all night to finish it, and could not close my eyes for two nights afterwards ; to see that play I think would annihilate me.

We think of sending Seymour to Eton in another year. he is not 11 till December, he has a great deal of curiosity upon every subject and delights in receiving information, but can't bear the trouble of acquiring it from books. He went from here to see a mill, and was most curious in ascertaining the precise use of each wheel, and how they acted together and separately, he kept the men explaining it to him for half an hour and was highly interested, but if I had

¹ By Edward Moore, 1712-1757, produced in 1753 with Garrick in the title rôle of Beverly. Mrs. Siddons afterwards attracted much attention in the part of Mrs. Beverly. The play has a miserable ending.

given him the details in a book, I should not have persuaded him to read three lines of it. He is very quick, extremely idle, and can't bear the least trouble, but his mind is activity itself. You would be surprised at the questions he asks, and the subjects upon which he reasons, the more so as his manner is particularly childish, which I attribute to his being so long the Pet at Mitcham. His character is very downright and open, and *I* think too much destitute of pride and ambition—I should like a little of the former and a great deal of the latter.¹

Remember me kindly to Mr. Horner : I thanked him for his letter when I was so ill I could do nothing more.

Your very sincere and affect. Sister

C. S.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh : Dec. 8, 1815.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—At Hamilton we had a very small party, except during a day or two, when the Austrian Archdukes were there. If you have not heard much of these personages, it may interest you to be told that John is a sensible man, well informed upon matters of science and the arts, and diligently collecting knowledge respecting the various manufacturing and commercial establishments, and the public institutions, of this country.² Lewis seems a dull stupid man, who follows his brother, with an air of indifference to all that passes under his notice. Both of them are very plain in appearance and manners, especially Lewis and there is something quite repulsive in their total want of that courtly politeness which is naturally looked for in people of their rank. Among ladies they seem at a loss for conversation, and the attractions and ease of even

¹ Lord Seymour, afterwards 12th Duke of Somerset.

² Archduke John, born 1782 : Archduke Lewis, born 1784 : sons of the Emperor Leopold, born 1747, died 1792, in March, and his wife Marie Louise, born 1745, died 1792, in May, daughter of Charles III., King of Spain.

the Marchioness¹ and Lady Dunmore were quite thrown away upon them. After spending several days at Glasgow, they came here on Saturday last, and left us yesterday. For my own part I had no conversation with them : there was nothing encouraging in their manners, and I am so much out of the practice of talking French, that I was glad to leave others to engage their attention. They are invited to spend Christmas with the Regent at Brighton. I cannot conceive any substances approximated in chaos to have been more heterogeneous than these men and the Regent, and the meeting must be a cruel bore to both parties. Besides, for the sake of complying with the invitation, they are under the necessity of shortening, or hastening, their tour, and of sacrificing their serious pursuits to the frivolities of our Court. What plagues people will bring upon each other by ceremonious compliments, and attentions !

How do you like the Treaty with France ? For my part I think it good, and in spite of the groans of our friends in opposition about the return of the Bourbons, am most thankful to be at length freed from the sorrows of the military empire of the French. The abuses of power, the selfishness of sovereigns, the treacherous and mean policy of statesmen, are in certain degrees to be expected in all ages, as much as storms at sea, or bad harvests ; but the political evils attending the recent changes are, and promise to be so slight, in comparison with those which we felt, and had cause to anticipate, during the spreading dominion of Buonaparte, that any regret about them is almost suppressed by overflowing joy at the unexpected salvation we have witnessed. And, however selfish designs may have actuated the allied sovereigns in some of their measures, I am disposed to give them credit for having sincerely consulted at the same time for the peace and happiness of Europe.

Yours very affectionately,
WEBB SEYMOUR.

¹ Of Douglas.

'In the Treaty of Paris, England wrested from France an immediate abolition of the traffic' (of slaves) 'and a declaration from all the high contracting powers that they would concert, without loss of time, "the most effectual measures for the entire and definitive abolition of a commerce so odious." This was something to set off against the remarkable fact that Great Britain, who had made such enormous sacrifices for the deliverance of Europe, had not a single commercial treaty to exhibit as a compensation for her prodigal disbursements of loans and subsidies. . . . Napoleon at St. Helena, said to O'Meara, "So silly a treaty as that made by your ministers for their own country was never known before. You give up everything and gain nothing." We can now answer, that we gained everything when we gained thirty years of repose. We gained everything when, after twenty years of warfare upon the most extravagant scale, the spirit of the people conducted that warfare to a triumphant end. The gains of a great nation are not to be reckoned only by its territorial acquisitions, or its diplomatic influence. The war which England had waged, often single-handed, against a colossal tyranny, raised her to an eminence which amply compensated for the mistakes of her negotiators. It was something that they did not close the war in a huckstering spirit, that they did not squabble for this colony or that *entrepôt*. The fact of our greatness was not to be mistaken when we left to others the scramble for aggrandizement, content at last to be free to pursue our own course of consolidating our power by the arts of peace. There were years of exhaustion and discontent to follow those years of perilous conflict and final triumph. But security was won; we were safe from the giant aggressor. The people that had subdued Napoleon—for it was the act of the people—would do the work that remained to them.'

¹

¹ *The History of England during the Peace*, by Harriet Martineau, vol. i. pp. 6, 9.

From the Duke to Lord Webb Seymour.

Park Lane : March 9, 1816.

DEAR BROTHER,—My occupations are not very uniform, but I am much less distracted by business than I was. I feel however a great relief when my attention is absorbed by the history of the middle ages ; or when I can follow the course of a curve, as it meanders upon its axis. ‘Ah ! My Son,’ says Marmontel, ‘how happy are the men, who have no cares but about the obliquity of the Ecliptic, or the manners of the Chinese !’ Yet, I do not quite agree with Marmontel, for these men are sometimes plagued with doubts which they cannot clear up, and they may now and then be subject to something of ennui. The human mind is ill adapted to the constant contemplation of sublime objects. But the having something fixt, on which we may rest with security, free from the solicitations of those feelings which disturb the reasoning process, is a happiness only known to those who have some acquaintance with science.

I occasionally take up an occupation which is connected on one side, with the drudgery of details, and on the other, with general literature. I have often had occasion to enquire about my own family, and have often been asked upon that subject questions which I could not answer. Even when information has been offered me, it has soon escaped my memory. To remedy these inconveniences, I have a set of books so constructed, that I can immediately put in its proper place any fact that occurs respecting, either the public history, or the family arrangements of the Seymours, for two or three centuries with the date and the authority from which the information is derived. It is a thing which may never be finished, and though incomplete, may still be useful.¹ But you would be surprised to see how many individuals, that have borne the name, have been distinguished in one way or another. But it has been

¹ Mr. Harold St. Maur finished these notes and published a book in 1902 entitled *Annals of the Seymours*.

observed that no Seymour ever rose to great dignity in the Church, or did himself credit, either in Roman Catholic times as a Priest, or in Protestant times as a Clergyman. This is curious, when we consider the ages through which they have been amongst the upper ranks of society. Can you give me a reason, either political, or physical, or metaphysical, for such a phenomenon? I am afraid it is not in your philosophy.

I have not yet thought about the summer, but hope to see you at least in the course of it, and remain

Your's very affectly
SOMERSET.

The following letter refers to a speech Mr. Horner made in the House of Commons on Feb. 20th, part of which will be found in the Appendix:—

From Lord Webb Seymour to Mr. Horner.

Edinburgh: March 27, 1816.

MY DEAR HORNER,—For a long while past I have been anxious to write to you upon a subject on which I cannot enter without some embarrassment. Our views and sentiments upon politics have been growing wider and wider apart for the last two years, and though such differences between friends must be expected in the course of life, and mutually indulged, yet any material error in politics threatens to detract so much from your high character, and so much from the good which your talents and virtuous intentions may produce to the country, that I cannot refrain from telling you I think you are in the wrong, and how I think you come to be so. That you think me equally in the wrong follows of course; and you are of course amply prepared with a defence against any argument I should offer against the opinions you have entertained respecting the characters, measures and events of the grand story we have witnessed. Such discussion could only have the effect of calling up your habitual trains of thought, and those warm feelings which they have produced, and which in turn have done

so much to produce them. I shall therefore address you in another way, and venture to place my authority in the balance against yours; with all respect for your more extensive and accurate knowledge upon political matters, your closer intercourse with men and things, and your daily and hourly reflections upon them; yet trusting on my side to the calmness of the station, from which I am allowed to look on, to my freedom from the keenness of party warfare, and to the constant exercise of a judgment, which my friends allow to be tolerably candid on other subjects, and for which, on the present, I can see no source of bias, except what might have disposed me to lean too much towards your side. I will tell you plainly my opinion of the state of your mind, and leave it to any weight that I may have with you to bring that opinion under your serious consideration in some quiet hour.

It seems to me, then, that, from your habitual antipathy and active zeal against the members of our present government, and your warm attachment to friends, with whom every private, as well as public, feeling has made it almost a *religion* to agree, your favour and aversion have been extended to every person and event, according to their connection with, or opposition to, the one party or the other. Thence has arisen the indulgent tenderness towards Buonaparte and his adherents,—a tenderness which always increased, not so much, I believe, with the decline of their fortunes, as with the swelling triumph of their enemies: thence the ready suspicion of meanness, treachery, and selfishness in the allies, the angry censure of every step that did not accord with the most high-minded notions of political morality, and the insensibility to a generosity and rectitude in the great outlines of their conduct, to which the history of the world affords few parallels: thence the asperity against the Bourbon family, whose weakness and bigotry were for ever dwelt upon, while the difficulties of their situation were forgotten, and what was humane and liberal in their policy overlooked: thence the apprehensions of a revival of a superstitious reverence for royalty,

while it was not considered that the restoration of the old dynasty was connected with the deliverance of Europe from the threatening evils of a military despotism of the most profligate character ; and that with respect to France, the weakness of the executive power favoured the growth of civil liberty at home, while it promised security to her neighbours. The prevalence of such partial views in your mind may, in some degree, be ascribed to certain noble sentiments, which the circumstances of the times made you cherish in early youth, an admiration for talent and energy of character, and the wish to see those only who possess them at the head of affairs, a hatred for the corruptions of superannuated governments, and bright hopes for mankind from their overthrow, an abhorrence of the crafty domineering of priests, and a scorn of the ignorance, the incapacity, and the low vices, so often occurring in the families of princes, when the line has long been seated quietly on the throne. But the main source of bias is the constant society of your party friends in London. I can conceive no situation more seducing to the mind, than to be going on among a set of men—most of whom are united in the harmony of friendship and social enjoyment,—all extolling the talents and principles of each other,—all ardent for the same objects, though each impelled by a various mixture of private and public motives,—all anxious to detect, to communicate, and to enlarge upon, whatever is to the disadvantage of their adversaries, and to keep out of sight whatever presents itself in their favour,—all vying with each other, not only in every public debate, but at every dinner, and in every morning walk, to magnify the partial views, to which each by himself is naturally led. Most men, when long actuated by any keen interest in their private affairs, are liable to bias ; how much more must this be the case, when a number of minds are reacting upon each other in the strenuous prosecution of a common cause, when there is the mutual support of each others authority, no reference to opinion beyond the limits of the party, and the proud notion that the good of the country

depends mainly on the practical adoption of their own principles? Look around, among all you have ever known, and name me a man whose judgment you would have said beforehand could remain firm and right under such warping influence. And how seldom, in history, do we find an active associate of any sect or party retaining a tolerable degree of candour! Such reflections should make you occasionally suspect yourself, as well as those of your party friends, on whose understandings and integrity you place the strongest reliance. It was a striking lesson to remark last year, and the year before, the unprejudiced judgment and language of the Whigs, who were at a distance from the struggle between the parties, when compared with the sentiments of those who were engaged in it; and on the former side of this contrast, I am happy to place Jeffrey, J. Murray, Dugald Stewart, Mr. Wilson, Mr. J. Clerk, Lord Minto, and Hallam. Perhaps your consciousness of a high spirit of independence makes you too little on your guard against the influence of those around you. There are many cases, in which I could trust to the candour of your judgment; but not so, when certain strong feelings are connected with the point in question. Above all I could not trust you, where your affections are involved; for that warmth of heart, and steadiness of attachment, which are such charms in your character, must then interfere, and I have observed them to do so.

I wish that your party friends were more aware of the light in which their temper and conduct appear to many people, who, with no strong feeling either for or against Ministers, are anxious for the best interests of their country and of mankind. Men thus disposed, and with various degrees of intelligence, are, I imagine, pretty numerous scattered about the island; and these are the men, whose approbation they must be ambitious of, if their motives are pure, and whose support, if they are prudent, they must be eager to gain. During the last two years they would have often found the sentiment of such people at variance with their own. They would have found them sometimes

lamenting, and sometimes indignant, to see men, who profess themselves patriots and philanthropists, steadily turning away from every joyful event, and every bright prospect, to dwell only upon the few intermingled occasions of regret, or censure, or despondency, and uttering nought but groans over the fate of Norway or Spain, or Saxony, or Genoa, while our own country, and half the civilised world, felt as if breathing when first risen from a bed of imminent death. I wish your friends could have heard in secret the opinions of the impartial upon the justice and expediency of the war last year ; I wish they could now hear the expressions I have heard—from some who entertain the soundest Whig principles and lean towards their party,—of dread at the idea of any man being in office, whose indulgent favour of Napoleon might render it, in however small a degree, more likely that he should escape from his confinement, and again throw the world into confusion.

Opposition in Parliament is generally conducted upon one very false principle, namely, that the measures of Ministers must, in every case, be so far wrong, as to deserve, upon the whole, very severe reprobation. I will not suppose this principle to be speculatively recognised ; but it seems, at least, to be practically adopted. Now it is plain, that where a set of men have the good of the country mainly at heart, and have tolerable capacities for business, though their talents be neither profound nor brilliant, and though their principles lean rather more than is right in favour of the Crown, yet their measures must, in all probability, be often as good as circumstances will admit of, and sometimes entitled to praise for unusual prudence or magnanimity. On such occasions justice is, for the most part, denied them altogether by the opposition side of the House ; or, if praise is bestowed at all, it is bestowed in feeble terms, and with reservations much insisted on ; but what is denied them in Parliament is granted by an impartial public without doors, with proportionate disgust at the bitter and unremitting censures of factious enmity. Upon this point I must add, that I heard it said (by a friend too),

that you hurt yourself in the opinion of the public, by some want of candour towards the latter part of the last session.

Do not conceive that I am insensible to the benefits, which the country derives from a vigorous opposition. But I am confident that these benefits might be greatly increased, and every interest of the opposition party much advanced, if the temper, which party is sure to generate, were better controlled by those, at least, whose talents place them at its head; and if their views, freed from the bias of that temper, accorded more with the sentiments of an enlightened, and almost neutral, part of the nation. Opposition, even when carried on with the spirit of Sir Francis Burdett, is a check to abuses, and a safeguard to our liberty; there are few, however, with intelligence superior to that of the mob, who would favour his political objects. Mr. Whitbread's conduct in opposition was of a higher character; a friend of the people, and a firm foe to corruption, he was entitled to great respect; yet there were occasions when I could not have wished to see Mr. Whitbread in office, from the fear of his acting upon those mistaken notions, and with that vehement and perverse spirit, which appeared in his attacks upon Government, and which sometimes made him even go beyond the sentiments of his own political friends. There are higher stations in Opposition than that of Mr. Whitbread,—higher, from a display of more temperate and candid judgment. I would fain see you occupying the highest in this, as well as in other respects; and I would fain know that the dignified propriety of language and demeanour, which you have so successfully cultivated in the House, was founded upon just and moderate views of events, and men, and measures.¹

Believe me, my dear Horner,

Yours ever, very affectionately,

WEBB SEYMOUR.

¹ From *Memoirs of Francis Horner*, vol. ii. p. 319.

From Mr. F. Horner to Lord Webb Seymour.

(In answer to the letter of March 27.)

London : June 15, 1816.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,—I was much obliged to you for your kind attention in writing to me an account of the melancholy loss we have suffered of our excellent friend Mr. Wilson. It was an event I had long anticipated as too likely to happen any day ; and all that one could wish on such an occasion has been granted, since he died without suffering, and without surviving his faculties, which I dreaded still more. You saw enough of him, to estimate highly both his worth and his intellectual merit ; but he was one of those, who are well known only to intimate observers, and whom a friend could not know intimately without making daily discoveries of virtue and wisdom and sensibility. Under that calm and cautious exterior, and behind that modesty which was most apparent, there lay the utmost warmth of heart and anxiety of kindness, and an ardour for all good things fresh and sincere as any of us felt it in youth. And the wonder of all was, that he had preserved this through London and through Westminster Hall, and through all the habits of a lawyer's life. I have seen no such man altogether, and shall see none such any more.

You will not think it odd, that I have not said anything of the friendly letter I received from you, while I was on the last spring circuit. I took it as you meant it ; as the interposition of your authority as a friend rather than opening a controversy with me. I think I could justify myself on many points, where you have mistaken me, or been misinformed about me ; then there is a great allowance to be made, in your judgment of my conduct, for the considerable difference of opinion that still exists, as it has always done, between you and myself upon some fundamental points of politics, both foreign and domestic. I do not mean to say, that my views are right, and yours erroneous ; that is a separate discussion ; but that my opinions being allowed me, my conduct is to be estimated with refer-

ence to them, as every man will square his line of action for the opinions which he conscientiously believes to be well-founded. I will not pursue this any farther; I have read your letter repeatedly, which was what you intended me to do; and though I hardly confess myself as wrong on any particular as you think me, I feel sure that your advice will, even more than I may at the time be aware of it, keep me from going wrong.¹

My dear Seymour, Affectionately yours,
FRA. HORNER.

From Mr. H. Seymour to the Duke of Somerset.

North Brook Lodge: March 15, 1816.

MY DEAR DUKE,—The list you have been kind enough to impart to me has given me a great deal of reading, as I have endeavoured to run over the account of many of the distinguished personages it contains. Hence I hope you will forgive the delay in thanking you for the interesting account. I do not think, nevertheless, that study is a bar to old age. On the contrary, those persons who employ their time in that manner, in general seclude themselves from that part of the world, whose habits are in direct variance with health; and from the regularity of their life they are those likely to avoid the evils attending 'les gens du monde.'

It was remarked in Paris that the Academicians in general lived to a great age; and indeed all of the old school alive when I was in France were about 80^{yrs} of age. M^r Gailliard, who wrote a good History of Russia, was one; Lebrun the Poet was another. The Chev^r de Boufflers, who died last year near 80. M^r Suard, the perpetual Secretary, is alive and very old, and others whose names I do not recollect. The Abbé Morelet very old.

Those men who study never fatigue their Body; what exercise they take is merely for health. They live temperate, and in general rise early. I do not therefore think that a

¹ From *Memoirs of Francis Horner*, vol. ii. p. 332.

studious Life is unwholesome. We cannot fatigue both Mind and Body, but the one or the other can bear separately a great deal.

The Life which our Senators lead is, I should believe, worse for health than any other. Nevertheless habit reconciles the human Frame to this, or almost anything; for nothing can be more rosy than Mr. Tierney. Yet I will venture to say that, take the strongest Labourer, and make him sit out a debate, he will be ill for three days after it; and by Use he will be able to stand this bad air, and perhaps be as useful as many of the other Members.

Amongst the Nuns in Eng^d, two at Taunton have died this year at a great age: the one 74, the other 82. And last year several died of the same ages.

I have left this letter, to write to the Duchess and answer her very obliging letter. I now have to say that we have established at Exeter a Saving Bank; and I was glad to see by the Newspaper, that you have patronised this very useful kind of Establishment—so likely to be of advantage to the industrious, and to diminish the heavy poor rates, under which we labour at present.

As to the Income Tax, you know I am an advocate for it, provided it undergoes those Modifications, which relieve the Gentry. I cannot think of any other way of making persons with a large income pay their due proportion in any other manner; and indeed I know how small ones are diminished by the present Misfortunes.

I conclude by renewing my thanks to your Grace, and wishing him health [*illegible*] and success in all his undertakings—Being certain your intentions are as praiseworthy as your heart is excellent.

I am always most truly,

Your Grace's obliged Kinsman,

H. SEYMOUR.

From the Marchioness of Douglas to Lord Webb Seymour.

Hamilton Palace: June 2, 1816.

Exactly in the spot you describe, my d^r Lord Webb, well wrapped up in my Winter Pelisse, have I been sitting enjoying the refreshment of a little Country Air every day since my arrival at this place; the sort of *luxury* which an escape from a sick room affords, can only be *felt* not described.

This season of the year *to me* is always particularly delightful, it recalls West End to my recollection more than any other; the Trees tho' not fully clothed, are in that charming state when farther beauty is known to be at hand, and when, while much is actually given to the sight, more yet remains for the imagination. I wander about the Park in a low open carriage w^h Douglas has been so kind as to get for me, with feelings of so confused a nature, that I never understood the 'beau Vague' so well before. It really appears to me that I am *dreaming awake*, so still, so quiet does everything around me seem.

However I am not quite asleep yet, tho' you may be so at the length of my reflexions; and I must thank you sincerely for y^r kind enquiries after my health. When I tell you that I mean to set out for England the 8th, you will readily guess that it is much improved since I had the pleasure of seeing you. I must not talk of *strength* till I have climb'd the *rochers des Meilleurs*.

Have you heard of Lady Eldon's *dismissing* the Queen! It seems her L^dship's health w^d not permit her to go to Court, so she asked for a private audience, to congratulate upon P^{ss} C.'s Marriage &c. Being shy and rather confused, when she had said her say, she did not know what to do next, so she jumped up, observing that '*she w^d not detain her Majesty any longer.*'

There is a report in London, that M^r Horner is to marry one of the Miss Pigou's.

Adieu, my d^r Lord. I still hope we may meet in Berkeley S^t before I set out for the Continent. Be that as it may, I

shall always think of your kindness tow^{ds} me with gratitude, and look forward to the hope of *finishing* our discussion upon my *favourite art*¹ wth impatience.

The Marquis begs to be most particularly remember'd to you, and I remain always

Sincerely yours,

S. E. DOUGLAS & CLYDESDALE.²

Hamilton Palace : June 2^d, 1816.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh : June 30, 1816. Sund.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Two or three days ago I had a letter from Lady Dunmore, which gave me proofs that you were at least well enough to frank a letter, and at the same time gratified me by a confirmation of Charlotte's recovery. But it is a long time since I have heard from either of yourselves, and I am very desirous of knowing more particularly how things are going on, as to health, and events, and intentions. As the summer advances, I wish to ascertain more exactly such circumstances as must affect my own plans, and your arrangements are among the most important. At present I am very busy in superintending some work still going on at Hailes, and I foresee that I shall scarcely be at liberty to go to England so soon as I once talked of—not, I imagine, till near the end of August.

Horner, I understand, is certainly coming down to Scotland. I am sorry to hear that his health is still very indifferent. He wears himself out by the variety of his occupations, and the intenseness with which he applies to them all.

Perhaps you have read Dugald Stewart's Preliminary Dissertation to the New Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. If not I would strongly recommend it to your notice, as I am at present perusing it with great delight, and

¹ Her favourite art, 'music.'

² Susan Euphemia, second daughter and co-heir of William Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, Wilts, married Alexander, Marquis of Douglas, 1810, who succeeded his father as 10th Duke of Hamilton in 1819.

I am sure the subjects it treats of are quite to your taste. His remarks on the principles and productions of those who revived the moral sciences in Modern Europe are admirable, for acuteness of judgment, liberality of temper, soundness of philosophical taste, and that glowing enthusiasm for the progress of knowledge and of human happiness, which throws such a charm over Stewart's writings, as it did formerly over his lectures.

Did you see Playfair in London? We have heard little of him since he left us, but I observed his name among the list of those who had passed through Dover, and I suppose he is by this time examining the curiosities of the Jardin des Plantes, and discussing mathematics with La Place.¹

Yours very affectionately
WEBB SEYMOUR.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh: August 11, 1816.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—We have Dr. Spurzheim here at present.² I breakfasted with him the other morning at Dr. Brown's, and was more pleased with him than I expected. I don't know whether you saw him in London, or attended to his craniological doctrines. Physiognomy was one of the first philosophical subjects that we discussed together; the study of the passions has of late years brought me back to it. Spurzheim is frank and open, a great talker, and very ardent upon his subject, but not dogmatical. He seems to have sound views of the varieties of the human mind, and to have pushed the analysis of its elements to a considerable extent; but his ideas do not seem very accurate, or systematically connected. He is to remain here this winter, and proposes to lecture. I mean to consider his subject with some attention.

Yours very affectionately
W. S.

¹ La Place, Pierre Simon, Marquis de, famous French mathematician and physician, 1749-1827.

² Johann Gaspar Spurzheim, German physician and phrenologist, 1776-1832.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

6 Cleveland Row : October 1, 1816. Tu.

DEAR BROTHER,—I received your letter yesterday. If business is to bring you to London early in November, it would now suit me better to meet you here, than to go into the West of England. In the mean time I should see Hallam, and probably Horner, and some other friends. Horner is to be on Sessions at Taunton on the 14th. and is engaged afterwards to pay a visit at Longleat. I am sorry to hear that he is not well yet, and he speaks with vexation of the prospect of being obliged to submit to a stricter regimen than suits his usual habits for some months to come.

I should like very much to see Huddart's machine,¹ having before heard it spoken of in the same terms of admiration, which you bestow upon it. The other day I walked to look at the new Vauxhall Bridge. It makes a fine appearance from a distance, but the railing, and all the details of the work, are in a style far too plain, I may say too mean, for a structure so grand and in so grand a situation. I have not yet been upon the Strand Bridge,² which I am told is far more worthy of admiration. Canova named it as one of the two finest things he had seen in England.

You mention Brunel³ as a member of the Royal Society Club; that is a name I am not acquainted with. Who is he? and in what line of science? I have heard little of late of what has been doing among men of science in London. I am sorry to see by the papers that poor Howard the chemist, a brother of the Duke of Norfolk, is just dead. It was he who first afforded philosophical evidence to authorise a belief in thunder-storms.

On the 5th. of September Playfair was at Lord Minto's near Geneva, perfectly well, but complaining of the bad

¹ Joseph Huddart, English geographer and naval captain, 1741–1816.

² This was Waterloo Bridge, designed by John Rennie, opened 1817.

³ (?) Mark Isambard Brunel, civil engineer, 1769–1849.

weather, which had interrupted his pursuits in his tour through Switzerland. He intended to cross the Alps by the Simplon road, and has desired his letters to be directed to Florence. The Lansdownes were at Geneva about the end of August; Lady Lansdowne was said to be looking thin, but not complaining of ill health, and in great spirits for any exertion. Some of my friends blame me much for not visiting the continent, and the continent certainly offers many temptations; yet I am loth to break in upon certain plans of occupation I have formed at home, and for a year or two at least I must try to spin a thread at Hailes out of the knowledge I already possess.

Let me hear your plans for the month, when you have come to any decision. I shall most heartily agree in calling it too bad, if we do not meet.

Yours ever affectionately
WEBB SEYMOUR.

From Mr. F. Horner to Lord Webb Seymour.

Holland House: October 1816. Monday Mornng,

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,—It would have been a real pleasure to me to have seen you, because I hear you are better than when I saw you last, and I should be glad to carry abroad with me your mended looks. But as I lie under an interdict not to converse, it would be giving you a very unfair degree of trouble to bring you so far for that purpose. If Leonard¹ sees you to-day, he will tell you in detail what Dr. Baillie thinks of my case; which is upon the whole an encouraging view of it, because it seems to imply, that by perseverance in my present system of precautions I may consider the recovery of my former health as within my own power.

Ever my dear Seymour,
Affectionately yours
FRA. HORNER.

¹ Leonard Horner, his brother.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duchess.

6 Cleveland Row : October 24, 1816. Wedn. Ev.

MY DEAR SISTER,—As I have not heard from you, I direct still to Bradley. Horner set out on Sunday, and was to reach Dover on Monday evening. On Tuesday he had a very favourable day for crossing, if we might judge of the wind and weather at Dover from what they were here. He appeared better upon the whole at the end of the week he spent at Holland House, notwithstanding the exertions necessarily attending the preparation for a long absence.

On Tuesday I dined with Sir Henry Englefield,¹ and met Hallam, and we had a great deal of chat about antiquities, and the fine arts, and his book on the Isle of Wight. He is a most entertaining companion, to my taste, and one of the best talking libraries I know.

To-day I have been dining at the Royal Society Club, and met Mr. Hatchett, whom I had not seen before for some years. I learnt that Sir Humphrey and Lady Davy are at Bath, on account of her health, which is very indifferent.

When am I to have the pleasure of seeing you? You have a long journey to make first. However, I shall wait with patience, for I find a great deal to amuse me in Town.

Our weather is very changeable; fair and cold one day, warm and wet the next. It seems now certain that we shall have a scarcity this winter, and I fear there will be disorders in the country from the low wages and want of work at the same time.

Lord Selkirk has just published a pamphlet upon the fur trade in North America. It gives a very interesting account of the progress of the various commercial adventurers in that line, and contains some striking anecdotes of the atrocities to which they have been led by jealousy of each other. Tell the Duke I would advise him to read it. I send a copy by Mr. Kinsey.

Yours very affectionately

W. S.

¹ Sir Henry Charles Englefield, English antiquary and astronomer, 1752-1822.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

6 Cleveland Row : Frid., Nov. 1, 1816.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am glad you have read Lord Selkirk's pamphlet. The facts he mentions are so circumstantially narrated that I must believe them to be true for the most part, even allowing for the additions or misrepresentations, which enmity to the North-west Company may have led his informers to make. I approve much too of the temperate manner in which his charges are brought forward, considering that his own personal interests have been so materially injured by this same Company. The whole state of things in that quarter appears to require some legislative interference, though it is hard to say what remedy can be applied. How can you apply legal remedies, when you cannot enforce the law you make? Yet if those fur traders are allowed to proceed, they will make their own vices an established part of the character of the growing population.

I am glad to find you are coming to Town so soon. We shall meet at last, however.

Lord Byron's new poem¹ is said to be superior to any thing he has yet written. The part of Waterloo far excels the many previous productions on that theme. He gives characters of Gibbon, and Voltaire, and an elaborate one of Rousseau. There are about sixty stanzas, alluding partly to his own situation in a mysterious style and what would be called raving if written by any one else.

I was at Holland House on Monday. Lord Holland was lying on a sofa, having been troubled with the gout, or something like it, for a fortnight. He asked after you. The last accounts of Horner were from the other side of Abbeville. He was to reach Paris on Friday, or Saturday, and to leave it again on Tuesday upon his road to Lyons. During the first part of his journey he had suffered from

¹ *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, canto iii.

the cold weather, but had not grown materially worse. He is certainly in a situation to make us all anxious about him.

Yours very affectionately

WEBB SEYMOUR.

From Lord Holland to the Duke of Somerset.

Holland House : Novr. 2, 1816.

MY DEAR LORD,—You were very good to think of us.

Horner was with us a week—The accounts of him from Edinburgh & the opinions of the Scotch physicians had alarmed & distressed us much.

He left England with an intention of going to Pisa ; we heard from him at Paris & he wavered, from accounts he had heard there between Rome, Naples & Pisa—he has the comfort of a very affectionate, attentive & intelligent brother for a travelling companion & if Bayley¹ is right & there is no real mischief yet taken place, has I trust & hope a fair prospect of recovery—I am persuaded there is no Man in whose welfare & recovery so many persons are so reasonably & so sincerely interested.

Your brother called here a few days ago & seemed well, even though between him & Playfair there are

Οὐρεά τε σκίοντα θάλασσά τε ἤχησσα.²

I am happy to hear that the ultimatum of His Edinburgh Colleagues will not prevent that Elder Pliny from visiting Vesuvius—The Cowpers, Percy & Lansdownes are all at Milan at the same time & all, at least all the ladies, seem delighted at their journey—Grey & his family are very happy at Ly. Louisa's marriage. Pray remember me to the Duchess. I am infinitely obliged to her for her kind Inquiries—Lady H desires her best compts &

I am Dear Duke ever truly

Yrs

VASSALL HOLLAND.³

¹ Dr. Matthew Baillie, 1761–1823, Court physician, brother of Joanna Baillie.

² 'Shady mountains and the sounding sea.'

³ Henry Richard Vassall Fox, 3rd Lord Holland, 1773–1840.

Byron's additional stanzas to Childe Harold are said to excel all his former poems—Two on the death of poor Howard (which I have seen) are full of feeling & poetry.

From Lord Holland to the Duke of Somerset.

Brighton : 20th Novr. 1816.

MY DEAR LORD,—We have had letters from Horner dated 6th. Novr., Lyons—he proposed passing Mont Cenis & deciding at Bologna whether to winter at Pisa or at Rome for Ward & others have made him waver on this subject very improvidently—first because a state of suspense is harassing to a valetudinarian & 2dly because Rome in the judgement of many Medical men is one of the climates in Italy least beneficial to consumptive persons—he has travelled hitherto without fatigue or cold & with no change of symptoms.¹ The Prince is expected soon—Mrs. Fitzherbert & Sir Francis Burdett are already here, whether to receive him or not I can't say—the latter, I hear, disapproves of Hunt, the meeting & the petition.

Pray present my best compliments to the Duchess & believe me

truly yrs.

VASSALL HOLLAND.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

6 Cleveland Row : Nov. 9, 1816. Sat,

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I will say nothing about maps of the Lowlands, till I see you, because I conceive my information could be of no use to you at Bradley. Have you the little old book, which gives an account of the Protector's march into Scotland? It sells, I believe, at an enormous price. It has amused me sometimes, as a mark of the change in the relations of the two countries, to think that two places in which I have passed some of my happiest days

¹ Francis Horner died at Pisa, February 1817. His statue, by Sir Francis Chantrey, is in Westminster Abbey. See *Memoirs of Francis Horner*, vol. ii. p. 440.

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in Scotland, were both destroyed by my ancestor, Minto and Dunglas. There is now a villa upon the ground, where the Protector encamped the night before the battle of Pinkie, which I looked over within these two years, having some thoughts of taking it.

I must go and dress, in order to dine with Abercromby.

Ever yours affectionately

W. S.

CHAPTER VII

1817

(Death of Mr. Horner.)—Hon. J. Abercromby to Lord Webb, February 1817—Mr. Leonard Horner to the Duke, August 18, and September 1—Mr. Playfair to Lord Webb, April 10—Lord Auckland to the Duchess, August 1—Lord Webb, December 2—(Death of Princess Charlotte.)—Mr. Paul to the Duke (concerning an old book of the Protector Somerset).

THERE are only a few letters of 1817, and none of any political interest. According to Miss Martineau, this year 'has left not the slightest trace of public good. . . .

'From this year we may date the retrogression of the cause of Parliamentary reform, which continued to go back, or stand still, as long as the middle classes were afraid of its agitation. . . .

'The rash movements of the operative classes in 1816,—their violent declamations, their tumultuous meetings, proceeded in most cases from an ignorant but honest spirit. They had been taught, as some demagogues still continue to teach, that all the evils of civilisation are political evils. A few scoundrels, a few spies, and a few zealots of the operative class, placed the weapon of alarm in the hands the Government of 1817; and what was more, laid the foundation for those miserable conflicts and mutual suspicions, on the part of the capitalists and the labourers, which are still amongst the most serious obstacles to all large mitigations of the inequalities of society, however we may all be improved in the common wish for Christian brotherhood.'¹

As the first letter in this chapter announces the death of Mr. Francis Horner, M.P., it will be interesting to quote some remarks on his life and character by the same authoress.

¹ *The History of England during the Peace*, by Harriet Martineau. Vol. i. p. 152.

‘There was one who then chiefly dedicated himself to the neglected walk of political economy. Francis Horner had won a high reputation by the unremitting assertion of large principles which indolence and prejudice had shrunk from examining. More than any man he had gone to the root of financial difficulties. His opinions were to be adopted when he lived not to expound them—others were to carry them into practice. It is something to be an earnest thinker in an age of debaters. His are labours that have more endurance than mere party-eminence. In the same ranks are a few other labourers “for all time.”’¹

From the Hon^{ble} J. Abercromby to Lord Webb Seymour.

Feb (?), 1817.

MY Dⁿ SEYMOUR,—I am sure that you will be grieved to hear that accounts have been received this day of the death of poor Horner at Pisa, on the 8th of this month.

On the 6th he was unwell. On the 7th he was better, and took an airing in his carriage. In the course of that night the breathing was much oppressed; and at 7 in the morning of the 8th his Physician was called in, and stimulants of different sorts were in vain applied, and at half past 4 on that day he expired—without, I trust, having suffered much.

Pray communicate the painful intelligence to the Duke, to whom I would have written, if I had not thought it better to request you to undertake that painful office.

Y^{rs} ever,

J. A.²

Mr. Francis Horner was the eldest son of Mr. John Horner, a merchant of Edinburgh, and of Joanna Baillie. He was born August 12, 1778, and died in 1817. His monu-

¹ *History of England during the Peace*, by Harriet Martineau. Vol. i. p. 13.

² James Abercromby (third son of Sir Ralph Abercromby), born 1776 died 1858. In 1835 he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons; resigned this office 1839, and was raised to the peerage as Lord Dunfermline the same year.

every advantage in making the bust, I have desired it to be sent up from Edinburgh. You will probably therefore wish to see the two pictures, before any copy is taken.

I hope you have had a good account from Lord Webb lately, of himself; he looked very ill when he first came to Edin^r, but had improved in appearance before I left it.

M^{rs} Horner desires to unite with me in kind regards to the Dutchess of Somerset and to your Grace.

I have the honour to be, my Dear Lord,

Your very faithful ser^t,

LEONARD HORNER.

From Mr. Leonard Horner to the Duke of Somerset.

38 Great Ormond Street, London: 1st Sep^r, 1817.

MY DEAR LORD,—I have had the honor to receive your Grace's letter of the 25th.

All my late brother's papers are at Edinburgh, and as soon as I return there, I shall send the Dutchess of Somerset's letters and those of your Grace which seem to relate to private business. I feel greatly obliged for your permission to retain the rest.

I don't know whether I mentioned in my last letter Whishaw's¹ intention of drawing up some biographical account of my brother. He has been urged to do this by several of my brother's friends, and has so far consented, that he has requested me to collect as many materials as I can. The chief sources of information will lie in his correspondence, and if your Grace will have the kindness to send me such of his letters as you would have no objection to my taking a copy of, I should return them with great care. Of course all use that would be made of these letters, or of those of your Grace to him, would be subject to your Grace's directions, before they were inserted in any work intended for publication.

¹ John Whishaw, 1764?–1840. See Memoir of him by W. P. Courtney, prefixed to *The 'Pope' of Holland House; Selections from the Correspondence of John Whishaw and his Friends*, 1813–1840. Edited and Annotated by Lady Seymour, 1906.

Our stay in London will now be very short. We intended to pass a day or two at Bowood on our return to Scotland, but I shall now unfortunately be obliged to tell Lord and Lady Lansdowne that we are unable to avail ourselves of their kind invitation, for M^{rs} Horner's father died yesterday; and although she has been long prepared for this event, she will not have spirits to go into Society for some time. We are very sensible of the kindness of your Grace and of the Dutchess, in wishing us to visit you at Bradley House, which we regret very much that we are unable to do. She unites with me in kind regards.

I am, My Dear Lord,
Your Grace's faithful ser^t,
LEONARD HORNER.

Mr. Leonard Horner wrote the Life of his brother, but it was not published till 1843.

From Mr. Playfair to Lord Webb Seymour.

Naples: 10th. April, 1817.

MY DEAR LORD WEBB,—Your letter concludes with enjoining me not to return without seeing Vesuvius, and you will perhaps admit that I have tolerably well complied with this injunction when I tell you that I have been three times on the top of the mountain, three times on Somma and in the Atrio del Cavallo, and three or four times on other parts of the Volcano; that I have crossed a stream of flowing Lava and have even been carried down by it for a few feet. This last will appear a little miraculous, but a stream of Lava will continue to run with a sensible velocity when the heat at its surface is so moderate that on the windward side you can stand on it for a long time without feeling any inconvenience.

The whole phenomena of Vesuvius are striking in the highest degree. The incredible desolation and deep gloom that the vast fields of black and rugged Lava (which entirely cover the summit and are scattered with great profusion over the sides and down to the roots of the mountain)

communicate to the landscape, have something in them sublime that contrasts singularly with the gaiety and beauty of all the more remote objects. When you consider more closely the Lava and the explosions which from time to time are thrown up with great force (in the present state of the Volcano) you are struck with the circumstance, that all this heat, light and incandescence is unaccompanied by flame, by combustion, or any appearance of an inflammable substance except the thin coats of Sulphur which are deposited in no great abundance at the mouths from which the hot vapour issues. This consideration forces itself constantly upon the mind and it was long before the surprise which it occasioned ceased to recur to the imagination. The Volcanic fire seems to be fed by no means of which we have any example on the surface ; the fact that bears most nearly upon it is one of which I have heard but a very imperfect account, the ignition of a wire of Platina by heated Ether, an experiment that has been lately made by Sir H. Davy. My delight in the study of Somma was even greater than in that of Vesuvius. It is a Volcanic Mountain of which one half has been blown away, and left of course the structure of the other half completely exposed. All I can say to you at present is that this half clearly shews itself to be formed of eruptions of Lava that have flowed out in succession and hardened one over another. But the great wonder of all is that these beds are intrenched by a vast multitude of perpendicular and powerful Dykes of a similar Lava, which extend from the bottom to the top, preserving a very uniform breadth and of a very compact structure. Sir James Hall was very anxious to have these perpendicular dykes examined with a view of discovering whether they contain at the bottom, any calcareous spar. I have tried to find such spar as much as I could, but have never succeeded, nor found an efflorescence in any instance. Sir James took the trouble to write me on this subject and I beg you will inform him of the result of my enquiries, which however, as it is difficult to ascertain a negative fact, are not to be reckoned quite conclusive.

Mo. Vesuvius is among the least of the Volcanos; the influence of Volcanic Action in this country is extensive above all conception. The sub-soil of the whole of the Campania from the Levis on the west, to the foot of the Appennines on the North and East is a Volcanic Tufa, so charged with pieces of Lava, *Ceneri* and *Lapilli* of Pumica as to leave no doubt of its origin. This soil is of extreme fertility; the lower part of it is often a tolerably well consolidated stone that answers well for building but is yet so soft as to be readily cut down by the torrents, and in conjunction with the rich vegetation of this climate, to produce the most picturesque and romantic scenery.

I am now on the point of taking leave of this Elisium, for such as far as respects its Physical constitution, it may well be called. For its Moral, I refer you to Goldsmith's lines in the Traveller, on the subject of Italy. Tho' I have been so much pleased I have not had the good fortune to see the Spring of this Country in its full energy. The season has been backward; March was very cold; the snow lay on the top of Vesuvius till it was melted by the heat of the Volcano itself. Compared with our climate however things are in great forwardness. We have had green pease for these two months; the oranges are quite ripe and the groves of Orange-trees have a beauty that cannot be described.

The pleasure which I have enjoyed in this Tour and shared with many of my countrymen has been sadly overcast by the melancholy event of which you have long since heard, the Death of Horner. What an irreparable loss to his Friends, his country and to mankind! To be cut off in the beginning of a career that opened so fairly and promised so much for his own glory and the benefit of mankind! one loses the sense of his own misfortune in the reflections on the general calamity. To us here the event was as unexpected as it could be to you. Our accounts did not say that he was better, but it appeared at least that he had not lost during the winter, and something might be hoped from the Spring. But Alas, his constitution was undermined more than appeared, and whether he has been

deprived of the happiness of assisting in the salvation of his country, or spared the misery of weeping over its dying Liberty and departed greatness is a question that time perhaps may but too speedily resolve.

The weather this Spring for this climate is extraordinarily severe. Would you believe that on this morning of the 12th of April, the snow lies on Vesuvius so low down as to be within the vineyards, that is to be within less than 800 feet of the level of the Sea! I intended to have gone to Ischia to-day but must wait for better weather. I am however to leave this for Rome in the course of the week, and hope in about a month to be on your side of the Alps. Lord Minto who has been here for two months is gone on to Rome. Lady Minto and her daughters are at Florence. Meeting so much with that family as I have done on my tour has been one of its principal '*Agréments*.' Indeed the society of English at Rome and here has been very delightful. Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Jersey, Cowper, &c. made such a group of agreeable people as are hardly to be met with anywhere. Elmsley is here, he is going to Greece: the Sothebys are here also, and if I had room to name a club that we formed at Rome (tho' for a very short time) even the club at Fortune's might consider it as a rival or a Brother.

I am, Dear Lord Webb

Yours with the most true esteem

JOHN PLAYFAIR.

The following lines from Goldsmith's '*The Traveller*' are perhaps those to which Mr. Playfair alludes:—

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign :
 Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain
 Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
 And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.

From Lord Auckland to the Duchess.

Eden Farm : Aug. 1, 1817.

DEAR DUCHESS,—Many thanks for your letter, though it does not give a very flourishing description of the country which you are visiting. Since I saw you I have been living a great deal at home, and paying a few visits at Dropmore and in the neighbourhood—and next week I am going to Paris from whence I mean to go on to Orleans and down the Loire and return to England in the middle of September, and in the ensuing month to go to Bowood and into the West when I shall hope to see you. I was in London yesterday—It is an absolute desert, but I found Lord Lansdowne there who had been called up upon some private business. Lady Castlereagh's is a new way of keeping a husband in order. I should not have thought that she required the assistance of her mastiff—I fancy his hand is dreadfully torn, but if the worst to be apprehended is a lockjaw the House of Commons will not regret it.

God bless you.

Ever and very truly yours

AUCKLAND.¹

Lord Dudley writes in February 1810 : ' Castlereagh has astonished all the world by his speech the other night. I am glad he succeeded, for, though an abominable Minister, he is an excellent man and a perfect gentleman.'²

¹ George, 2nd Baron Auckland, born 1784–1849. Governor-General of India 1836–1841. Created Baron Eden, of Norwood in Surrey, and Earl of Auckland in December 1839 ; subsequently he became First Lord of the Admiralty. He died unmarried.

² *Letters to Ivy*, by the 1st Earl of Dudley, p. 91.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duchess.

Edinburgh. Decr. 2. 1817. Tu.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I went to Hamilton on Saturday sennight, and remained there till Thursday. The Dunmores were to return to Glenfinart at the beginning of this week, and meant to go from Glasgow by a steam-boat. There are now no less than fourteen steam-boats upon the Clyde. In summer one of them leaves Glasgow for Inverary on Saturday, remains off there Sunday to gratify all the pleasuring folks with a view of the place, and returns to Glasgow with them on Monday. If you will take the trouble to look at the map, you will see what a long voyage she has to make ; but along the whole of the circuitous route, there is a coast abounding in picturesque objects and fine mountains in the distance. The scheme answers so well, that, I am told, the crowd she brings to Inverary renders it difficult to procure a bed there at the time, or anything to eat.

I have seen the two pictures of Horner that you speak of. I join Lord Lansdowne in preferring the picture that belongs to Lord Kinnaird. The other does not shew enough of the features ; it is a grand tragic shadow. I prefer the countenance in a milder mood, and more minutely delineated.

Though the Courier has said enough to make one sick of sorrow, I must say a few words about the poor Princess Charlotte. Charlotte and Leopold together promised to make us such an excellent sovereign ! A lady of my acquaintance said the other day, that if the national voice was to determine the line of succession, Leopold would be our sovereign still. It is melancholy to think that she was mismanaged, and that she was so, I have heard from authority which leaves no doubt.

I shall direct this to Bradley, because I learnt from Lady Dunmore that your stay at Berry was to be very short. Tell me how you do. Where are all the Children,

and how are they? My love to them. I long to hear how Seymour looks upon his first return from Eton.

Yours very affectionately

W. S.

The Princess Charlotte died November 6, 1817.

'Amongst the fears that accompanied the death of the Princess Charlotte was the apprehension that "a barren sceptre" might pass through the hands of the illustrious family that freed these realms from a despotic sway. That apprehension was dissipated by the subsequent marriages of the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, and Cambridge. It is a remarkable example of the variety of human fears, that the people who wept, as a people without hope, for the bereavement of Charlotte Augusta, should have realised through her premature death, precisely such a female reign, of just and mild government, of domestic virtues, of generous sympathy with popular rights, of bold and liberal encouragement of sound improvements, as they had associated with her career—perhaps more than they had thought, in that season of disquiet, could ever be realised in a few coming years.'¹

From Mr. Paul to the Duke of Somerset.

Finedon Vicarage, Wellingborough: Dec^r, 30, 1817.

MY LORD,—My Father in Law, Sir English Dolben, having a handsome copy of that scarce and interesting Book, written by Your Grace's venerable and rever'd Ancestor, the Great Lord Protector Somerset, desires me in his name, who from circumstances can not conveniently write, to offer it to Your Grace, as a small token of the high respect he feels for Your character.

The Book is entitl'd, 'A Spiritual Pearl,'² written, as

¹ *The History of England during the Peace*, by Harriet Martineau. Vol. i. p. 151.

² I have been unable to ascertain what has become of this book (G. Ramsden).

The full title is 'A Spirituall and most precyouse Pearle teachyng

You no doubt know, during the Protector's unmerited confinement, previously to his infamous murder.

Should Your Grace wish to possess this Book, You will do me the honour to let me know where I shall send it. It is in black letter, and very good condition—printed by Gwalter Lynne, in y^e year 1550.

Sir English wishes me to add, that had Protector Somerset had power to save her, the miserable mistaken Joan Boucher w^d never have been murder'd in the flames, tho' the otherwise great and good Cranmer could even compel her murder, agst the Christian remonstrances of the incomparable Edward the Sixth.

With Sir English's and my own best respects, I have the honor to be, My Lord,

Your Grace's faithful Servant,
S. W. PAUL.

According to Mr. Froude's 'History of England':

'In May (1550), Joan Bocher, a Kentish woman, who had been left in prison by Somerset's heresy commission, had been sent to the stake. She was a pious worthy woman it appears, a friend of Anne Askew, who had died the same death a few years previously. Her crime was an erroneous opinion on the nature of the incarnation; and, inasmuch as the statute for the punishment of heresy by death had been formally repealed, the authorities were obliged to fall back upon the traditions of the common law—much as if a judge in these days was to order a man to be hanged for sheep-stealing, notwithstanding the alteration of the law, because hanging was the ancient traditionary treatment to

all men to love and embrace the Crosse. Sett forth by the Duke hys Grace of Somerset, as appeareth by hys Epistle set before the same.' London for Gwalter Lynne. 1550.

This volume was translated from the German of Otho Wermylhierus by Miles Coverdale. The Protector saw it in MS. during his confinement in the Tower and it afforded him so much comfort in his misfortunes that on his release he caused it to be printed. (*Lowndes' Bibliographer's Manual*).

The Protector was twice imprisoned (1550 and 1552) and the book was printed in the interval between his release and his subsequent imprisonment and execution.

which sheep-stealers were liable. Ridley reasoned with Joan the day before her execution : " it was not long ago," she said, " since you burnt Anne Askew for a piece of bread, yet came yourselves to believe the doctrines for which you burnt her ; and now you will burn me for a piece of flesh, and in the end you will believe this also." She would not recant, and so she died, being one of the very few victims of the ancient hatred of heresy with which the Reformed Church of England has to charge itself.'

In a note Mr. Froude remarks :

'The panegyrists of Edward VI. have described his pathetic agony at signing the death warrant' [of Joan Bocher]. 'The entry in his Journal on the subject shows no particular emotion. . . . "Joan Bocher, otherwise called Joan of Kent, was burnt for holding that Christ was not incarnate of the Virgin Mary, being condemned the year before, but kept in hope of conversion—the 30th April the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Ely were to persuade her, but she withstood them, and reviled the preacher that preached at her death."' (Edward's Journal : Burnet's 'Collectanea,' page 208.)¹

It may perhaps be doubted however whether Edward VI. was free to express his real feelings in the Journal, for even the death of his uncle is baldly recorded in these words : 'The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off upon Tower Hill between 8 & 9 o'clock in the morning.' (Edward's Journal, page 59.)

¹ Froude's History, chap. xxvii.

CHAPTER VIII

1818

Lord Webb to the Duke, January 1—Sir William Scott to the Duchess, January 17—Lord Webb to the Duke, January 22—Lord Lansdowne to the Duke, January 24—Sir William Scott to the Duchess, January 31—The Duke to Lord Webb, February 9—Lord Webb to the Duke, March 2—Mr. Hallam to Lord Webb, March 5—Lord Webb to the Duchess, March 15—Lord Webb to the Duke, April 9—The Duke to Lord Webb, April 19—Lord Webb to the Duchess, April 25—Lord Webb to the Duke, May 13—Sir William Scott to the Duchess, July 16—Lord Webb to the Duchess, July 27 and August 16—Sir William Scott to the Duchess, September 4 and November 1, and again at the end of November—Mr. Hallam to Lord Webb, November 21 and December 23—Lord Webb to the Duke, December 6.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh: Jany. 1. 1818. Th.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—A happy new year to you ! But where are you ? At Bradley, or in Park Lane ? It is long since I have heard anything about you, and it is very much my own fault, as a letter of yours has lain long by me unanswered. On the other hand Charlotte has been a good while in my debt.

Seymour is of course come home for the holidays ; what difference has Eton made upon him ? I will fancy you all in Park Lane, and that you have taken the children to see Harlequin Gulliver, and that all were delighted, and that papa laughed as loud as any of the party.

If you are in London, I wish you saw Capt. Basil Hall,¹ of the navy, who commanded the *Lyra* in Lord Amherst's expedition. He is the second son of Sir James Hall, and a man who is rising fast in his profession. You have

¹ Captain Basil Hall, 1788-1844.

probably seen the advertisement of a book he is just going to publish, containing an account of a voyage of discovery, which the ships made in the Yellow Sea, after having landed Lord Amherst. I imagine it will be entertaining, for his letters and conversation are so, and the subject is new and curious. He has seen a great deal of the world, and Charlotte might be glad to meet with another intelligent person, who has travelled over Java. I would give him a line of introduction to you, were I sure that you were in London, and were not he expected in Scotland in the course of this month. However, should this find you in Town you may easily fall in with him, as he is much among scientific people, and very likely to be at Sir Joseph's, or the Royal Society Club, &c.

In your last letter, which I see is dated so long ago as October 25th. you asked me how Sir James Hall was. He is better than I remember to have seen him for some years past. He is still liable to attacks of his disorder, but they have of late been more gentle, and less frequent, than formerly; and, though the failure of memory is evident, his mind is in general less confused, except immediately after an attack. Upon some of his favourite scientific topics, he shews the same ardour, and nearly the same powers, of mind that he used to do.

I hear that Mackintosh is appointed Professor of Law at the East India College.¹ To himself the salary must be convenient, and the situation comfortable in being so near London, and affording him the society of Malthus, and one or two other members of the College. If he would really give his mind to a course of instruction adapted to prepare his pupils for the administration of justice in India, I imagine he might render most essential service to this country, as well as that,—from his knowledge of the nations of the East,—from his acquirements as a lawyer, and his practice as a judge at Bombay—and from the enlightened views, which must qualify him to judge how far the high notions of justice and the legal maxims, which prevail among

¹ Sir James Mackintosh, historian, and political writer, 1765–1832.

ourselves, may be intermingled with laws and moral feelings so different as those of the people of Hindoostan. But I fear he will be too idle to dwell on such difficult topics, and his history must at all events be for some time a serious impediment. Some people, who look to his history as his great work, fear it will suffer from his new appointment.

In the new number of the *Edinburgh Review* you will find an article upon Colebrooke's translation of the *Lilla Vati* by Playfair. I have not yet read it, but have heard Playfair speak with strong interest of the singular curiosity of the work. I shall be glad to hear your remarks upon it.

I am better than I was a month ago, but what share of my improvement is due to the nitro-muriatic acid, I cannot pretend to say. I am continuing the application, and shall be able to judge of its effect by and bye. In the evening I hardly ever venture out; and I have found much amusement lately in reading Voltaire's *Histoire Générale*. There is something in his style, which forbids one to suppose that he would incur the labour, where that alone was wanting, to be always accurate; yet his sagacious judgment, biassed as it is by his prejudices, and his comprehensive views, and the matter he has selected for philosophical reflection, set one's own mind at work delightfully. With most historians you crawl along the path of political events in a single country; Voltaire is one of the few, who takes you up into a winged chariot, and by rapid transitions affords you an extended survey over a large surface of the earth, the foreign relations of its different inhabitants, their arts, laws, manners, and religion, and the changes they have undergone.

My love to Charlotte and to the children.

Yours affectionately

W. S.

From Sir William Scott to the Duchess of Somerset.

Jany. 17, 1818.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I received with great Pleasure your Grace's favor, which by the Style & Spirit of It convinced me that the Repose of a Country Life had compleatly restored you to Health & Vivacity. I hope the Smoke & Tumult & late Hours of London will not undo what has been so happily perfected. . . .

I have passed a few days in the Country during the Christmas with my daughter and she is now with me in Grafton Street, in the House where my late Wife and I lived, before we removed to Cleveland Row. That House belongs to the Marquis of Sligo and is to be sold. It is a very beautiful House, but so heavy in point of Expence that the Offers for it have not been numerous. The House I live in is a very good House comprehending a Part of Mrs. Howe's, which I have taken in. I am as yet but imperfectly settled in it, having had much to do in the way of repairing & altering & fitting up ; but I think it will be commodious & will answer all Purposes of mine much to my Satisfaction. It belongs to me for Life, as well as that of Mrs. Howe's.

The Law seems to be in a very tottering & declining State ; Ld. Ellenborough¹ is certainly very much out of Health & Spirits ; Sir Vicary² not much better ; and neither of them likely long to retain their Situations. In answer to your obliging Inquiries about my own Health, I have the Satisfaction to tell your Grace, that It is very good at present—I have no thoughts of following the Master of the Rolls's Example, I assure you.

No Publick News in Town—We marvell (all of Us) not a little at the Elevation of Sir Wm. Knighton³ the Accoucher to the Office of Auditor of the Dutchy of Cornwall.

¹ Edward Law, first Lord Ellenborough, English Lord Chief Justice, 1748–1818.

² Sir Vicary Gibbs, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1752–1820.

³ Sir William Knighton, 1776–1836. Physician to the Prince Regent.

It is not understood that He means to retire from the Performance of his former good Offices to the Sex. I dined yesterday at Genl Grenville's to meet the Duke of York ; but He had sprained his Leg in such a manner as is likely to give Him a Month's Confinement.

Pray tell my young Naturalist¹ that I have been again at Exeter Change to see 3 fine young Lion-Cubs, born there about 3 weeks ago—and likewise an Ourang Outang—the one mentioned by McLeod in His *Voyage of the Alceste*. If you have not read His book let me recommend it to your Perusal ; It is in high request here. I have likewise been to see a beautiful Water Serpent taken in one of the American Lakes.

I am My dear Madam, with the best Wishes
Your Grace's faithful friend & Sv't
W SCOTT.²

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke of Somerset.

Edinburgh. Jan 22. 1818.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—If you go to London soon, you will of course see Sir Joseph,³ and then I hope you will talk to him about these voyages of discovery in the Polar Regions. It is reported here that Scoresby, who has turned his thoughts to the subject for many years, was dismissed by the Admiralty, on account of some dispute about terms. It would surely have been better to have employed him, who had spent so many summers on the coast of Spitzbergen, than any officers on our Navy List ; for though it may be possible to select some, who have been one or two voyages to those seas, they cannot have that peculiar knowledge of all circumstances and situations, and that degree of resource in all difficulties, which a Greenland whale-fisher acquires among the islands and continents of ice, and under the varying aspects of so singular a climate.

¹ Lord Seymour.

² Sir William Scott, 1745–1836. Judge of the Admiralty Court 1791. He was made Baron Stowell in 1821.

³ Sir Joseph Banks, English naturalist and philosopher, 1740–1820. President of the Royal Society.

I have not heard anything of the qualifications of Capt. Buchan, or Lieut. Ross ; I hope, however, that the mere desire to furnish employment to officers of the navy has not countervailed other obvious and more important considerations. The papers say they are to have men on board, who have had experience on those seas ; but what must be the situation of a captain of the navy, who finds himself dependent on the advice of a part of his ship's company !

My love to all around you.

Yours affectionately

W. S.

In 1818 Parliament offered a reward of £5,000 if 110°, 120°, or 130° W. long. should be passed ; one of which payments was made to Sir E. Parry. Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry made an expedition to the Polar Regions in the *Isabella* and *Alexander*. Both were knighted. Captain Buchan and Lieutenant Franklin also made an expedition in the *Dorothea* and *Trent* in this same year 1818.

From Marquess of Lansdowne to the Duke of Somerset.

London : Jany. 24th, 1818.

MY DEAR DUKE,—On arriving in town I have just received your letter. I should be very glad I assure you of a pretence for summoning you to town immediately, but I really believe there will not be much business immediately—whatever may be the inclination of ministers, I cannot bring myself to believe they will propose a renewal of the Suspension act—in favour of which none of the trials have elicited any evidence, in fact they ought to repeal it immediately, but perhaps that would involve too much of self-condemnation to be expected from them. It is clear I think that from the effect they produce in the opinions of the middling classes, which shews itself in the temper manifested by juries, that the Government loses more in moral strength by these acts of rigor, than it gains in any other way.

Some further bank restriction I shall not be surprised

at, as it is certain our Sovereigns are very unwilling to stay at home, in the present state of the circulation—but it can hardly be proposed for some weeks—if I hear of any thing material in the House of Lords on tuesday I will let you know.

Pray remember me most kindly to the Dutchess & believe me

my dear Duke

Yours ever sincerely

LANSDOWNE.

The strange treaty with Spain of which you will see two articles quoted in the M. Chronicle is certainly authentic—& what is curious is that the 400,000 with which we are to bribe Spain to abolish the Slave trade, *happens* to be the exact sum she has engaged to give Russia for the ships with which she is to prosecute the S. American war.

With reference to ‘the Suspension Act,’ according to Miss Martineau :

‘A bill had been brought into the Lords, entitled “A bill for Indemnifying Persons who, since the 26th Jan. 1817, had acted in apprehending, imprisoning, or detaining in custody, persons suspected of high treason or treasonable practices, and in the suppression of tumultuous and unlawful assemblies. . . .”

‘The task of supporting the measure was chiefly sustained by Lord Liverpool and the Lord Chancellor; the principal speakers on the other side were the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord Erskine, and Lord Holland. A long and strong protest was entered on the Journals by these three and seven other peers; in which it was argued, that there had manifestly been no widely-spread traitorous conspiracy, nor even any extensive disaffection to the Government; that tranquillity might have been equally restored by a vigorous execution of the ordinary laws; that the only legal effect of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus being that it suspends the deliverance of the accused, Ministers were not entitled to a general indemnity for all the arrests that had been issued upon mere suspicion, or expectation

of evidence which was never produced, and for all the numerous and long imprisonments that had followed, until an open and impartial investigation should have taken place ; that, from the mistaken principles of the bill, illegal proceedings were equally protected by it, whether they had been meritorious or malicious ; and that it was not the occasional resort to secret and impure sources of evidence in cases of clear necessity, but the systematic encouragement of that manner of proceeding, that was sanctioned by such a bill as the present. In the Commons, the first reading of the bill was carried on the 9th of March by a majority of 190 to 64 ; the second reading, on the 10th, by 89 to 24 ; the committal, on the 11th, by 238 to 65 ; the third reading, on the 13th, by 82 to 23. . . . The discussion throughout had been conducted in a tone of considerable asperity, rising at times to passionate vehemence.’¹

With reference to the Treaty with Spain, we read in the same history :

‘On the subject of the Slave Trade acts were passed for carrying into effect a treaty with Spain, and a convention with Portugal. The Spanish treaty . . . went the full length of declaring the traffic in slaves illegal, from the 30th May, 1820, throughout the entire dominions of his Catholic Majesty, and of recognising the right of search on the part of the two contracting powers, to be exercised by vessels of war, provided with special instructions for that purpose. It was stipulated that the sum of £400,000 should be paid by Great Britain to Spain, in compensation for losses sustained by the subjects of his Catholic Majesty engaged in the traffic.’²

From Sir William Scott to the Duchess of Somerset.

Grafton Street : Jan. 31, 1818.

MY DEAR MADAM,—A thousand thanks to your Grace for your own Letter and Lady Charlotte’s likewise. Have the goodness to hand Her the answer I have ventured to

¹ *The History of England* by Harriet Martineau, vol. i. p. 185 and p. 196.

² *Ibid.*

return to her favour. Pray tell Her I value it as I ought.

I don't observe that you talk of coming to Town, which begins now to fill pretty fast—We are already in Battle Array in Parliament, and I think that from the Temper shown in a few preliminary Skirmishes, We are likely enough to have a lively Campaign. I take these Matters pretty quietly myself, and though I belong to a Party which has not the Honour of numbering you as one of Its Patronesses yet I know too many of Both Parties not to have a very sincere Regard & Respect for Both in the Persons of many Individuals. I therefore am not apt to have my Passions much disturbed with political frays, though I hope not insensible to the Interests of my Country.

Publick News We have none of any great Importance. Our gracious Queen is reported to be ill, but not I believe dangerously. Poor L. Abercorn (your Relative I presume) is gone, and Old G Rose preceded him by a few days. Miss Carron (a Connection of mine whom I rather suppose you know) is come home to marry Capt. Waldegrave. Lady Wm Bentinck brought her from Paris, where the Matter was settled.

I am My dear Madam
very faithfully Yours
WM. SCOTT.

From The Duke of Somerset to Lord Webb Seymour.

Park Lane. Feb. 9, 1818.

I saw Sir Joseph last night, and he shewed me a new chart of the seas surrounding the pole. There is something sublime in the aspect of these regions ; and they never fail to fix the attention ; though they have so little that can be called attractive. There are two expeditions going out. One is to push through Davis's Straits, against the current which has been found to flow out of them ; and this party is to make , if possible, to Behring's Straits on the opposite e Continent of America. The other

expedition is bound for the furthest recess of that bay, which is formed, on one side, by the eastern coast of Greenland, and on the other by the great northern plain of solid ice. There it is that some great convulsion has taken place, and opened a new field to our researches. The part that has disappeared, consists of two thousand square leagues. This space was, last summer, in a fluid state. The ice, which broke away from it, floated into the temperate zone; and Sir Joseph shewed me a drawing of one piece of (I think) between two and three hundred feet high and very great length, which had been seen in latitude 44° .

The cold, communicated both to the sea and to the atmosphere by these large floating masses, is supposed to have been sensibly felt in this country, and to have spoiled our summer for several years, but more particularly in the last. But of the influence of such causes I need not tell you, who have attended so much to meteorology, and might perhaps, by pushing your enquiries a little further, succeed in giving us a theory of the weather, not (I dare say) complete in all respects, but yet such as to shew that it has laws which remain fixt throughout all its changes.

Sir H. Davy is engaged in something of this kind, and his observations upon the chemistry of the atmosphere naturally lead into this path.

I remain

Yours very affecy,
SOMERSET.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke of Somerset.

Edinburgh. March 2. 1818. Mond.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I thank you for your pedigree of the Bonnells. It explains how our grandfather Mr. Bonnell came to take up his residence at Stanton Harcourt. From the letters between Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, which are published among her correspondence, it appears that Pope lived at Stanton Harcourt perhaps about the year 1720, but I cannot trust my recollection of

the dates. I wish we knew more about the Bonnells, before they came into England. I have heard my mother mention the family tradition that they came originally from Sicily from whence Baron Bonnello emigrated to Florence, to avoid the tyranny of William the Bad. This must have been about the year 1160. She said that having become Protestants at Florence at the time of the Reformation, they fled to England to avoid persecution, and were protected by Elizabeth. What would one not give for their family journal from 1160 to 1559, while Italy, and Florence itself, was so full of event !

It is extremely gratifying to hear Mr. Roberts's account of Seymour's undeviating regard to truth, as this virtue is one of the most important for his respectability in the world, and for the comfort of all around him.

We are much interested here in the two northern voyages of discovery, and I shall be obliged to you for any further particulars concerning them, though I suppose that nearly all that is either known, or projected, has been given to the public by Barrow in the last number of the Quarterly Review. I have not yet read the article, but what I have been told makes me impatient to see it. For my own part I have no great expectations that either expedition will reach the ultimate object of its destination. Though there has been this singular enlargement of the *whale-fisher's bight*, it is not to be hoped that the pole itself is free from ice ; and I imagine that all the ships can accomplish is, to penetrate a degree or two further to the north, than has yet been done, and to ascertain the joint boundary of land and ice in its present state. There is better ground to hope perhaps that Capt. Ross may make his way to Behring's Straits, yet I am disposed to think that we shall only learn the outline of Baffin's Bay, whether land or ice, and of some inlets on the west side of it. However, we always make a progress in knowledge, when we settle doubts, and when we ascertain limits, which bar all hopes of further discovery

Capt.

in the means of furnishing Capt. Ross

with a man, who promises to be of considerable use to him, —an Esquimaux born on the western coast of Greenland, who came to Leith about two years ago with one of the whale ships from Davis's Straits, and has since been employed as a sailor. He has learnt a little English, and may be of value as an interpreter. When Capt. Hall heard of him, he proposed to him to join the expedition ; and as the man was willing, and his employer consented to part with him, he wrote to Mr. Barrow about it, and the matter was arranged immediately. He sailed from London on Tuesday last, to join Capt. Ross. I was very desirous of seeing him, before he went, as the Esquimaux are described as so peculiar a race. The day before he sailed, he exhibited himself in one of the wet docks at Leith, in his canoe, and with his spears, paddle, and other implements, in the fashion of his native country. A duck was turned loose for him to chase, and he shewed us his dexterity in striking it with the spear. Another curious feat was, the turning over himself and his canoe sideways in the water, and coming up on the other side ; his dress and the canoe being so fastened together as to prevent any water from entering the canoe. The man's countenance is acute, and not unpleasant ; his face is broad and flat, and the nose low ; the eyes black and small, and turned up at the outer angle so as to have a singular expression. The lips are thin, and there is a delicacy about the mouth very opposite to the coarseness of that feature in most savages of the warmer climates. The colour of his face is that of a dark brunette, and his hair is black without any curl. His stature is short, but his shoulders broad, and his limbs stout. If Sir Joseph has never seen an Esquimaux, I daresay he will have him to town, and you will probably get a sight of him. What a fine crowd he, and his canoe, and a duck, would draw round the Serpentine River !

I am glad that Sir Humphry Davy is engaged in some investigations about the weather. We must know a great deal more about electricity, heat &c. before we can obtain any just view of the primary laws of the atmospherical

phenomena. But I have long thought that we might obtain a more correct knowledge of the successive changes, and of the corresponding circumstances over different parts of the earth, by a comparative survey of the facts which have been recorded for a century past, and which are now noted every day, with some hypothesis derived from geography, aerostatics, and chemistry, to guide the investigation. The survey should be extensive, and the research must be laborious.

Yours affectionately
W. S.

From Mr. Hallam to Lord Webb Seymour.

Stamp Office : March 5th, 1818.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,—I am glad that you have been reading Voltaire's *Histoire Générale* (if that is its true title) not only because I know that it will furnish you a great deal of entertainment & matter for reflection, but because it may be the cause of your looking at my own work on a similar subject with more satisfaction than you would have done, if your attention had not been already turned the same way. I shall also profit now by your criticisms in consequence of their being the result of previous reflection. You ask whether I think Voltaire accurate as an historian in the '*Essai sur les Mœurs*.' Certainly that is not his proper commendation. He seems to have known very well the history of his own country ; not so that of others. Every chapter relative to England, Italy or Germany will be found to contain misrepresentations, sometimes of a very glaring kind. But his chief merit is that of having struck out a new line in history, by combining the progress of society in arts & manners with political transactions. This has since become so common, as to characterise the whole modern school of historians, but I do not think that many instances of it, if any, occurred before the publication of Voltaire's work. Indeed his entitling it '*Essai sur les mœurs*,' instead of history, implies that such comprehensive views were novel in historical

composition. But however pleasing such illustrations of the whole natural history of the human animal may be to philosophers, I do not think that they are well calculated to convey an elementary knowledge. The mind is distracted by so many collateral ramifications of inquiry, & loses sight of the chain of cause & effect in the midst of continual transitions. These, I think, Voltaire has needlessly multiplied; & yet his chronology, a regard to which is the best apology for them, is frequently confused. The faults you mention, of wrong moral feelings, & of unfair prejudices, apply no doubt to this work, as they do to all the writings of Voltaire. He is, as you say, too lenient to immorality, when the offence is not that of a priest! but I should not add the exception of 'a king,' for he is rather fond of military glory, & indulgent to many royal vices, though not, to do him justice, to any tyranny or excess of rigour. Those useful introductions to modern history have been written since Voltaire; but certainly none with so much brilliancy.

I expect to be at the end of all my own trouble pretty soon. Murray has announced the publication of my book¹ for April, & I think it will not be beyond the close of that month. Upon as impartial a judgment as an author can be supposed to form, I am better satisfied with its appearance than I expected to be. Frequent revisions, have I hope, eradicated most of the defects which it certainly had at one time, some of fact, some of opinion, some of style. In the last respect, particularly, which you know to be of no small importance to the success of any work, I feel tolerably bold. Some far-fetched expressions have been weeded out, though you may probably think that I have spared others; & in general, I hope it will not be found deficient in vigour or perspicuity. What degree of circulation the book may have, I cannot pretend to guess, but I have no apprehension of its bringing me into disgrace. No one, however, has seen the proof sheets of late, except Mr. Bindley who has expressed himself in flattering terms;

¹ *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.*

but he is a favourable judge, and not so well informed as to the matter of fact as I had expected to find him.

The severe and tedious attack of fever which I had at the beginning of the winter has left my digestive organs in an impaired state of tone. I do not expect to be in a thoroughly sound state of health, till the return of spring enables me to leave London & try the renovating effect of change of air, and till the publication of my book relieves my mind from a pressure which has probably had some share in deranging the bodily functions. I look forward with something like the satisfaction of a schoolboy at the holidays to a pretty long period of vacation from such steady employment as I have had for some years ; not that I should ever feel pleasure in the intermission of literary pursuits, & I am now deliberating what new study may interest the mind without exciting too much eagerness. I have thoughts of attending a little to geology, which seems a *salubrious* occupation, though it is said that its controversies are not always free from angry passions. Let me know what course you would indicate as likely to initiate me in the lower degrees of its mysteries. You, like a true hierophant, enter the adyta of the temple. But I well know that there is no royal road to any science & I probably shall never have leisure, or perhaps inclination, to go beyond the threshold. Mineralogy must of course be learned, as the language of the higher science ; & this is a *pons asinorum* to a man who has no strong bias towards *la physique*.

'Rob Roy' has not been placed by our London critics on a footing with the former novels. It is more uniform, there are no such dull parts as in 'Guy Mannering' or 'the Antiquary'; but on the other hand it never rises to the merit of either of these in their best passages. None of the characters are very good, but they would seem better if they did not remind us of former delineations by the same hand, so that Scott is only excelled by himself. Lord Byron's *Childe Harold* (4th part) is in the press, & is said to be excellent. He has published, without his name, a small comic poem called *Beppo*, in which there is a severe

attack on Sotheby, who had foolishly provoked him. . . . Is there any chance of your coming to London in the year 1818? But my own continuance there is uncertain & if no strong reasons intervene, I hope to pass my next Christmas with St Peter. Elmsley is at Oxford, & thinks of finally settling there. This appears no injudicious plan. Oxford is surprizingly improved; no university perhaps in Europe displays such an ardour for study. This is even carried too far, but that will correct itself. We are all well at home.

Ever yours,
H. H.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duchess.

Edinburgh: March 15, 1818. Sund.

MY DEAR SISTER,—It is a long time since I have heard from you, and there are some very interesting sorts of news, which your pen is the only one to tell me; while the Duke writes about the voyage to the North Pole, I should be glad to learn from you what progress is making in the important family affairs. And above all, tell me particularly how you are, and how you are bearing all the bad weather, which you, as well as we, have had of late? I suppose you are beginning to feel a lively interest about the approaching General Election. Is it believed that there will be a contest for Wiltshire? By what I have heard of Mr. Wellesley Pole, if he and Paul Methuen should be returned, we *moonrakers* should be properly represented. Does Lord Ebrington's prospect in Devonshire continue as good as it was last year?

I am sorry you are not to have the Dunmores in London this year. It is a long while since I have heard from Lady D. and therefore I only know this change in their plans from report; report too ascribed it to some business that required D.'s presence in this country. Whatever be the cause, it must be a sad disappointment to Lady D. to be deprived of the opportunity of seeing her boys, and it is

a gloomy prospect also to be cut off for another season from her London friends, and shut up in the dreary solitude of Glenfinart.

Perhaps the Duke has told you that he has forwarded a second letter to me from little Charlotte.¹ She informs me what parts of history she has been reading lately, and what she thinks of the heroes and heroines of the narrative. I hope the remarks, which are good, are entirely her own, and not corrected by the governess; for I wish to see her mind in its native shape, and it is from so seeing it, that I shall best know how to send her in response such observations as may be of use to her. She is now at a most interesting age; every half year may be expected to add materially to her knowledge, and her powers, and I shall take a great pleasure in contributing anything to the improvement of an understanding and dispositions, which promise so fair. When do you mean to have the children in London?

We had some hopes lately of seeing Stewart Mackenzie here, but it seems that business (his main principle of motion) is not to bring him yet, and he will probably remain at Castle Brahan till after May. Stewart, by his marriage, acquired five unmarried sisters. They are very good, and several of them very pleasing, persons, and Stewart is upon the happiest terms with them and with his mother-in-law Lady Seaforth, a woman possessing many virtues. She has behaved most generously to him and Mrs. S. M. in giving up for the present one half of her jointure, (which was two thousand a year,) in order to relieve them amidst the difficulties of an estate so greatly incumbered. To bear these difficulties, and to struggle through them, must require all the good spirits, and all the activity, with which they are both favoured. They are now in some apprehension of the Salt Duty being removed, which, it is said, would induce the soap-makers to use salt instead of kelp, and thereby occasion a limitation in the price of kelp, which would lower their rental several thousand a year. Not-

¹ Lady Charlotte St. Maur, born 1803; married William Blount of Orleton, Herefordshire, in 1839; died in 1889.

withstanding my regard for Stewart, I am very anxious, for the good of the whole country, that the salt duties¹ should be removed to some other articles, and I have little doubt that his, as well as all other estates upon the coasts of the Highlands, would ultimately derive material benefit from the increased facility afforded to the curing of fish, both for home consumption, and as an article of commerce.

Have you seen the bust of Horner at Chantrey's? I should be glad to know what you think of it. One or two people have told me that it is too heavy about the lower part of the face.

Yours very affectionately
WEBB SEYMOUR.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh: Apr. 9, 1818. Th.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Capt. Hall is to leave us in a day or two; he goes first into Galloway, and then to Ireland, and probably will not be in London before the end of May. I have, however, given him a letter of introduction to you, and I hope you will see him. Within these few days I had a good deal of conversation with him about Sir Thomas Raffles,² and he related the whole story of General Gillespie's unfounded charges against him. Gillespie appears to have been a man of infamous character, and for a time but too successful in throwing suspicion upon Raffles, and it was not till Raffles arrived in England, that he made his vindication complete in the minds of the East India Directors. He is now gone out to Bencoolen with his character cleared; and Capt. Hall's account of his conduct in Java gives a high opinion of him for his attention to business, his adherence

¹ Salt duties were first exacted in 1702; they were renewed in 1732; reduced in 1823; and in that year were ordered to cease in 1825. During the French war the duty reached to 30*l.* per ton. Since 1797 salt has been largely employed in the manufacture of chloride of lime or bleaching powder (by obtaining its chlorine), and soap (by obtaining its soda). (Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*).

² Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, English traveller, Governor of Java, and author, 1781–1826.

to justice, and his liberal and enlightened policy. In the next number of the Edinburgh Review you will probably see an article upon Sir Thomas Raffles's account of Java, which, I understand, is to be written by a man of the name of Crawford, who was appointed by Sir Thomas to a judicial situation in Java. The article is likely to be good, as Crawford is a very intelligent man ; he is said to have been the author of an interesting article in the last number of the Review upon the trade of the Indian Islands. I have been looking over the evidence taken last year before the Committee of your House upon the Poor Laws. The facts afford curious evidence of the abuses committed under the present system ; but there is little, either in the questions asked, or the opinions given, that indicates a disposition towards any step of radical reform. Perhaps they may come to this by and bye ; and as any change of system ought to be gradual, it is well in the first instance to correct the administration of the existing laws. The respect shewn for the act of the 43rd. of Elizabeth is amusing ; as if at that period men had reached the summit of human wisdom in affairs of domestic policy ! In order to appreciate the wisdom of the legislators, who enacted the 43rd. of Elizabeth, we should keep in mind the various statutes respecting manufacturers and trade passed in the same reign. There are obvious reasons in favour of the proposed measure of having permanent overseers. The project of making the parishes find work for unemployed labourers, and Sturges Bourne's plan of having the children set to work by the parishes, appear equally absurd. Like most schemes regarding the poor, they merely promise a temporary relief, to be compensated in the end by an augmentation of the evil. As long as you find employment for men or for children, you create a demand for men and for children, which will secure an increased supply. Were every parish to set up a cotton mill and a weaving establishment of its own there would at first be a great appearance of relief from the universal facility of employment ; but this very circumstance would in the course of ten or fifteen

years produce an overstocked population, while the market was in the meantime overstocked with the manufactured articles. Whatever the employment furnished, the result must be the same.

Stewart Mackenzie is here at present, merely on account of business, and he is to return to the North in a few days. He is looking extremely well, and gives a good account of his lady, who expects to be confined about the end of this month.

I was sorry to hear that Sir Joseph Banks had been very ill; if this finds you in London, pray let me know how he does.

Playfair read on Monday in the Royal Society here a part of a life of Mr. Clerk of Eldin, the author of *Naval Tactics*. It is written in his usual neat and nervous style, and he brought forward the strongest evidence that the plan of breaking the enemy's line in a naval engagement, adopted with so much success by our admirals since Rodney, was due to Mr. Clerk's ingenuity. That Mr. Clerk's merit was never noticed in Parliament, is owing to circumstances, which Playfair could not fully explain in public. The thing was on the point of being done, when Pitt's death stopped it; and when the Whigs were in power, Lord St. Vincent's jealousy opposed it, though Mr. Clerk's family are all keenly of that party.

Yours very affectionately
W. S.

From the Duke of Somerset to Lord Webb Seymour.

Maiden Bradley: 19th April, 1818.

DEAR BROTHER,—I shall be very glad to see Capt. Hall, who could not have a stronger recommendation to us than that which Sir Thomas Raffles gave him. I have not looked into the question respecting the charges brought against Sir Thomas. Indeed I feel very averse to enter upon enquiries of that kind, unless I am particularly called upon to do so; because there are so many obstacles in the

way of coming to a right opinion. But Sir Thomas's book bears many marks of an active benevolence of disposition.

Last summer I attended the Committee on the Poor Laws very constantly, and I was not at all satisfied with what passed there. You are amused with the respect shown for the 43rd. of Elizabeth ; you would be surprised, as well as amused, to see how little, of all the fine theories broached by the political economists, is at all known to most of the Lords who attend the Committee. Positive Institution, not Principle, is the object of those who apply their minds to Political Studies. A great respect for precedent, a veneration for old establishments, a generous feeling towards the lower orders, and a national pride as Englishmen, are the natural effects of our best education ; and a Peer, who has all these qualities, is quite as good a member, of the House and of Society, as he can reasonably be expected to be. In the mean time a superabundance of population is most severely felt, and parishes overpowered with numbers, for whom, in the ordinary course, they have little or no employment, are obliged, either to make work, or to encourage emigration. The latter, though very expensive, has been found to answer ; and even from Maiden Bradley some families are gone to the United States of America. Whilst to remedy these evils is the business of Statesmen, Philosophers may find much matter for speculation in tracing to its cause the present extraordinary redundancy of people. The accidental monopoly which Great Britain possessed during the late war, and the subsequent change in the direction of commercial intercourse, if traced through all their ramifications, would afford an ample field for enquiry.

I was always surprised that Clerk of Eldin had received no Parliamentary Reward, particularly as I remember (in the year 1796 or 1797) to have heard Mr. Pitt's then Secretary, Mr. Long, acknowledge the merit, and the effects, of his work on Naval Tactics. The invention is an extraordinary instance of speculative success in a profession to which the inventor did not belong ; and I think the satisfaction,

which he must have enjoyed, must have been most complete of its kind. I do not wonder that the neglect he experienced, must still remain a mystery. The disclosure might wound both political and personal feelings.

I was glad to hear yesterday that Sir Joseph Banks was quite recovered from his late attack of cold and gout, and that he has been dining out.

Charlotte desires to be kindly remembered to you, and
I remain yours very affecly
SOMERSET.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duchess.

Edinburgh: April 25, 1818. Sat.

MY DEAR SISTER,—Whenever you write, you may tell me about the weather, if a more important subject does not immediately occur; it is a matter upon which I am fond of obtaining information from my part of the world, and though an English climate is not any different from a Scotch one, it is curious to compare the weather of the southern part of the island with that of the northern. When Lord Bute¹ (the minister) was living in retirement at High-cliff on the coast of Hampshire, it was observed that, for a considerable period a weekly exchange of letters took place between him and Mr. Home, the author of Douglas, who was then residing in Edinburgh. This regular correspondence from Scotland with the ex-minister occasioned some mysterious speculation, till it was discovered that its only topic was an account of the weather in the two places.

Tell Charlotte that I had the pleasure of receiving her letters yesterday. I am very glad to hear that they are entirely her own; and they are really very prettily written for a girl of her age.

Stewart Mackenzie passed a week here lately, during which the greater part of his time was engrossed by his

¹ John Stuart, Earl of Bute, statesman, minister, and botanist, 1713-1792.

agents ; however, I had some hours of conversation with him, and besides discussing finance, poor laws, and other affairs of the Kingdom of Great Britain as Englishmen are in duty bound, we had some interesting talk about the political economy of the kingdom of Lewis. This island of his is for the most part a flat peat-moss, let to small tenants, who have very little either of capital, skill or industry. There is some good land along the shores, but there is a want of roads to convey its produce to Stornoway, the only town in the Long Island, and the most thriving port in the Hebrides. The kelp, made all round the coast, is one main article of produce, but perhaps a more valuable article may eventually be found in the fisheries of cod and ling, for which there are fine banks in the neighbourhood. Stewart has his mind quite afloat upon plans of improvement, and it must be a mortifying circumstance to have such encumbrances of debt upon an estate, which particularly calls for a great outlay of capital. Time will bring things round, if he goes on steadily ; and he seems to have adopted wise resolutions with respect to his plan of life, till he is to a considerable degree relieved from his difficulties.

When are you going to London ? And do you carry all the children with you ? I long to know your plans, if you know them yourselves. There is little going on in politics to require my brother's attendance in the House.

Give my love to the children.

Yours very affectionately

W. S.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh : May 13. 1818. Wed.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—You will be very glad to hear that Stewart Mackenzie has a son, and that the lady is as well as possible. To the Seaforth family the birth of this male heir is a restoration of all hopes and prospects ; and to Stewart its importance may best be estimated by considering that, had his wife died without issue, the estate would

have gone to her next sister, who would probably have married, and thus after having plunged into the complicated business of a large and embarrassed estate, and into the concerns of a county, with which, through his wife, he felt himself connected as the head of the Mackenzies, he would all at once have been sent back to Galloway as Mr. Stewart, and have had to account to his successor in the estate for all the transactions upon the property during his regency. At the time of life of Mrs. S. M. there was also some risk in a first child, and as she has had one son with safety, she may now have more, and render his prospects still more secure. If either you, or Charlotte, think of writing to him upon the occasion, the direction is Castle Brahan, Dingwall, Rossshire. If this finds you in London, I wish you would have the goodness to tell me what the House of Commons have really voted with respect to the powers of parish officers to take away the children of the poor for the purpose of *feeding, clothing, and educating* them. These are the words I read in the account of the debate, and the measure, as thus simply stated, manifestly tends so much to accelerate the ultimate ruin threatened by unlimited legal assessments, that I cannot help thinking there must be some modifying conditions comprised in the Bill, of which the newspapers have given no account. This general topic is one, upon which I have always felt a lively interest, and you will really do me a favour, if, when you have an opportunity of examining the Bill, you will tell me, if the newspaper statement is defective, or not. Another enactment, enabling two-thirds of the landed proprietors, copyholders, &c. of a parish, to mortgage the poor rates of the parish in order to raise a sum towards the erection of buildings, and other outlays, for the education of the children thus taken from their parents, seems also calculated to hasten every ruinous effect. People will be always more ready to spend, when the money does not come immediately out of their own pockets. Is the permission to mortgage restricted to money to be raised for these special purposes? If not, the ultimate eating up of the

revenues of the land by the poor may come in twenty years instead of an hundred. I wish every landed proprietor in England could be brought to apprehend the naked truth that, under the present system, he is not sole proprietor of his land, but joint proprietor with all the poor of the parish, who, from want of economy, or an increase of numbers beyond the demand for labourers, are at any time unable to support themselves, and that they and their children, to any amount of population, have a *preferable* claim upon his estate over himself and his children, to the extent of being provided with the first necessities, or rather the first comforts, of life. The claims of the poor and their heirs, and of himself and his heirs, will then only become equal, when their gradual absorption of the revenue from his land shall have reduced his condition to the level of their own. In the last Edinburgh Review there is another article upon poor rates, chiefly as regarding Scotland; it is written by Chalmers of Glasgow, I believe. His style is unfortunately inelegant, but his views are sound, and his expression has that earnestness which the subject merits.

I must change to another interesting topic now before the House of Commons—Copy-right. The papers ascribe to Mr. W. Dundas an argument, which I fancy has been often used by those who favour the maintenance of the old right—that the expense of the eleven copies is only the cost of the paper. Granting this, it seems that Mr. W. D. and his friends have made a valuable discovery, namely that the whole expense of an edition is only that of the paper. For, suppose the edition to be of five hundred copies all equally good. According to the assertion, the cost of any eleven copies out of the five hundred, which may be selected to be deposited, is only that of the paper; but what is true of any eleven must be true of the whole five hundred; ergo &c. Q.E.D.

Yours very affectionately

W. S.

From Sir William Scott to the Duchess of Somerset.

Grafton Street: 16th July, 1818.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Many thanks to your Grace for your kind Letter. I congratulate you heartily on your father's advance in Recovery; I take for granted it will carry you to the North, and I can anticipate the Satisfaction you will receive from the meeting—after all immediate intercourse has been suspended by so painful a Cause as that of alarming Illness. . . .

Wellesley Long *has* succeeded—and, I admit, *partly* by his Purse—but not entirely—the Name & Family of Long did a great deal for Him; they have been, & continue to be, much connected with the County—and I am told, (what I should not have expected) that his canvassing Talents were not inconsiderable. I am told that the Popularity was all on his Side, and that the disaffection of the lower Orders to his Opponent was rather threatening. He had been rash enough to throw out something about Barley bread being good enough for their Use, of which He was amply reminded in a Way that was not very gratifying upon several Occasions.

I agree entirely with you in your Opinion of the Change of Temper in the English Mob; I hear of frightful Proofs of it in various Quarters. Poor Maxwell here is one Instance, though I am told He is so far recovered as to intend to be at the Publick Dinner of His friends today. In Westmoreland they were forced to have the Aid of the Military. I understand that upon the best Calculation you gain twelve—rather more in England, but counterbalanced in Scotland & Ireland. I was informed yesterday by good Anthony where I dined (L. Harrowby's) that *your* friends in the H. of Coms. have elected Tierney¹ as their Leader & King; Lambton was his Competitor, who can certainly give more and better Dinners than Tierney; but there was a great majority in favour of Tierney who, I fear, can give none;

¹ George Tierney, political writer, 1761–1830. See note at end of this letter.

but is in all other Respects better qualified for a Leader. I am told that 150 declared their Allegiance to Him under written Acknowledgements.—I am not at all afraid of what your Party can do ; I wish they were more powerful than they are ; for I believe (at least I fear) that when we have a change, It will not be a change of Ministry but of Government. It is 'a tiers Etat' that is working upward, and with full as much hostility to you as to Us. They have no Confidence in either—but are setting up for themselves, and mean to be, not the Supporters of a Party, but the Conductors of a Government on Principles equally repugnant to Both the Parties which have hitherto divided the Country. All their Language and all their Conduct declare it.

I went last Night to Carlton House to kiss the Hands of our 2 new Princesses ; the Place was immensely crowded and intensely hot. The Duchess of Clarence is a little Woman—very blonde—the Duchess of Kent a good deal like the Duchess of Cambridge—The Q. has rallied a little and they speak with more Confidence of her maintaining her Ground for some time longer.

The Weather here is frightfully hot—fit for nothing but to breed Calentures.

I think I see you almost in a Passion for obtruding myself so long upon you—forgive me, and believe me ever
very faithfully Your Grace's

W. SCOTT.

'Mr Tierney, the castigator—the unremitting satirist of incapacity and unworthiness in any sort of functionary—died suddenly on the 25th of Jan., 1830. He had long been known to be suffering under an organic disease of the heart ; and he was found, dead and cold, sitting in his chair in the attitude of sleep. The most notorious single event in the political life of Mr Tierney, was his duel with Mr Pitt in 1798, the fault of which appears to have lain wholly with Mr Pitt, who charged Mr Tierney with "a wish to impede the service of the country," and refused to retract, when time and opportunity were afforded. Both parties left the

ground unharmed. Mr Tierney was generally regarded as a sort of concentrated parliamentary opposition ; but he was in office for short periods, at different times of his life ; first, as Treasurer of the Navy under Mr Addington, in 1803, and last, as Master of the Mint under Mr Canning, in 1827. He represented many places in parliament during his political life of forty-two years ; and died member for Knaresborough.' ¹

The violence of the mob, alluded to by Sir William Scott, is thus described by Miss Martineau :—

'The General Election kept the country in an uproar from the middle of June till the middle of July. The interest that was excited by many of the Contests was almost unprecedented : and in several instances the mob proceeded far beyond its ordinary licence and violence. The contest at Westminster, in particular, drew and fixed universal attention, both by the extreme character of the outrage which took place, and by the doubt that continued to hang over the issue almost to the last. . . .'

'The election commenced on the 18th. of June ; and Covent Garden was a scene of almost incessant confusion and riot from that morning till the evening of the 4th of July. In addition to the four candidates we have mentioned [these were Sir Francis Burdett and his friend the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, both advocates of universal suffrage, annual parliaments and the ballot, Sir Samuel Romilly and Captain Sir Murray Maxwell], Major Cartwright and Mr. Henry Hunt, the then friend of Cobbett, and commonly known as Orator Hunt, were proposed. . . . The only contest was between Burdett and Maxwell. The latter was assailed by the populace both with execrations and missiles of a more substantial kind from almost the first moment of his appearance on the hustings. On the first day he was struck with a stone on the right eye. For the first four days, nevertheless, he kept ahead of his

¹ *History of England during the Peace*, by Harriet Martineau. Vol. i. p. 580.

antagonist; at the close of the fourth day's polling the numbers stood, for Maxwell 1726, for Burdett only 1263. This position of the two candidates infuriated the mob; and on the evening of the fifth day as he was returning from the hustings, Sir Murray was so severely handled as to place his life for some time in danger. He was not able again to appear in public . . . the final numbers were, Romilly, 5339; Burdett, 5238; Maxwell, 4808. On one of the days of the election, the Riot Act had to be read, and the military called out.'¹

On the 13th. July (the same day as the Duke of Kent's marriage) the Duke of Clarence married the Princess Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline Amelia of Saxe Meiningen, eldest daughter of the late reigning Duke of Saxe Meiningen; and on the 1st. of June the Duke of Cambridge married the Princess Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa, of Hesse, youngest daughter of the Landgrave Frederic, and niece of the Elector of Hesse. The Duke of Kent married her Serene Highness Mary Louisa Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Saxe Coburg Saalfeld, widow of Enrich Charles, Prince of Leiningen, and sister of Prince Leopold. According to Miss Martineau: 'Of all these royal marriages this was the one which the heart of the country went most along with; the Duke of Kent had attached himself to the popular party, and the relationship of the lady to Prince Leopold and the lamented Princess Charlotte was of itself sufficient to awaken a strong interest in her favour. If the nation might have had its wish, it would have been from the first that that should happen which has actually fallen out, that to the issue of this marriage the inheritance of the crown should descend.'

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duchess.

Edinburgh: July 27, 1818. Mond.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I should have given an earlier answer to the letter you sent to Glenfinart, had not that place furnished abundant occupation to me in forwarding the improvements of the Dunmores. On Thursday last I

¹ *The History of England during the Peace*, by Harriet Martineau. Vol. i., pp. 2.

returned to Edinburgh, after having passed a few days with them at Mr. Nicolson's at Carnock in Stirlingshire, close to Dunmore Park, in which most of my mornings were spent for the purpose of choosing a situation for a house, and planning other accompanying improvements. On Saturday your brother Hamilton¹ was here, who told me he had heard from Lady Dunmore from Greenock, where they were going to embark upon their return to the Glen.

The account Lord Archibald gave me of your father's health was more favourable than I could have expected. He told me that you had thoughts of being soon at Ashton, and I hope you will find the Duke restored to such enjoyment of life, as his advanced age and enfeebled frame, will admit of.

How has the hot weather of this summer agreed with you? You have had heat, I believe, much more steadily than we have, but I enjoyed some beautiful days in Glenfinart, and never saw mountain scenery to more advantage. It was five years since I had been there and the place has received great improvement in the interval. The plantations and shrubberies are grown up, and there is a degree of decoration of this sort about the house, which is not often met with in a Highland place. Lord D. has spent a great deal of money in farming operations; I doubt if he will ever be repaid, for the soil and climate are unkindly, but he has at least the pleasure of seeing the triumph of industry and good management. Your sister² had a trifling indisposition, while I was at Glenfinart, yet I thought her looking upon the whole much better than she did last autumn.

Yours very affectionately
WEBB SEYMOUR.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duchess.

Edinburgh: Augt. 16, 1818. Sund.

MY DEAR SISTER,—Thanks for the few lines to tell me when you were going to Ashton, and thanks still more for

¹ Lord Archibald Hamilton, M.P., 1769–1827.

² Lady Dunmore.

the kind letter you wrote last to me at Glenfinart. I rejoice to hear you are *pretty* well; it is all I can expect amidst your fatigues and anxieties.

I should like much to see the spot you have thought of for a house upon Yarnfield, and fancy I can guess where it is; I know that ground so well from having gone often over it in shooting and botanising; and there are few spots, where you can have water, and a good aspect.

Tell me how you have found your father; it must be a great comfort to him to see you again.

You ask about my health; it is better than it has been for a long time. I am sometimes suffering from over-fatigue; but when I think of what you are going through, it is but too plain how little is sufficient to over-fatigue me.

Yours very affectionately

W. S.

From Sir William Scott to the Duchess of Somerset.

Sep. 4. 1818.

MY DEAR MADAM,—A thousand thanks for your kind Letter.—

I have vibrated between Town, (where I am now detained by the business of 2 Parliamentary Commissions in which I am stuck fast) and the neighbouring country, where I have paid visits—at Lord Amherst's Tunbridge Wells, L.C. Justice Gibbs's, my daughter's in Berkshire &c. &c. We have had pleasant Society in Town—Lady W. Bentinck, the Wellesley Poles, the Villiers, and several other very pleasantly compounded families with which I have mixed—I think of running off next Week to some distance, if the Queen's expected Death does not detain us all in Town. It is looked for every Day; they think of nothing but softening present Pain for all Hope of Amendment is fled—I take for Parliament will not meet till the 29th Day after , when It *must* meet; but it *may* be necessary re though I hope not. The poor old

Lady clings very anxiously to Life ; but it is really now a mere Matter of *Days*.

I am sorry to hear the Duke of Hamilton's prophesies for present and future times ; I fear they are too well founded—and that those who belong to the next generation will find them so. There is a Spirit and Way of thinking, and speaking, & acting, diffused over not only these Islands, but all over Europe that threatens the Publick tranquillity very much everywhere. I will not say where the Balance of Unpopularity inclines most deeply—whether our Side or yours—We have each of us a heavy Portion of It and I don't know whether the Scales may not hang pretty even. There are Hands that are very busily and malignantly employed in pulling them Both down, and if they can, in getting rid of them entirely. There is a ' tiers Etat ' very numerous, with heated Heads, and strong Hands, to whom Kings & Ld's, and Commons are All equally Objects of Execration, and, if possible, of Extirpation Itself. . . .

I am now going down to a Committee on the Education of the Poor which I fear will give us an enormous deal of trouble. I am sorry I accepted it. Lord Grenville declined it, but my Colleagues are the Speaker, Charles Yorke, and Sir W. Grant. I can't imagine how L. Grenville comes to be so unpopular ; for He has not been very prominent in his Politics lately.

Accept, my dear Madam, the kindest Wishes of your affectionate friend & Servant

W. SCOTT.

From Sir William Scott to the Duchess of Somerset.

Nov. 1, 1818.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I was at my brother's in Dorsetshire [Encombe House] when I received the favour of your Letter, which announced your return from the North to Maiden Bradley. I congratulate you very sincerely on the Recovery of your Grace's Father¹—I have no doubt that

¹ Duke of Hamilton and Brandon.

It is a Source of most heartfelt Satisfaction to yourself and family ; and Every body who wishes your own Happiness must take an Interest in an Event which so materially contributes to It.

My Summer has glided away imperceptibly almost to myself ; I had intended to have gone abroad, and was almost determined to go to the Congress,¹ where I had received very obliging offers of Accommodation from Lord Castlereagh—But I have done neither ; the earlier Part of the Summer I was engaged in various transactions of business here, and the Heat of the Weather was so extreme as to discourage all desire to move, and It ended in a Renewal of my fever for some time. Since that time, I have been occasionally changing Residence—I went down to Tunbridge for some time to recruit—then to my daughter at my own House in Berkshire—afterwards, the Queen's supposed extreme danger kept us in a state of Suspense & Expectation ; and the business of an Education-Commission in which I am unfortunately engaged called me, a very reluctant Visitor, to London. Afterwards at the earnest Request of my brother I went down to Him in Dorset, & spent some days, both in going and returning, with my old friends L. & Ly. Radnor, for whose Borough of Downton in Wilts I am at present sitting, as well as for the University—I am now compelled to return and am settled for the Winter in Town.

You don't mention in your Letter, when you mean to revisit the Capital, where your Residences have been but short in the Course of the last year. I lament much to hear of the State of your Country as you describe it on the Subject of Poor Rates. Instead of the Rich robbing the Poor, they have turned the Tables compleatly upon Us, and it is the Poor robbing the Rich by the Operation of Poor Laws. I heard a great deal about it at Ly. Radnor's, for they are nearly as much under the Harrow in *that* part of your Country, and the Evil is pretty generally diffused

¹ The Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle Oct. 9, 1818, of the allied sovereigns the purpose of withdrawing the army of occupation in France.

through the whole Kingdom ; and God only knows how It will terminate. . . .

Our gracious Queen still holds her own and there is no knowing how long she may continue to do It—It is a very odd thing that the King said the Other day in one of his disordered Soliloquies—the knowledge of her Illness had been industriously kept from Him and It was supposed He knew nothing of It but He said ‘ The Queen is very ill—very ill indeed ! She will not go off till February—I am sorry, very sorry for her going ; for She was a very excellent Woman upon the Whole.’ You hear the 3 Royal Dutchesses are all in a likely way to increase the Number of our national Securities. It is said that the D. of Clarence wrote rather an odd Letter to L^d Liverpool acquainting Him, as prime Minister, with the Duchess’s pregnancy, ‘ but that if His Lordship wished for Particulars, He must refer Him to Lady Somebody to whom they had all been communicated.’

The Weather here continues fine, but the Town is not empty. Here is plenty of Society—I am very much occupied by the Commission which your friend Brougham has been the means of throwing upon Us, to my great discomfort & annoyance ; but I could not decently refuse accepting it.

Excuse this long & uninteresting Scrawl—I hope my young friends are well. I am Dear Madam, with sincere Regard,

Your Grace’s faithful

WM. SCOTT.

London, Nov. 1, 1818.

Lady Romilly is dead—so is poor W. Elliot !—Ellenborough is dying—& Gibbs will not I think long survive.

From Sir William Scott to the Duchess of Somerset.

1818 (end of November).

MY DEAR MADAM,—I have to thank your Grace for your very obliging Letter. I went down to Oxford the Day after I received It, to pay (with my Colleague Peel) our ceremonious Visit of Gratitude upon our Election to

our Constituents. They certainly treat us most magnanimously ; They allow Us to pay for nothing but a few Peals of Bells, and instead of our feasting them, they feast Us very liberally. They allow of no Canvas, they require no Attendance upon them, and when they have fixed upon their Men, they continue them for life. These circumstances make their Seat in the House of Commons as pleasant as a Seat there can be ; but the Times are agitated, and That House is likely to have Its full share of Agitation.

I should have liked much to see your Animal, but if It was at the Exhibition, It was gone before my Return from Oxford. For I went yesterday to Goswell Street, the Place of Shew—and the Shew was all over. I am fond of seeing peculiar Animals. Two Arctic Dogs have been given to Us at the Museum, and I am ashamed and sorry to say, that We ordered one of the poor fellows to be immediately shot in order that he might be scientifically stuffed by Mr. Leadbetter, and placed in the Cabinet ; and the Other is sent to the King of France. They are much like the Kamschatsca Dogs, and are used for the same Purpose of drawing sledges which they did in the Admiralty Garden. The Sledges were certainly not of a very ornamental Construction—rather a mean equipage altogether. A white fox remains with us—very ferocious and unsocial, and repulsive of all Caresses. . . .

The Queen dies poor in Money—but rich as they say in Jewelry to the amount of near a Million, which I am sorry for ; because It quite destroys the Apology for any Want of Liberality that may be justly imputed to Her—for even supposing that half were given to Her, yet if She purchased the remaining half (£500,000) and vested such a sum in such an unproductive & unprofitable treasure, She could not be allowed to plead inability for any Deficiency in answering Purposes of a Nature more becoming her Station & Character. I know She has been distressed for Money at times, and if She applied her Money in that Way, I really think that her Distress, so occasioned, was not at all a Subject of just lamentation, nor any Excuse for an apparent

penuriousness in any Case where there was a proper Call for Liberality. What I say of Jewels is only from Report.

I cannot say that I felt the Surprise that you express at the Catastrophe of Sir Samuel. I always knew Him to be a Man of violent Temper, and thought that He might easily enough be worked up to a degree of morbid Excitement by Events that strongly affected his Passions. He was unquestionably a Man of powerful Talents—particularly so in the Exercise of his Profession. But even there in his Practice He was unable to restrain the warmth of his Temper, and, from Impatience of Contradiction & Control he used to indulge himself in Reflections upon his Opponents, which were not at all becoming the Occasion, and sometimes drew upon him unpleasant Retorts.

I am here now till the meeting of Parliament,¹ without the Intention of stirring out. I expect my daughter tomorrow to stay with me for the holidays, her husband being gone to his father's family in Warwickshire. My brother is laid by the heels with the Gout which hangs upon Him, and seems loth to quit its quarters. There is Society in sufficient plenty in Town.

Much Speculation about future Drawing Rooms. Some say that the P.R. means to have them, as the L. Lieut. of Ireland has them, without any female President. Others suppose that one of his Sisters will preside.

I attended a Meeting, as a Governor, at the British Museum yesterday. The Building is in a most crazy Condition; the Floors have sunk; & have given ample Notice of Danger to our Collections there, and to the Crowds who come to see them; and all the Apartments are so chuck full, that there is no Room for any new Addition in any department. What is to be done under this Want of Room & Safety? I hope you will approve of our applying to Parliament for a new spacious & solid Building—surely as necessary as a National Monument of no Use.

¹ Parliament met January 14, 1819.

I shd fear you wd throw away this tedious Scrawl with a frown if I did not know your accustomed kindness.

Evr Yours Dear Madam

W. SCOTT.

In Sir William Scott's letter he mentions the Queen's death, which took place on the 17th. November; and to quote from Miss Martineau's History :

' Her Majesty was in her seventy-fifth year, and had been suffering for about three months from dropsy in the chest. The act passed in the last session of Parliament, amending the Regency Act, prevented this event from having any immediate political consequence. A much more profound sensation was produced by another death which happened about the same time, that of Sir Samuel Romilly, who destroyed himself on the 2d. November, four days after the loss of his wife, in a paroxysm of insanity, brought on by that severe shock falling upon a mind previously weakened and shattered by overburthening professional labours and anxieties. He was sixty-one years of age; and he had attained the highest position, both in the courts of law and in parliament, which ability and character, without office, could confer. Nor was any man more universally beloved. His late triumphant return for Westminster, where he had been brought in at the head of the poll, without having either spent a shilling or asked a vote, or even once made his appearance on the hustings, was a sufficient testimony to his general popularity, and also, it may be added, to the purity of conduct, and elevation above all popularity-hunting arts, by which, or notwithstanding which, he had acquired it. But the charm of his beautiful nature won its way even where wide difference of political principle and sentiment might have been expected to create some prejudice against him.' . . .

' Within little more than a month after Romilly, on the 13th. of December, died also another great lawyer, of equally opposite politics and temper, Lord Ellenborough. This remarkable man, whose talents, so long as he continued in his vigour, were of the most commanding character, never to have recovered from his discomfiture by

Hone in the preceding year. . . . He was when he died in his sixty-ninth year, and he had presided in the court of King's Bench since April 1802.'¹

From Mr. Hallam to Lord Webb Seymour.

Stamp Office : Nov. 21, 1818.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,—You will readily excuse me for not writing to you while I was on the continent ; as experience must have satisfied you how many little difficulties arise from day to day which render more alert correspondents than myself rather negligent of their friends at home in the midst of the distractions of travelling. But I now take up my pen in order to give you a short sketch of the tour which has occupied four months of the present year.

I left England on the 24th. of June with Mrs. H. & Arthur, & pursued my course from Calais to Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels & Spa ; not waiting long enough at any of these places to examine thoroughly their curiosities, because I knew that other opportunities would arise hereafter, & the Netherlands did not form part of my chief plan. I saw however almost all the best pictures. Those at Antwerp were particularly worthy of long attention. The greatest works of Rubens & Vandyck are still to be found in the Netherlands, & more than any where else, in this city. Without dwelling on these particularly, I shall only say, that all I saw of Vandyck vastly enhanced the estimation in which I had held him. He appears in several pictures at Antwerp, & still more in his Crucifixion at Malines, & another on the same subject, but much defaced, at Ghent, as an historical painter of the first order, superior as it strikes me, in the dignity & poetical conception of his art to Rubens. But while his portraits in England preserve in general the utmost freshness & vigour of colouring, it is singular that his historical paintings have for the most part become cold & leaden—The cities of Antwerp & Ghent have great attractions for an antiquary from their singular

¹ *The History of England during the Peace*, by Harriet Martineau. Vol. i., pp. 202 and 203.

architecture & the associations of former splendour, tho' I suspect the populousness & magnificence of the latter during the middle ages to have been exaggerated. Brussels, a more modern affair, gave me less pleasure; but there are some good pictures in its Museum. From Brussels I took the Namur road to Liege, & thus not only passed over the plain of Waterloo, but followed the beautiful banks of the Maas between the two last named cities; scenery beautiful in itself & doubly so after quitting the very rich & well cultivated, but flat & unpicturesque plains of Flanders. At Spa I staid three weeks—My object was to strengthen my digestive organs by the chalybeate spring. But I doubt whether I derived any benefit from this celebrated Naiad, & have since a little regretted the loss of three weeks at a place the environs of which are by no means remarkable for beauty, tho' pleasing enough, & when there was at that time very little society. Spa I left on July 27 as well as I recollect, & through Aix la Chapelle, (not yet the resort of emperors) arrived at Cologne, where I got my first, & not a very good, view of the Rhine. In Cologne I shall praise nothing but its cathedral, a matchless specimen of Gothic architecture; that is, the choir, for the edifice is incomplete. The Rhine, which at Cologne may be compared to the Thames at Battersea, becomes truly interesting, as you ascend to Bonn, & from thence to Bingen, about 70 miles appeared to my eyes well worthy of its fame. You will perceive that I did not take the course usually recommended of descending in a boat. But the road newly completed by Napoleon runs so close to the river, that the difference cannot be very material, some even prefer the route by land, to which I do not accede. However, there is a good reason for *beginning* a tour, rather than ending it, by the Rhine; since the Rhenish scenery would probably be thrown away on the eyes of one who had just returned from that of the Alps. This at least is the general opinion, tho' I must say that some scenes on the Rhine, where its *fluvial* character is most visible, are 'sui generis,' & do not resemble in any degree the Swiss lakes. The river was, as

you may imagine, remarkably low this summer, which took away much of its beauty. In breadth, it rather disappointed me; the Thames between Richmond & Putney, seemed to me as broad, with the exception of those sinuses in which a great river usually expands itself at particular intervals. I left the Rhine at Mentz, & took the road of Heidelberg & Baden to Friburg, whence I struck over the Black Forest to Schaffhausen. Of this part of Germany I retain a favourable impression, both as to natural beauty & as to the appearance of comfort & prosperity, which, on the whole, is more characteristic of Germany than of any other country I have yet seen on the continent. For, be it said, en passant, my travels have by no means led me to a favourable estimate of the *progressive* state of society in Europe. On the contrary, I have seen fewer marks than I could have supposed of that improvement which political economists generally assert to have taken place, but many of a stationary condition, & many, very many in some countries, of positive decline. This last remark is chiefly meant for Italy. But not to anticipate—entering Switzerland at Schaffhausen, where the fall of the Rhine, if not so lofty as we expect, is beyond controversy a magnificent object, I went to Zurich & Lucerne. At the latter place I struck off on foot into the mountains, my wife taking the high road to Berne, where I rejoined her after a week of Alpine wanderings. Unfortunately, almost the only rain that fell during my tour, came on while I was on this excursion & after much impeding my movements, compelled me at length to abridge some places that had come into my original plan. To these accidents you will know all travellers in mountainous scenery are liable; & it proved that this rain was confined to Switzerland. But I saw enough to give me great delight & can never regret the days that I spent in August snow at Mt. St. Gothard & the Grinwald. From Berne we came to Geneva. After remaining there a few days & making an excursion to Chamouny, I was joined by Elmsley & carried into execution a scheme that I had projected of snatching a rapid glance of Lombardy in

company with him, while I left Julie & Arthur en pension at Geneva; her situation being such as to render the hurried travelling I required, rather imprudent. This pension system, so usual at Geneva, proved by no means uncomfortable; she was in a most respectable family, saw as much of the best society the place could furnish, as she wished. I rather like the Genevois, tho' some of our London acquaintance hold them cheap; the fair comparison is not with the society of London, Paris or even Edinburgh but with that of a provincial town & I doubt if any country town with 25,000 inhabitants in G. Britain or out of it could furnish so many well informed persons, or so construct a feast (if *feast* is too strong, call it an *ordinary*) of intellectual conversation as Geneva. But I was not there much. I have hardly space left to tell you that I saw most of Lombardy & spent four whole days at Venice. But of this I must reserve all farther notice till my next discourse. We left Geneva on October 16th & landed in England on the 31st. Julie is perfectly well, & tho' her stay was perhaps rather imprudently protracted, there seems no reason to repent of it. Let me hear, in return for this long, yet I fear, unsatisfactory letter, some tidings of yourself. Tell me how your health has been this fine summer, & whether you have any thoughts of moving towards London next spring. It is almost too near the close of my letter to begin to say anything about my own book; yet perhaps you will be glad of this security against my egotism. It has had far more success than I ever anticipated, & indeed more than better works have obtained. I certainly should not complain of the public. Have you read any part? Probably not.

Ever yours
H. H.

From Mr. Hallam to Lord Webb Seymour.

Stamp Office: Dec. 23, 1818.

MY DEAR SEYMOUR,—I thank you for your criticisms, as well as your praises. Indeed the latter are apt to be less

beneficial to an author than the former. But you must excuse me, if I enter upon my own vindication, which I almost think I should feel equally disposed to make on behalf of a stranger's work. You say that I have not been careful to fix the attention of the reader on the objects I have chiefly in view ; & that he may wonder at omissions in the History of France till he finds that its almost exclusive object is to trace the growth of the power of the crown. But have I not sufficiently indicated the leading object of my chapter in the preface ? And, may I ask, what are the omissions to which you allude ? I considered & re-considered the first thirty pages of that chapter, perceiving how rapidly I had passed along the course of events, but could not discover anything, which, consistently with my plan, as stated in the very first paragraph of the preface, ought to have been inserted. I do not allow that it is the exclusive object of that chapter to trace the growth of the power of the crown in France. Such a description seems rather applicable to the second. You say some details of little moment might have been omitted, or thrown into an Appendix. But I am not aware of any superfluous details in the text ; a few notes might possibly have been spared, but this is of little importance. I do not like an Appendix of notes ; they are absolutely thrown away. At all events, I think they would not have been proper in this place. That the reference to France in the second chapter is awkward in one or two passages I fully admit, & have done so in a note, but what could be done ? When facts have a double relation, & form links in the development of several historical disquisitions, they cannot be repeated *toties quoties* ; there is no remedy but to select the most important place for their appearance, & to refer backwards or even forwards, in other parts of the work. You will feel, I am sure, on reflection that I could not have thrown the second chapter into the first without drowning the narrative in disquisition, a very faulty sort of composition. Besides the second chapter is worth much more than the first, & should not be accessory to it. You charge me with

a want of illustrative anecdote & lighter matter. But are not the notes full of this—perhaps too light in the opinion of graver persons. Besides you must recollect that the work is full long enough ; my own wish had been to bring it into one volume, & that, as well as the primary views I entertained of extending the period that it should comprize at least to the middle of the 19th. century, may have led me to admit many illustrations which I might have inserted, & which, having missed the opportunity, I could not afterwards record—Yet this has not operated so much as you might suppose—in fact it is a very difficult thing to find illustrative anecdotes, when writing of so remote a period,—& in the last chapter, when I was most anxious for them, I was prodigiously baffled in my researches. The work, however, is rather a nucleus for the student's own reading, than a repetition of all interesting facts whatever. To your criticisms on the style I must in part plead guilty ; it wants ease, & is perhaps too uniformly elevated ; I am not aware that it is obscure, but as the sentences have a regular & periodic structure, sometimes perhaps rather Latin than English, it cannot of course be read with an immediate apprehension of its meaning. This indeed may be accounted for by its compression ; a condensed style is never so apparently perspicuous as a diffuse one. As to its perusal being a heavy task, that must depend so much on the reader's disposition, that I can make no defence to it. [*Illegible.*] I have all reason to be satisfied with the book's reception. Perhaps no other one in this century (poetry & works of physical science of course excepted) has been so soon taken into public favour. This I did not expect, knowing how little temporary attraction it possessed. The chapter on the English constitution takes most generally ; but the best judges (among whom I reckon myself) prefer that on ecclesiastical power. I shall soon be preparing a second edition, which will be in octavo ; but shall make very few alterations—not thinking it fair to the purchasers of the first, nor altogether consistent with my

own character to do so. The present edition is much too incorrectly printed.

I have left not much room, like a true author, for any other topic. To return to my travels, I did not mean to give you a mean idea of the Rhine ; what I said I forget, but, if I compared it to the Thames, you must remember that it was to the Thames by London, a river swelled by the tide. Above the operation of the tide there can be no manner of comparison ; the Rhine is almost as broad in Switzerland. Besides, it enters at Bingen a long defile between steep rocks, which naturally contract the channel ; above at Mentz it is wider. But at Cologne, below that defile, it is, as far as my memory would serve my eye not so wide as the Thames beneath these windows from which I write. The river is doubtless very rapid but shallow, at least in summer. The difference of streams in countries liable to drought between the wet & dry season is more than in our humid climate, (last summer excepted,) we can easily conceive. In Italy I passed channels of more than a furlong wide without a single drop of water. I must postpone all I could say of Italy till I write again. I entered by the Simplon, & returned by Mt. Cenis. The former road is magnificent, both as a work of art, and for the scenes through which it passes. Nothing I saw save Chamouny exceeded it ; at least I should hesitate to compare any thing in Switzerland. Mt. Cenis is far inferior : the passage of the Jura between Geneva & Dijon much excelling the latter in grandeur. The Lago Maggiore & Lago di Como are more brilliant and enchanting to the imagination than those of Geneva or Lucerne, but I suspect that not only in sublimity but in picturesque beauty they would be found by the artist inferior to the latter at best : in praising the Lake of Geneva, I mean chiefly the upper end by Vevey & Lausanne. Venice pleased me far more than anything in Italy ; of that city also perhaps I think with a wish to see it again. Milan is interesting & flourishing for Italy—Turin seems so also but it is uninteresting,

tho' admirably regular & handsome. The culture of Lombardy strikes one with admiration, a sentiment which perhaps gradually wears off ; it did at least with me. But what land was ever so favoured by nature ? Such a climate, such fertility of soil : add its artificial irrigation ; you cannot wonder at its productiveness. I have hardly left room to tell you that since I wrote last, I have become the father of another little girl. My wife has been ill since, but is now I hope going on prosperously. Pray change your mind and come to England next summer—we can then talk over many matters that cannot be written.

Ever most truly yours,

H. H.

From Lord Webb Seymour to the Duke.

Edinburgh : Dec. 6, 1818. Sund.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—If Capt. Hall is in London in the spring, I have little doubt that you will see him again. But he is to be with us during the winter, and is now attending Dr. Hope's Lectures on Chemistry, and Playfair's on Natural Philosophy. In the summer and autumn he made a very rapid tour upon the Continent, was for some days among the Alps, afterwards at Venice, and as far south as Pæstum.

Capt. Hall had a letter lately from a friend in London, giving him some particulars about the newly discovered Esquimaux, which had been received in conversation from Sir John Ross. The Esquimaux, who went out with Sir John, was soon able to hold a conversation with them. The ships were prevented from approaching nearer than six miles from the shore, but the natives came down, like lightning, in sledges drawn each by six dogs, generally abreast. They had no reins, the harness and whip were made of Buffalo's hide ; this proves some intercourse, either by trade or migration, with the more southern parts of America, which produce the buffalo. They seem to have taken the ships for animals, as they begged them not to eat them up. They had no wood ; and they had no iron,

except one old nail which had probably reached them in a piece of drifted wood. They lived upon fish, which they struck with the horn of the sea-unicorn. They were great thieves, and were surprised to find that they could not carry off the spare mast and spare anchor from the ship in their arms. They had a king, whom they spoke of with respect, but he was at a distance. Had no sense of religion. Could not conceive what was meant by war. Believed all to the south to be ice, and thought themselves the only inhabitants in the world. Said they went towards the pole to winter ; this probably meant merely to the land, which we may conceive to have lain to the north of the ships. I imagine that in the winter they must travel to the south, towards Hudson's Bay, and their sledges plainly afford them the means of traversing a wide country very rapidly. Their conceiving all to the south to be ice is curious. Perhaps, though they conceive all to the south of Baffin's Bay to be ice, because they observe ice in that direction at the warmest season ; they may know a part of the continent of North America, which exhibits vegetation, and the other effects of summer. Capt. Ross said that they had no vegetables among them where they were. It is wonderful too, if they quit a warmer latitude in summer, for the sake of feasting on the seal, the whale, and the walrus, on the frozen shores of Baffin's Bay.

Have you seen Marsden's Translation of the travels of Marco Polo, with notes ? Playfair has the only copy that I have yet met with. I imagine many of the notes must contain much curious information from Marsden's ample stores ; but, from the slight glance I had of the volume, there is a good deal of disquisition of little interest, except to one minutely conversant with the geography, as well as the languages, of the East.

A good deal of conversation has been produced amongst the learned here, for some months past, by an exhibition of a perpetual motion, of which the moving power is magnetism.

The inventor is a shoemaker from Linlithgow, and he

says his invention consists in having discovered a substance, which, by its interposition, destroys the magnetic attraction. Thus by means of two magnets, and an alternate interposition of his substance, an alternating motion is produced upon a needle fixed at right angles to a small beam below. There is an application made for a patent, so that we shall know the secret by and bye ; in the mean time the best informed people are of opinion that the substance interposed is another magnet, of which the opposite pole to that of the attracting magnet is made to meet the needle. For a good while the interposed substance was believed to be soft iron, which would certainly produce the effect ; but an ingenious man, who saw the exhibition at Glasgow, placed a compass he had brought with him near this counteracting substance, which laid upon a table, and found the needle was affected.

I have been reading Madame de Staël's work on the French Revolution lately, and with great interest. Her sketches of the early events are striking. She has manifestly a design of reconciling all parties to the maintenance of a limited monarchy in France, and this design has biassed, on some points, either her judgment, or her declared sentiments. She would make the French people much more disposed, and better prepared, to maintain a free constitution than I can believe them to be.

Yours affectionately

W. S.



LORD WEBB SEYMOUR.

(From a Bust by Sir Francis Chantrey in the possession of the Author.)

CHAPTER IX

1819

Death of the Duke of Hamilton, February 16—Extracts from his letters—
Lord Webb to the Duchess, April 1 and 11 ; to the Duke, April 15—
Death of Lord Webb, and letters concerning him, April 16 and 23,
April 25 and 26—Mr. Hallam to the Duke concerning Lord Webb—
Extracts from Mr. Hallam's biographical sketch of Lord Webb.

WITH this chapter the correspondence between the two brothers ends, for Lord Webb Seymour died in April of this year. For some time he had been in weak health, and the death of several of his friends so worked upon his spirits that he had no strength to battle longer against disease, and sank rapidly to his end. Mr. Hallam's eloquent description of his character will be found in this chapter.

This was not the only loss the Duke and Duchess sustained this year, for on Feb. 16, 1819, the Duke of Hamilton died, to the great grief of his daughter Charlotte—Duchess of Somerset—who was as devoted to her father as he was to her. His letters are of no public interest, and only one—of August 8, 1815,—is included in this book. But to quote from one or two may show the great affection there was between them, though expressed in a somewhat quaint and stiff manner.

On April 10, 1812, the Duke of Hamilton writes to his daughter :—

‘ I have my cottage [a villa in Marylebone] well aired, that it may be ready.’ And :

‘ I return you my *thanks* for using the furniture, which is *better* for your use of it ; it is very plain, but was it very fine, it would not be half good enough for your dear Duke, yourself, or any of the children that you may bring there. (Nor can any of them do wrong at the cottage.) My most

kind love to the Dear Duke and all the dear children.
Adieu, my beloved Charlotte.

Yours very sincerely,
H. AND BRANDON.'

In Sep. 1817.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—I am quite happy to hear of the safe arrival of all the family at Bradley. I feel the loss I have sustained. The more I know of the Duke of Somerset, the more I esteem him, and I sincerely pray God I may see you all again soon. . . .

To say what I feel for your dear children is not in my power, God bless them all! My most kind and affectionate love to them all. Adieu, my beloved dear dear Charlotte.

Yours sincerely,
H. AND BRANDON.

From Lord Webb to the Duchess.

Edinburgh: Apr. 1, 1819.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I thank you very much for your last letter, which was very satisfactory. I cannot boast much of my progress in the recovery of strength. I continue very thin and weak, and am grown more nervous. I am drinking asses milk.

The weather is remarkably mild, and I am carried out in a sedan chair into a garden, where I enjoy the fresh air for an hour or two every day. We must have patience. I will not fatigue myself by writing more.

Yours most affectionately
W. S.

Edinburgh: Apr. 11, 1819.

MY DEAR SISTER,—It was very kind in my brother to think of coming to see me. I shall be most happy to receive him.

Upon the whole I am better to-day, the opiate medicines having been given me stronger, and with success. But it

will require a trial of some days to determine whether these good effects may be depended on.

Our weather has continued mild, and our winds west.

Yours very affectionately

WEBB SEYMOUR.

From the Duchess of Somerset.

Monday, 15 April, 1819.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your's of the 11th is just arrived and I am truly rejoiced that you think yourself rather better, tho' I am very uneasy about you. Of the climate of Edinbro' I have a sad opinion and I shall not be easy till you are out of it. I was grieved that the Duke should go and see you without *me*, but *with* my children ill and *without* a governess I could not come to Edinbro' where my heart and thoughts are.—However I earnestly hope you have decided to leave it, and if you will try the air in Devon or Cornwall, I will hasten there and get everything ready for your reception.

Why did not you sooner tell us you were unwell; till you named the sedan chair we had not the smallest idea of the weak state in which I now fear you are, but I will not fatigue you by writing more. My fervent prayers are that your health may be restored! Adieu my dear dear Brother

Yrs. most sincerely

C. S.

From the Duke of Somerset to his Wife.

Patterson's Lodgings, Princes Street,
16th April, 1819.

Webb was attacked yesterday with a shortness of breathing, and obliged to send hastily for Mr. Bell, who brought Dr. Hamilton with him. I was out at the time, but saw him afterwards. He cannot bear anybody to be with him when he is particularly weak. The interest taken about him here is very great, and some of his friends are, in his behalf, more kind than you could easily suppose. Captain Hall and Leonard Horner are particularly so, and

in concert with them I yesterday took a step, from which I hope some beneficial change may be brought about. . . .

Pray give Seymour the enclosed letter, and believe me

Yours affecly,

SOMERSET.

From the Duchess of Somerset to her Husband.

Friday, Ap. 23, 1819.

My heart bleeds for you, but *now* the less said the better.¹ I anticipated the blow but I thought it not so near. I hope you will soon return, as Edinbro' can only excite feelings of regret.

Pray bring me some little seal, or a key or in short something that belonged to dear Webb.

Pray take care of your health and do not *hurry* back, after all the agitation you have gone through I am sure you ought not to encounter fatigue. What a year this has been!!

God bless you: that we may soon meet is now the best hope I can frame.

Yrs. Ever

C. S.

From the Duke of Somerset to his Wife.

Prince's Street: 25th. April, 1819.

The funeral of my lamented Brother was conducted yesterday with great order, according to the customs of Scotland. Almost all the men of his principal acquaintance assembled. Mr. Playfair, Sir Jas. Hall, Mr. Jas. Mackenzie, Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Cranstown, Mr. L. Horner, Capt. Hall and another were Pall Bearers. About twenty more followed in mourning coaches to Holy Rood House, where Mr. Alison read the service. My office was that of Chief Mourner, as it was on another melancholy occasion.

I am going tomorrow to Hailes to look amongst the papers there, and see whether Lord Webb has left any directions as to his manuscripts.

¹ Lord Webb died on April 19 and was buried in Edinburgh April 24, 1819,

I hope you will send Seymour to Eton, as soon as his holidays shall have expired, for he has been so much at home that he is losing all the benefit of school.

Yrs. very affectly.
SOMERSET.

From the Duke of Somerset to the same.

Prince's Street : 25th. April 1819.

Imagining I may not have time tomorrow before the post goes out, as I go early to Hailes, I write a few lines this evening.

There was, as you observe, something unaccountable in my not having been sooner informed of the state my brother was in. But some of his friends here (I believe the greater part of them) were so used to hear he was ill, that they did not much heed it. Few of them saw him, and they had seen him look ill before. Some had such an apprehension of alarming him as is scarcely credible : and the consequence seems to have been that even he did not know how ill he was. To shew you what care was taken to avoid letting him know it, I enclose a letter which Captain Hall sent me upon my first arrival, that my looks might not betray my fears upon my first entrance. Mr. Bell appears however to have been to blame, for trusting to Commissioner Adams to communicate to me, in London, the alarming state my brother was in. Such things are undertaken conditionally, that is to be done when opportunity offers, and the chances are many that it never occurs.

Yrs. affectly
SOMERSET.

From Mr. Leonard Horner to the Duchess of Somerset.

Edin^b : 25 April, 1819.

I could not write to your Grace yesterday, as my time was occupied with various matters of business that could not be delayed, and in assisting in the last duties to your amiable brother's remains.

The Funeral took place in the way in which such

ceremonies are conducted here by those who belong to the Church of England.

The remains of poor Lord Webb were followed to the grave by those friends who loved and respected him as a man so truly excellent deserved. There being no relative besides the Duke, it was necessary for his Grace to select those who should be the Pall Bearers, and he chose the oldest and most affectionate friends of his brother. The chief of those, after his Grace, was M^r Playfair, who has felt in the death of Lord Webb, the loss of a son. He has been deeply afflicted, and was very much overcome when he saw the body committed to the grave.¹

I am happy to say that the Duke continues very well in health. He talked to M^r Mowbray, Lord Webb's attorney, of returning home on Wednesday next, but he has not said anything to myself.

This is a time of sorrow, for we have this morning received the account of the sudden death of M^{rs} Horner's brother-in-law leaving six orphan children, for their mother died only six months ago. This is a sad affliction to her.

I am ever, My dear Dutchess of Somerset,

Your very faithful and obliged servant,

LEONARD HORNER.

From Mr. Leonard Horner to the Duke of Somerset.

Great King Street,

Monday evening. 26th April 1819.

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I have read over the letters your Grace was so good as to put into my hands this forenoon with the greatest interest. They are quite invaluable to me, and I trust it is not asking too much that your Grace will allow me to add them to the collection I have already made of my poor brother's letters ; with the understanding, however, that no use is to be made of them for publication without receiving permission from your Grace.

I mentioned yesterday how much the intimacy that

¹ He died three months after Lord Webb Seymour.

subsisted between your late lamented brother and mine had influenced the character of the latter. . . .¹

I think there must be many more letters. Should your Grace find them, you know how valuable they would be to me.

The collection of letters from Lord Webb to my brother, which I sent back at his Lordship's request, would now be of greater value than ever; and I trust your Grace will see no objection to their being again in my possession, with the same understanding that they are not to be made use of for publication.

I have the honor to be,

Your Grace's very faithful and obliged ser^t,

LEONARD HORNER.

From Mr. Hallam to the Duke of Somerset.

Somerset House : Aug. 14, 1819.

MY DEAR LORD,—I regret that almost incessant business has interfered with my attention to the papers you were so kind as to send me till very lately; nor have I yet by any means gone through their extensive contents. But I have read enough to form a judgment, which could not be essentially altered, probably, by a more full perusal; since there is a striking similarity in the manner in which all the papers have been written. To me, who knew your brother so intimately, nothing was wanting to convince me of the comprehensive powers of his mind, & of the unremitting perseverance with which he made not only his reading, but his observation of the most common occurrences conducive to the highest objects of philosophical investigation. These papers, which have given me a melancholy satisfaction, are striking confirmations of what my intercourse with him had long taught me. They would certainly impress any one in the least competent to appreciate such subjects, with a deep sense of his powers of mind; and would, in my opinion, prove of considerable service to

¹ See chap. ii., July 6, 1807. Mr. Leonard Horner quotes his brothers' remarks about Lord Webb's portrait in that letter.

such as might engage in speculations of the same kind, by suggesting the most valuable hints, as well as interesting facts. But, on the other hand, they are unfortunately in too attenuated & unfinished a state to render it possible even to select a portion for publication, which might do justice to his memory. Yet I feel a reluctance to think that a man endowed with such rare qualities, & whose aims had been so elevated, should have no memorial except in the remembrance of comparatively a few friends—since it is certain that his retired habits & averseness to the general topics of Society prevented many even of those who had some degree of acquaintance from estimating his intellectual character at its true worth, while all did justice to the excellence of his heart. It has occurred to me that, if one of those who have lived most with him in Scotland, & been familiar with his way of thinking upon the subjects which chiefly employed his mind, would undertake a short Memoir, it would be very practicable to ingraft upon it many passages from these papers in my possession which would illustrate & furnish evidence of his abilities. Those only who lived much with him could be competent to such an undertaking—it would give me pleasure to assist by furnishing any information which our long, though much interrupted, intimacy might enable me to afford. The whole of the papers are so perfectly arranged in order of time, that they would readily fall in with the natural course of a biographical Memoir.¹

I am My dear Lord
very faithfully yours
HENRY HALLAM.

Extract from the Biographical notice of Lord Webb Seymour by Henry Hallam, Esq.²:—

‘He [Lord Webb] received his classical education principally at the school of Ramsbury, in Wiltshire, kept at

¹ He wrote a biographical sketch of Lord Webb Seymour, but it was not published until Mr. Leonard Horner issued his brother's *Memoirs and Correspondence* in 1843, when it appeared in the Appendix of that book.

² H. Hallam the historian.

that time by Mr. Edward Meyrick. Both the Duke of Somerset and his brother were of Christ Church, Oxford, where Lord Webb appears to have begun to reside early in 1794. It was not long after this time that his character developed itself in a steadiness of purpose and an unshaken determination to cultivate his mind according to a preconceived scheme of improvement, rare in a young man of his rank, and much more so at that time than in the present age. The habits of his natural associates, those in college language called "gold tufts" and silk gowns, were anything rather than studious, estimable as many of those young men were in private life, and have since shewn themselves in the world. Lord Webb Seymour soon adopted a plan, which even the reading men at Oxford seldom thought it necessary to pursue. He resolutely declined all invitations, and during the whole remainder of his stay at Christ Church was never seen at a wine party. Such a course, whatever in this more studious age may be thought, brought down at that time on his head the imputation of great singularity; but his remarkable urbanity of manners, and the entire absence of affectation, preserved to him the respect and regard of those from whose society he thus seemed to withdraw.

'The reason which Lord Webb gave for thus sacrificing all convivial intercourse was characteristic of his modesty. He felt, he said, that his parts were slow; that he acquired knowledge with less facility than many of his contemporaries, and that he could not hope to compass the objects which he had in view, if he gave up the evening hours, as was then customary, to the pleasures of conversation. The dignity of his mind, always intent on future and even distant schemes of improvement, and hence superior to all momentary emulation, which it is perhaps too much the habit of those who guide our academical studies to encourage, can only be appreciated by those who remember him at this period, and who remember also the frivolous and superficial tone of conversation from which, relatively at least to him, few of his fellow students, even though not

deficient in mental quickness or school learning, were exempt.

'Lord Webb Seymour was neither a very good scholar, in the common sense of the word, nor by any means the contrary. He knew well, on every subject, what he knew at all, and his character rendered him averse to spread his reading over a large surface. He read slowly and carefully, possibly too much so; but as on this account he forgot little, he was by this means uninformed on many subjects of general literature. But his peculiar quality was the love of truth, and, as is perhaps the case with all true lovers, he loved that mistress the more in proportion as she was slow in favouring his suit. It was said of him that he would rather get at any thing by the longest process: and, in fact, not having a quick intuition, and well knowing that those who decide instantly are apt not to understand what they decide, he felt a reluctance to acquiesce in what the world calls a common-sense view of any philosophical question.

'The first subjects that seem to have attracted his peculiar attention at Oxford were anatomy and chemistry, especially the latter; for the sake of experiments in which he fitted up a laboratory in his rooms. He acquired also some knowledge in other branches of physical history and philosophy. But his inquisitive mind soon led him to a different walk: he became fond of metaphysical theories; a turn far enough from being uncommon in young men of nineteen, but seldom accompanied with so patient, so sceptical (in the best sense) and so unbiassed a temper. That he did not come to many conclusions in his psychological investigations, will hardly be thought a proof of his wanting capacity for them; but perhaps it was a real defect in his intellectual character, that he did not grasp a proof, when it was fairly made out, with as much tenacity as he had shewn in collecting its elements; and was more ready and ingenious in accumulating analogies and presumptive arguments, than in reducing them to a calculated probability. This may possibly have been the reason, if

the fact were as he afterwards believed it to be, that he had no natural turn for strict mathematics.

'In these pursuits, and in the society of a few friends, Lord Webb Seymour passed his time at Christ Church till the end of 1797. He now put into execution a scheme which he had been for some time revolving, of passing the next few years at Edinburgh. The high reputation of this university, during that period, for moral and physical philosophy, had made a deep impression on his mind, though he was far from anticipating that Scotland would become his chosen abode for the rest of his life.

'It was not long after his settling at Edinburgh that he became intimate with Mr. Horner, as well as with other individuals of a remarkable constellation who illustrated that city; especially Dr. Thomas Brown and Mr. Playfair. Under the auspices of the latter he carried on his inquiries in geology; a science then hardly more than nascent, and to which Lord Webb's attention had been drawn during his residence at Oxford. He travelled in company with Mr. Playfair on several occasions over a great part of Scotland and sometimes in England.

'... The next years of Lord Webb's life were spent at Edinburgh, interrupted by occasional visits to the South. The following letter of May 18th, 1801 will serve to exemplify his habitual love of knowledge: (only part of which is copied here)

Edinburgh: May 18, 1801.

'DEAR HALLAM,—Had Dame Nature blessed me with Fortunatus's wishing-cap, I should often have made use of it during the last seven months for a flight to your chambers at Lincoln's Inn—there to have held much high debate on the abstract mysteries of human knowledge, and also on the great events that have been going forward in the world around us. The mail-coach is, perhaps, an invention that argues the progress of civilization more than any other: to think that in three days my thoughts may be communicated at the distance of four hundred miles makes me exult that I was born in an age when human power has

attained so high a pitch ; but greater and happier far will be those mortals or rather *incipient immortals*, who in that golden age predicted by Godwin shall have acquired the complete dominion of mind over matter, when every illumined spirit, unincumbered by this cold clod of earth, shall glance, like a meteor, through the infinity of space, and maintain a personal intercourse with the inhabitants of those far distant worlds, which it now strains our imagination but to think on. But here are we, Anno Domini 1801, and we must make the best of it.

‘Since my return to Edinburgh I have been working steadily at mathematics, and indeed almost exclusively ; for I have at length learnt to confine my attention to two or three subjects at a time, instead of being distracted by a dozen at once, as you may remember to have been the case. Playfair has been my guide ; I think myself extremely happy in having so good a one. He has a profound knowledge of the subject, and our intimacy has afforded me opportunities of discussing all my difficulties with him under as little restraint as I should have felt with another person of my own age, with whom I might have been pursuing the study. . . .

‘In the course of the winter I have, in company with a friend, read through Lord Bacon’s *De Augmentis*, and we gave every part of it such a discussion, as in times of old you and I were wont to bestow on the pages of Bishop Butler ; I hope too with equal profit. Though I had reaped no other advantage I should think myself well repaid by the enthusiasm for science and the improvement in philosophical temper which I must have derived from it. . . .

‘I again attended Stewart’s course on Political Economy last winter, and with great satisfaction. A course of lectures cannot give an insight into the depths of a science, but they, at least, give a general view of what may be learnt, and the means of pursuing it by private study.

‘But in 1803, a temporary change took place in Lord Webb Seymour’s plan of life. The prospect of an invasion loudly threatened by Bonaparte, had aroused a more

unanimous spirit than has been often witnessed in this nation: everyone, according to his station, took his place in the numerous corps of volunteers or yeomanry which sprang up on every side. Lord Webb Seymour was not insensible to the call of duty, and relinquished his scientific associates to take the command of a battalion of volunteers, raised in the neighbourhood of Dartmoor. . . .

'The business of his regiment was, as may be conceived, very toilsome to a man of his character; and in the autumn of 1805, when the apprehensions of a hostile attack had considerably subsided, he left Torquay, and soon returned to his favourite capital of Scotland. But not long after the commencement of this second residence in the North, a most unfortunate change took place in Lord Webb's constitution. Of a robust form, accustomed to much exercise and rigorously temperate, he seemed to have the probable elements of health and longevity. This however was far from being the case. With no manifest disease, a gradual languor stole over his mind and body, frequently relieved by transient rallying, but on the whole silently increasing for the rest of his life. Edinburgh continued to be his principal quarters, but the loss of some friends, and the removal of others to England, conspired with the decay of his health, to break off, except at intervals, or at least to relax the vigour of those philosophical speculations which he had pursued in the society of a Horner and a Brown. He came not more than two or three times afterwards to England; for the last, in the winter of 1816, when he remained in London for several months.

'In the year 1810 Lord Webb Seymour purchased a small property on the Clyde, by name Glenarbach. In a letter dated Feb. 16: 1810 he thus describes this place. "The estate is small, about sixty English acres. It lies on the north side of the Clyde, between ten and eleven miles below Glasgow, and about four from Dumbarton, of course within an easy ride of Loch Lomond, Roseneath, and other delightful scenery in that neighbourhood. The property extends from the banks of the river up the steep slope of a

hill, the surface of which is agreeably diversified with pasture, and wood, and rock. On the rise of the ground is a small neat dwelling house, commanding pleasing views of the river and the adjacent country. . . . The whole place might be literally described in the words of Horace as

. . . *Modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paullum silvæ super his.*

“It will hold me, and my books, and a few friends, and promises a snug retreat. Glasgow will furnish all the comforts of a large town, and the libraries, scientific news, and other literary conveniences of an University. I hope to be settled in my new habitation early in the summer. The name of the place is Glenarbach.”

‘It is certain, that notwithstanding the late failure of health Lord Webb at this time, and indeed long afterwards, had not abandoned the generous hope of contributing something to moral philosophy. He flattered himself that the solitude of a retired country house might be more favourable than any city could be to such an object.

‘The gradual progress, however, of an enfeebling languor soon suspended, and ultimately extinguished, those hopes. He quitted his residence at Glenarbach, and returned to Edinburgh. . . .

‘But the race of this excellent person was more nearly run than his best friends had anticipated. He had so long endured a feeble state of health, and with so little appearance of organic disease, that, little as a restoration to vigour could be hoped, it seemed probable that his systematic care would preserve the frail tenement of so noble a spirit for many years. This however was not permitted . . . Lord Webb Seymour expired on the 19th April, 1819, at the age of forty-two.

‘Nothing, except a few pages on geology, ever appeared from the pen of Lord Webb. But he had been much accustomed to commit his reflections to paper ; and whatever he wrote was clear, precise, and full of thought.

‘It would be doing the utmost injustice to the memory of this most lamented person, were I only to dwell on his intellectual character, or even on those qualities which have been already mentioned—his love of truth and desire of improvement. Not only was Lord Webb Seymour a man of the most untainted honour and scrupulous integrity, but of the greatest benevolence and the warmest attachment to his friends. This was displayed in a constant solicitude for their success, their fame, their improvement ; and in a sincerity which made no concessions to their vanity, while its delicate and gentle expression endeared him still more to those who were worthy of his friendship. Neither his constitution, nor his habits of reflection, admitted of strong emotions : he scarcely knew anger, or any of the violent passions ; and perhaps, in considering the mild stoicism of his character, the self-command which never degenerated into selfishness, we are not mistaken in fancying some resemblance between him and Marcus Aurelius. He would at least, in other times, have surely chosen the philosophy of the Porch ; but with all the beneficence and kindness which only the best disciples of that school seem to have evinced.’

(End of extracts from Mr. H. Hallam’s biographical notice of Lord Webb Seymour.)

CHAPTER X

1820-1821-1822-1824-1828

sir Alexander Johnston to the Duke of Somerset, April 22 and May 21, and December 8, 1820—Lord Lansdowne to the same, February 24—The Duke of Clarence to the Duchess, June 21, 1821—Lord Lansdowne to the Duke, February 12—Mr. de Zea to the Duchess, July 21, August 22, September 5 ; the Duchess to Mr. de Zea, 1822—Reverend Sydney Smith, September 17, 1824—Mr. Ellis to the Duke of Somerset, June 3, 1828, with an account of the murder of Francis Duke of Somerset in 1678.

From Sir Alexander Johnston¹ to the Duke of Somerset.

22 April 1820.

MY DEAR DUKE,—Accept my best thanks for your letters of the 16th & 20th & for their enclosures. I have read over Horner's letter with much interest & shall shew it to the Duke de San Carlos to whom I shall with your permission give a memorandum of the different books to which Horner alludes together with the remarks which he makes upon their respective merits—many persons, who have of late considered the subject of political economy have dissented as much as, from what you say, I presume Horner did from some of the principles which Adam Smith has laid down in his, which for the time at which it was written, I shall always consider as a most extraordinary as well as a most valuable work.

The Duchess will have mentioned to you that I attended at the first & at the last day of Thistlewood's trial : I am sorry that you, who like and are accustomed to consider human nature under its various modifications, were not

¹ Sir Alexander Johnston, 1775-1849. Reorganiser of the Government of Ceylon, Advocate-General of Ceylon 1799, knighted 1811 ; Privy Councillor 1832.

present: the evidence left no doubt on my mind of his guilt, at the same time that it shews upon how little chance of success men in Thistlewood's situation will entertain the most sanguine hopes of success. It does not appear that he could have calculated with any certainty upon more than forty persons to have assisted him in his scheme, not only of murdering the cabinet, but of seizing six pieces of cannon at the Artillery ground, 2 pieces at the Light Horse Barracks in Grays Inn Lane, & then of taking possession of the Mansion House, Bank & Telegraph, all of which achievements were to have been carried into effect during the night & at the moment when he was to announce the overthrow of the present—the establishment of a provisional government.

I understand that Daniel More & Sir Joseph are completely reconciled & that the former accompanied by Butler has dined with the latter: this I presume must put an end to all further proceedings on the part of the members of the Club & therefore render it unnecessary for you to come to town *merely* to attend the meeting of the Club on Thursday next. I do not congratulate *you* on becoming a member of the Linnean Society, but I heartily congratulate the Linnean Society in having acquired for a member a person who will in every way do them so much credit as you will, for I think that it is a society which requires to be raised a little in public estimation.

It is at present I find believed that the Queen is really to make her appearance in England: ¹ the official appointment of Brougham & Denman confirm this opinion—the appointment to Denman is of great importance as it will from the rank which the office of Solicitor to the Queen gives him at the Bar, enable him to make at the least £1500 a year more than he has hitherto received from his practice.

Lady Johnston & my daughters desire me to say every-

¹ George III. had died January 20 this year, and in June Queen Caroline returned to England.

thing that is kind from them & I am with the greatest regard My dear Duke

Yours very truly

ALEXR. JOHNSTON.

To quote from Miss Martineau's history concerning the Cato Street conspiracy :—

'It was in November (1819) that Sir Herbert Taylor, who held a high office in the establishment of the King, was accosted at Windsor by a man named Edwards, who kept a small shop at Eton for the sale of plaster casts, and who gave information of a desperate plot against the Ministers. . . .

'The leader, Thistlewood, was a desperate man ; too vindictive about his private wrongs to make much pretence of patriotism. He had been engaged with the Watsons, and acquitted on his trial for that matter. After his acquittal, he had sent a challenge to Lord Sidmouth ; and this piece of audacity had procured him a year's imprisonment. He came out of jail thirsting for the blood of the Minister. He drew about him a few ignorant and desperate men ; . . . There was to be a Cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's [on the 20th of Feb. 1820]. . . . Thus it was settled. Some of their number were to watch Lord Harrowby's house, to see that no police or soldiers were brought there. One was to call with a note while the Ministers were at dinner ; and the others were then to rush in, to commit the murders, carrying bags in which to bring away the heads of Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh. Then they were to fire the cavalry barracks, by throwing fire-balls into the straw sheds : and the Bank and Tower were to be taken by the people, who, it was hoped, would rise upon the spread of the news. . . .

'The preparations for dinner went on at Lord Harrowby's till eight o'clock in the evening ; but the guests did not arrive. The Archbishop of York, who lived next door, happened to give a dinner that evening ; and the arrival of the carriages deceived those of the conspirators who were

on the watch in the street, till it was too late to give warning to their comrades, who had assembled in a stable in Cato Street, near the Edgware Road.¹

Owing to the soldiers not having been ready, as ordered, to turn out at a moment's notice, the police proceeded to Cato Street without them; and Smithers (one of them) was stabbed by Thistlewood, who escaped with several of the conspirators. Thistlewood was, however, caught next morning, and (again to quote Miss Martineau): 'on the 20th April was condemned to death, after a trial of three days: and on the 1st May, he and his four principal accomplices were executed.'¹

May 21, 1820. Sunday morning.

MY DEAR DUKE,—I return you the manuscripts with a great many thanks²—I have to offer you my apologies for having kept them so long—the fact is that I have read them over & over again with the greatest pleasure & have derived each time the greatest information both as to the subject to which they relate & as to the method in which such a subject ought to be treated in order to render it intelligible. I look upon them as containing a model of correct mathematical reasoning & as affording one of the best & the most useful exercises for the intellect which I ever read.

Believe me my dear Duke

Yours very truly

ALEXR. JOHNSTON.

From Sir Alexander Johnston to the Duke of Somerset.

7th. July, 1820.

MY DEAR DUKE,—I dined yesterday at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Society Club—there were twenty-two out of the forty members present & there were three

¹ *The History of England during the Peace*, vol. i., pp. 242–244.

² These manuscripts were probably written by the Duke.

vacancies to fill up—Lord Dundas who is dead, & Lord Kirkwall, & Lord Mountmorris who have forfeited their seats at the Club by non attendance for a year are the members who were to be replaced—Lord Aberdeen, Lord Macclesfield, & the Revd Mr. Burney were elected in their room—poor old Glentenie was blackballed not from any dislike to him but from a belief that his health would not permit him to attend. We had little or no conversation about the ensuing election of a president—Home looked as if he thought we all knew of the scrape he had got into with the king—Davy put on a meek modest appearance having been informed by his friends that the manner in which he had interfered with the proceedings of the R. Society had caused disgust, & Woolaston presided with the diffidence suitable to a temporary president.

In case you have not heard of Home's business I will give you a short account of it—Prince Leopold hearing that the King (at the time Sir Joseph talked of resigning in favour of Giddy) had sent a message by Home to Sir Joseph expressing his disapprobation of the Prince being elected endeavoured to ascertain how it happened that the King had done so after telling him (the Prince) that he approved of his offering himself. The King, the moment he heard of the report denied the truth of it, & ordered Blomfield to write a letter to Home directing him immediately to contradict this statement & to write back detailing what the real message was which was given him by the King for Sir Joseph. Home did so, replying that the King had desired him to express to Sir Joseph his *approbation* of the Prince's offering himself—upon this, the former report was officially contradicted in the Times—Home finding that he had got into so serious a scrape with the King & that he had incurred his displeasure, now I understand insinuates that Sir Joseph gave currency to the report & not he [Home], in hopes of securing success to Giddy, who, he was afraid, would have had no chance against Prince Leopold—people however believe that the report originated with Home who puts it off upon poor Sir Joseph who is no longer alive to contradict

Home's assertion. This story has as you may suppose not added to Home's popularity.

Upon the discovery that this opinion, that the King disapproved of the Prince's offering himself was unfounded, Congreve & Watson who is Blomfield's Deputy, wrote from Carlton House to the Prince who is at Claremont urging him to stand again; in the meantime Carlisle issued the circulars of which the enclosed is one. The Prince however has not been persuaded to offer himself again as you will perceive by Addenbrook's note to me yesterday which he wrote in consequence of my asking him to let me know as soon as possible the Prince's real determination.

The news of today is that the coronation will be postponed—Lord Grey will not leave town till Monday or rather Tuesday as there is a call of the house for Monday & should it on Monday be determined to go on with the Queen's trial without delay his lordship will I suppose be kept in town altogether.

Lady Johnston & my daughters desire to be kindly remembered to you & I am with great truth

My dear Duke

Yours very sincerely

ALEXR. JOHNSTON.

From Sir Alexander Johnston to the Duke of Somerset.

Friday Evening. 8th. Decr. 1820.

MY DEAR DUKE,—As Sir Benjamin Hobhouse told me he was to dine at the Royal Society & to bring Capt. Parry with him, I went there to meet them yesterday: Davy presided: not, as you may easily imagine with much dignity—we adjourned as usual after dinner to Somerset House: Davy took the chair for the first time & opened the meeting with a discourse upon the present state of science & upon the best means of making further discoveries in each branch—his discourse was not a good one but evidently framed in imitation of one of Cuvier's on the anniversary of the French Academy. After Davy had concluded, the Secretaries

proceeded to read some papers : amongst them there was one of Woolaston's reporting the reasons which had induced the Council of the R.S. to award the Coplean medal of the present year to Hostade the Danish scavant for his discovery that steel might be rendered magnetic by a Galvanic shock. The style & arrangement of the matter in this paper does Woolaston credit—& affords in my opinion a good model for writings upon philosophical subjects.

I understand that 140 members voted at the last election of which 14 voted for Lord Colchester—Leigh the Clerck informed me that Davy had assured him that what he (Davy) *called all the Nobility* were in his favor—their zeal however must have cooled before the election, for Lords Holland, Darnley, & Macclesfield were the only ones who attended the election—Davy does not seem to be popular : but the Society seems so much divided that I am glad you did not stand for the office of President.

Instead of Sir Joseph's Sunday evenings, Sir Humphry is to have Wednesday evenings & some jealousy I understand prevails amongst the more humble class of our associates at an idea that Sir Humphry is to make a selection of those who are to be invited.

Altho' Parry was at the R.S. dinner I had not an opportunity of asking him much about his expedition—the most material facts he mentioned to me were that the Hecla he believed, must have passed the north pole of the Magnet in about Lat North 71 & Long West 100 that there was no thunder & lightning in the Arctic regions—that what are usually termed the Northern Lights were seen by him in the South, & that they were frequent but not bright—that there were no fish, & that he found almost always the water unfrozen for a little space between the great masses of ice & the land, & that it is upon this last fact that he & others who were in the expedition found their hopes of being able, if they proceed close along the Coast of America, of finding a passage between the shore & the ice. However he does not seem to be very sanguine in his expectation of success, altho' the Admiralty are determined to try the

experiment & mean to send out another expedition without delay for that purpose.

I, yesterday morning, as my family were anxious to see the Hecla & Griper drove them down to Deptford Docks where these two ships are paying off. The Hecla, altho' so long frozen up in the ice, has not met with the slightest injury : supposing that the lateral pressure of the ice would be very great, her sides had been strengthened with an outside casing before she sailed : the people on board told me, that as soon as the ice had completely surrounded her, she was raised by it about 8 inches & that as soon as the ice broke on the return of summer, she fell 8 Inches again, the fall producing the same sensation on board as if she had struck on the ground. The purser of the ship showed us a collection he had made of stuffed birds, amongst which were a male & female of the King Duck, a ptarmigan, an Arctic swallow, a large Gull, & a very beautiful Alpine hare perfectly white. He had also the head & horns of a musk Ox—the horns of a reindeer—the horn of the Narwal or Sea Unicorn, & the tusks of a Walruse.

I have however imperceptibly got on to the sixth side of paper, which for me who do not like writing is not very usual & I must therefore conclude with offering you the kindest remembrances from Lady J. & my daughters, & begging you to believe me with the great esteem & regard

My dear Duke

Yours most truly

A. JOHNSTON.

From the Marquess of Lansdowne to the Duke of Somerset.

London. Feby 24th 1821.

MY DEAR DUKE,—As I am afraid there is no chance of your being in town in the course of a few days & I propose moving an address on Tuesday on the proceedings of the Allies against Naples, I inclose a proxy in case you should have no objection to sign one. For though I have endeavoured to frame one merely to record the opinion of Parlt.

without implying any blame on ministers, in order that they may in consistency with their own declaration support it, I am afraid they will avoid doing it if they can.

I remain my dear Duke
ever sincerely yours

LANSDOWNE.

I inclose a copy of my address in case you like to see it, tho' I have no doubt you will approve of the principles on which it is founded. The Austrians were expected to be on the Neapolitan frontier the 19th or 20th of this month. Their declaration has been received by the French ambassador tho' not by our Government.

'To thank His Majesty for having been graciously pleased to lay before this house a copy of the dispatch to His Majesty's missions at foreign courts on the circular communication addressed by the courts of Austria, Prussia, and Russia to their several missions relating to the recent transactions in the Kingdom of Naples; to express the satisfaction which we feel that His Majesty has declined becoming a party to the measures in question, considering them to be no less repugnant to the fundamental principles of the British Constitution than destructive of the established law of nations; and to express an earnest hope, that His Majesty will exert all his influence with the Allied Powers to desist from a perseverance in measures that may eventually tend to destroy the general tranquillity of Europe and which especially when considered in combination with the doctrines which appear to have been advanced in their justification are of most dangerous example to the independence of Sovereigns and the security of nations.'

It may be interesting to glance at what was going on in Naples a few days after Lord Lansdowne's letter was written, but before doing so it is necessary to quote from Haydn's 'Dictionary of Dates' the following facts. 'After Joachim Murat's ineffectual attempt to recover the throne of Naples from the Austrians in March 1815, he was seized, tried, and shot on the 13th. Oct. that same year, and Fer-

dinand, re-established, recommenced his tyrannical measures. . . . In 1819 the society of Carbonari started a successful insurrection under General P  p  , and the King was compelled to swear solemnly to a new constitution July 13, 1820, but at his instigation the Austrians invaded the Kingdom and General P  p   was defeated 7th. March, 1821, and the constitutional government ended on the 23rd. March.' (Ferdinand died Jan. 4, 1825, after reigning 66 years.)

Prince Metternich was at Laybach on account of the Congress. When the three northern powers had decided to resort to arms in the affairs of Naples, the representatives of France and of England ceased to take part in the conference. (Lords Clanwilliam and Stewart and Sir Robert Gordon were the English representatives.)

Metternich writes from Laybach on March 7, 1821:—

'Today the first shots will be fired. Things will go well or badly. If all goes well, our enemies will shout with derision from the house-tops at our employing such force—in case of failure they will equally laugh at our expence: they will say we have launched in an undertaking above our strength. . . .'

On March 22: 'If I calculate rightly, tomorrow we shall enter Naples—thus ends the revolution. A great fantasmagoria has actually disappeared; in less than eight days it will have ceased to exist even in the minds of the most incredulous.

'Without shedding a drop of blood our army has covered itself with glory, for it caused no excesses nor the least disorder. Not a shot was fired because the adversary's guns were silent. . . . Our army crossed over mountains and through passes, entering towns in the midst of unanimous shouts of "Long live the King! Hurrah for the Austrians!" . . . So far, so good; but in the meanwhile I do not know how to find the time necessary for such a heavy task. Heaven has bestowed on me qualities like those of a draught animal. The more I work, the better it goes. During the last eight nights I have hardly slept more than two hours. . . .'

On March 31: 'A war that lasts thirteen days counting

from the first shot fired to the capitulation of the whole Kingdom is not a long war. . . .'

On April 3d : 'I am in the most extraordinary situation I was ever in. I have on my hands one revolution just stifled, and two more just igniting; one sovereign that cannot be induced to advance, and another that will march on double quick pace.' (The Grand-Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena.) 'The first will not quit Florence unless I come there; he will follow no one but me. It is useless my writing to him, or causing the two Emperors to do so, or letting him be hustled by our own plenipotentiary—he remains deaf and dumb, and answers invariably: "Send me Metternich." The second runs like a madman without fear of death or devil, listening neither to Emperors nor ministers, but writes letter after letter with nothing but: "Send me Metternich." In the meantime it is impossible for me to leave Laybach. I can neither move one, nor restrain the other. The Emperors are furious and I am myself enraged. It is quite certain that enemies are much more manageable; one simply falls on them and kills them, but with friends!

'I write without ceasing and without rest; soon I shall have used as many quills as all the geese in Bohemia can supply—and that is not saying a little.'¹

From the Duke of Clarence to the Duchess of Somerset.

St. James's: June 21st. 1821.

MY DEAR AND FAIR FRIEND,—I am to acknowledge the letter Your Grace has done me the favour to send and its inclosure from Captain Seymour:² I trouble my all accomplished friend with an answer to the Captain not knowing his direction: I wish my ability to serve him kept pace with my desire to be of use: but being aware of the amiability and good management of your Grace I should

¹ See *Mémoires de Metternich*, livre v., année 1821.

² Captain Francis Edward Seymour, born 1788, died 1866; his father was Lord Francis Seymour, Dean of Wells, 4th son of the 8th Duke of Somerset.

think Seymour might thro' the Dutchess of Somerset procure his promotion. I will certainly assist him indirectly ; more at present I cannot do : I never shall be angry with any officer striving for his promotion : adieu and rest assured that I am and must be,

Dear Dutchess,

Yours unalterably

WILLIAM.

From Sir Benjamin Hobhouse to the Duchess of Somerset.

Whitton : Aug. 11, 1821.

Your Grace's letter was most welcome.

The public know but little of the contents of the Will of the late Queen, whose conduct, & fortitude, during her last most painful illness, was truly magnanimous—I think, however, that I can tell you as matters of fact, that she has, in an *unqualified* manner directed her remains to be sent to Germany ; that Dr. Lushington, & Mr. Wild, her two Executors, have legacies ; (Dr. Lushington's is, I believe, one of her Majesty's carriages) that Lord & Lady Hood have legacies of £500 each, & Lady Anne Hamilton some small tokens of remembrance & that William Austin is her residuary Legatee ; but that Brougham, Denman & Wood, are not mentioned in the Will.—When I was mentioning that her Majesty had ordered the removal of her body to Germany, I should have added, that she had positively forbidden the opening of her body, & had directed that on her tomb stone the only words should be—'Caroline the injured Queen of England'—Upon these few particulars, I think you may rely.

I am requested to present Lady Hobhouse's kind compliments to your Grace, & I beg you to believe that I am, my dear Duchess,

With unfeigned regard

Your faithful friend

B. HOBHOUSE.

From the Marquess of Lansdowne to the Duke of Somerset.

London: Feby. 12th. 1822.

MY DEAR DUKE,—I shall be very glad to hear of a Wiltshire meeting, tho' I do not wish to take an active part in promoting it, for what I fear you will think a very idle reason, that having so recently left that part of the country I do not wish to be called back there if I can avoid it at present; if however you can undertake to attend, I should have no hesitation in setting my name with yours to any requisition you might draw up or approve.

One consideration will I am sure have struck you—in the present temper of the public mind, it would be difficult to hold any public meeting at which a proposition for parliamentary reform will not be made & if made will not be carried. Tho' by no means an anti reformer, & desirous ever of seeing some reforms made which might strengthen the connection between the body of the nation & its representative, I am not prepared to go so far as most leading reformers are, & as I believe owing to the misconduct of the Government the public is daily becoming more rife & disposed to go, than at any former period.

Sir Francis Burdett is I know anxious for a meeting, & prepared to attend it.

All the accounts from Ireland are still most distressing; it will be as much as the Insurrection act with an increased military force can do 'to skotch the Snake, not kill it!' for I cannot learn that there is any disposition to strike at the root of these disorders.

I remain ever my dear Duke

Yours most sincerely

LANDSLOWNE.

From Mr. de Zea to the Duchess of Somerset.

Je souhaite le bon jour à Madame la Duchesse de Somerset et la prie de vouloir bien accepter cet Ananas le plus beau que j'aye vu, même dans les pays où le climat favorise

toutes les productions naturelles. Il est pourtant né dans cette Angleterre où le soleil de la liberté fait aussi des miracles. Ici les Grands sont des bons et utiles Citoyens ; ils protègent les Arts, le Commerce et l'Agriculture : tout doit s'en ressentir. Madame la Duchesse de Somerset me pardonnera cette digression au sujet de mon Ananas : j'aurais pû me borner tout simplement à le lui offrir, parce que un Poete (Esménard)¹ a dit que ce fruit merveilleux remplaçait à lui seul tous les fruits et toutes les fleurs de l'Europe. Dans ce cas, il était juste de le présenter à la femme la plus aimable et la plus digne de nos hommages.

F. A. ZEA.²

Dimanche matin 21 Juillet
Blake's hotel. 1822.

From the same.

Aug. 22, 1822.

Madame la Duchesse : Je m'empresse d'accuser la réception de votre obligeante lettre. Vous allez me pardonner de ne pas vous avoir prévenue.

Le lendemain de votre départ, j'ai été bien malade. Les médecins appelés dans la nuit avaient des inquiétudes pour ma vie. Mon Epouse et ma fille furent forcés de suspendre leur voyage qui s'est ensuite effectuée, lorsque elles ont été rassurées sur mon Etat.

Après une semaine de rigoureuse abstinence, la coalition des docteurs de l'une et l'autre faculté s'est laissée fléchir. J'ai obtenu l'autorisation de reprendre un peu de nourriture ; et je suis invité à me rendre aux eaux de Bath où l'on me dit que m'attend une santé parfaite, sous la condition, toutefois, d'une diète pythagorique pendant toute une année. Quelque mince que soit cet avenir, je m'y sou mets. Votre défunct Ministre des Affaires étrangères³ a reçu de grands honneurs après sa mort ; il repose dans Westminster à coté de Pitt ! Malgré tout cela son exemple ne me tente point ; je sens que je tiens à ce que la nature m'a

¹ Joseph Alphonse Esménard, French poet and littérateur, 1770-1811.

² Francisco Antonio Zea, Spanish botanist and statesman, 1770-1822.

³ Robert Stewart Castlereagh, Marquis of Londonderry, 1769-1822.

donné. Les médecins, il est vrai, m'ont interdit les agréments de la table, les occupations diplomatiques et beaucoup d'autres choses : mais ils ne m'ont rien prescrit sur mes affections de cœur. Il ne m'est pas défendu de vous aimer en tout bien et en toute conscience, ni de me livrer au plaisir de songer aux bontés dont vous m'honorez : certainement je leur aurais désobéi, s'ils m'eussent imposé cette ordonnance ; tout compte fait, ma vie languissante a quelques attraits pour moi.

Adieu, Madame. Veuillez bien accepter avec indulgence la petite brochure, dont je fais porter 2 exemplaires à votre Hôtel. C'est une réponse courte & modérée à des sophismes politiques sortis des cerveaux ministériels de Madrid. Il y avait beaucoup à dire à ce sujet. Les bons esprits nous saurons gré de n'avoir pas cherché à prolonger la guerre des mots. Les événements parleront d'eux mêmes et la question sera résolue.

Daignez, Madame, me rappeler au souvenir de Monsieur le Duc et de M^{lle} de Somerset. Le Cⁱ Esménard¹ qui m'accompagnera encore quelques jours à Bath, me charge de vous témoigner tous ses regrets de n'avoir pu vous faire plus souvent la cour. Il vous prie d'agréer ses respectueux hommages.

Ma faiblesse extrême ne me permettait pas d'écrire moi-même cette lettre. Mais je rassemble toutes mes forces pour l'achever en vous renouvelant l'assurance de tous mes sentiments et de ma haute considération.

F. A. ZEA.

From the Duchess of Somerset to Mr. de Zea.

Aug. 24, 1822.

Je suis toute fâchée, mon cher M^r de Zea, d'apprendre que vous avez été si dangereusement malade ; mais avant l'arrivée de votre lettre qui m'annonce cette mauvaise nouvelle, je me doutais que vous étiez indisposé, parceque

¹ Jean Baptiste Esménard, French publicist and littérateur, 1772-1842.

je croyais bien que vous m'auriez plutôt écrit, si ce n'avait été pour quelque cause facheuse, et comme nous vous avons quitté aparemment dans un état bien souffrant. J'étais très inquiète de rester si longtemps sans entendre parler de vous. Aumoins je me réjouis d'apprendre que vous vous trouvez mieux et je désire sincèrement que les eaux de Bath vous conviennent, et vous y resterez jusqu'à ce que nous soyons de retour à Bradley, ou le Duc et moi nous aurons le plus grand plaisir à vous recevoir, et à vous féliciter selon mes désirs, d'une santé parfaitement rétablie.

J'ai lu avec grand plaisir que les négociants de Liverpool et de Leeds ont fait des instances au Gouvernement pour que l'indépendance de ma République chérie soit reconnue, et je souhaite ardemment que le Gouvernement ne soit pas si aveuglé sur son propre intérêt, que de différer plus longtemps d'avouer officiellement ceux dont le courage, la fermeté, et le dévouement pour la Patrie, sont honorés dans le cœur de tout véritable Anglais.

Le Duc et Mad^{lle} Bléschamp vous prient d'accepter leurs amitiés, et moi je fais des vœux pour la prospérité de la Colombie,¹ souhaitant en même temps tout ce qu'il y a de mieux pour son digne Représentatif.

P.S. Comptant sur votre bonté ordinaire, j'oserai vous demander pour mon amie L^y Morley, la tête d'un de vos superbes Ananas, dont elle désire beaucoup avoir la semence. Si vous voudriez bien l'envoyer à 14 Park Street, je vous serais infiniment obligée.

Vous m'avez demandé de mon écriture, & j'ai si souvent employé la main des autres que vous avez du penser que je ne savais pas écrire. Pour vous prouver le contraire, je vous assure que tout ceci est de ma propre main.

¹ Colombia declared its independence December 1819, civil war ensued ; the Royalists were defeated at Carabobo 24th June, 1821. San Martin proclaims the independence of Peru July 28, 1821.

From Mr. de Zea to the Duchess of Somerset.

Madame la Duchesse : c'est à Cheltenham que je reçois votre aimable lettre du 24 du mois passé. Le Docteur Armstrong m'avait exilé à Bath ou à Cheltenham. Je me suis d'abord rendu ici ; je m'y suis bien trouvé ; j'y reste par une sorte de reconnaissance, en attendant votre retour à Bradley. Ma pauvre santé s'est enfin à peu près retablie. A ce bonheur inespéré il faut joindre celui que j'éprouve de recevoir une lettre de votre écriture. C'était là le dernier remède dont j'avais besoin pour être sur de mon entière guérison. Je vous en remercie beaucoup, Madame. L'amitié dont vous m'honorez me fait autant de bien et même plus que toutes les ordonnances de la Médecine. C'est à cette amitié si belle et dont je suis si fier, que je dois le bonheur dont je jouis en Angleterre, et l'avantage d'y être de quelque utilité à la cause que vous avez si ardemment embrassé de l'indépendance de Colombia.

Recevez, ma chère et sensible amie, mille actions de grâces pour l'intérêt que vous accordez à votre République adoptive. On m'écrit aujourd'hui que la Suède est décidément disposée à nous reconnaître : je n'en ai pourtant pas de la nouvelle officielle. La Hollande et la Suisse hésitent encore tout en disant qu'elles ont envie de fraterniser avec nous. Les choses vont assez lentement pour que l'Angleterre ait le temps de songer au parti qu'elle doit prendre ; et puis le Congrès !¹ Dieu sait les grands raisonnements et les profondes discussions dont nous allons être l'objet ! Heureusement que nous sommes un peu éloignés et que la Sainte Alliance a des affaires en Europe. On nous laissera vivre et grandir en attendant ; et au bout du compte nous serons peut-être nous-mêmes en état d'examiner si nous devons reconnaître les autres.

Vous voyez, Madame, à cet air de jactance que j'ai repris des forces et que le courage me revient avec la santé. Je vais partir ce soir pour Londres où m'appelle un affaire qui ne m'occupera qu'un instant. Je serai de retour ici

Press of Verona, August 25, 1822.

demain ou apres demain ; je me flatte d'y trouver ou d'y recevoir bien tot de vos chères nouvelles. Vous me rendrez, j'espere, la justice de croire que je ne quitterai pas ce pays sans accomplir mon vœu d'aller vous offrir mes hommages en quelque lieu de l'Angleterre que vous embellissiez de votre presence. Ne doutez pas de mon empressement à envoyer le plutot possible la tete et le corps meme d'un bel Ananas à Lady Morley. Je vous sais bien bon gré d'avoir repondu de mon zele à faire tout ce qui peut vous etre agreable. Je suis tout fier d'obeir à vos moindres volontés. Sous ce rapport, tres certainement, je ne veux pas entendre parler d'*independence*. A Dieu, tres-bonne et tres-excellente Dame. Veillez bien etre l'interprete de mes sentiments aupres de Monsieur le Duc, et de Mademoiselle de Somerset, et me rappelez au souvenir de Mademoiselle Bléschamp, qui alliée, comme de raison, au plus fort a dejoué si facilement ma petite conspiration avec Lady Charlotte. Que j'aurai du plaisir à la voir bien tôt regretter ses succes !

Permettez, Madame la Duchesse, que je vous renouvelle à vous-même l'assurance de mon respectueux et fidele devouement.

F. A. ZEA.

Cheltenham, 5 Sept., 1822.

P.S. à Londres le 7.

J'ai suspendu l'envoy de cette lettre jusqu'à mon depart, pour vous en avertir. Je me mettrai en route aussi tot que j'aurai pris mon diner, déjà servi, et qui grace au laconisme du Doctor Armstrong est l'affaire de trois ou quatre minutes.

On a déjà ecrit pour l'Ananas qu'un de mes amis se charge de faire envoyer à l'adresse que vous avez indiqué. J'ai trouvé par hasard un exemplaire du Poeme de la navigation, dont nous avons parlé tant de fois, et que je vous prie d'accepter. Des nouveaux insurgés viennent d'arriver à Londres. Ce sont des envoyés extraordinaires du Gouvernement republicain de Perou aupres de votre Gouvernement. Il y a parmi eux un jeune Colombien,

mon ancien ami, que j'aurai l'honneur de vous présenter. En attendant je vous prie d'agréer et faire agréer à Monsieur le Duc les médailles ci-jointes qui consacrent l'événement mémorable de l'indépendance du Pérou.¹

From the Duchess of Somerset to Mr. Zea.

Sep. 1822.

Votre lettre du cinq Mon cher M. de Zea m'a donné le plus grand plaisir & je me rejouis d'apprendre que les eaux de Cheltenham ont eu un si heureux effet sur l'état de votre santé.

Je suis toute glorieuse des derniers succès de la république de Colombie et je m'impatiente beaucoup de la voir reconnue non seulement de l'Angleterre mais de toute l'Europe. Tout ce qui me contrarie c'est que j'aurais voulu, que vous n'eussiez pas donné votre démission jusqu'à ce que l'objet que vous aviez entrepris fut complet. C'est sous *votre* ambassade que j'aurais voulu la reconnaissance de la Colombie.

Au sujet du Congrès je doute beaucoup que ce rassemblement de *Sages* avance vos affaires, mais nous verrons, et heureusement pour vous non seulement La Sainte Alliance ne vous est rien, mais—(comme vous dites) la Colombie en attendant prospère, et a tout le loisir de considérer quel est le pays qu'elle voudra bien reconnaître.

Je ne puis encore vous nommer le jour que nous serons de retour à Bradley mais il n'est pas bien éloigné & sitôt qu'il sera décidé je vous en ferai part pour vous prier de nous y rejoindre. Le Duc M^{lle} de Bléshamp et moi serons tous charmés de vous recevoir, de vous soigner, et de vous montrer ce qu'il y a à voir dans notre solitude qui vous paraîtra peut-être triste en la comparant même aux déserts de l'Amérique.

Adieu Mon cher M. de Zea. Puisque Cheltenham vous a fait du bien restez y je vous prie en grâce jusqu'à ce que vous veniez à Bradley. Je vous félicite de l'arrivée d'un

¹ M. de Zea died this year 1822.

jeune Colombien et puisqu'il est *votre ami*, nous serons charmés de le recevoir comme le nôtre.

Mille remerciemens pour votre bonté au sujet de l'Ananas.

From the Rev. Sydney Smith to the Duke of Somerset.

September 17, 1824. Foston, Yorks.

MY DEAR LORD,—Many thanks for your kind Letter. It is a real pleasure to me to be remembered, and thought well of by upright, and honorable men like yourself.

It will give me great pleasure to visit you when I come to Town—and I am sure it is not for want of many obliging invitations on your part that I have not done so—but I am a very honest *diner out*—and never break an engagement I have accepted, for one later & more agreeable—& this I am sure you will allow to be the morality of Epulation—the good faith of banqueting—high & virtuous principle applied to Fish and Soup.

My Situation in Life is that of decent mediocrity. I have built a very comfortable parsonage & the Duke of Devonshire has lately given me another living to hold for one of Lord Morpeth's Sons—which while it lasts will make me (accustomed to a little) rather a rich man. I have one Son who from the head of Westminster is just gone as a Student to Xchurch—another just going on the foundation at Charter House, and I have 2 daughters¹—I am very happy, and complain of nothing but an excess of animal Spirits which I cannot always find means to curb, and control. Mrs. Sydney begs her Compts & I remain my dear Lord your Graces much obligd & obd St

SYDNEY SMITH.

P.S.—I beg to be remembered to the Duchess. If you ever travel in the North and will look at our parsonage We will take great care of her Grace and you and shew you

¹ His daughter Emily married Mr. N. Hibbert, and his daughter Saba married Dr. Holland (afterwards Sir Henry Holland) as his second wife.

Castle Howard which we are reckoned to do better than the Housekeeper Mrs. Flim.

Miss Martineau's description of Sydney Smith is interesting:—

‘He was, in truth, a moralist and not a religious guide : . . . It does not follow that because he was the greatest wit of his time, and of strong social inclinations, he was spoiled. He could admonish and satirize the great, as well as the lowly ; and his sympathies were always on the side of the suffering and oppressed. His advocacy was always on behalf of the liberal and progressive side of the questions of the day. He quizzed Dissenters and Churchmen all round, exhibiting fanaticism, worldliness, bigotry, and all manner of foibles, wherever he saw them, but always aiding the claimants of freedom of opinion. He quizzed all the parties concerned about Catholic Emancipation : but he did more for the Catholics than perhaps any divine ever did before for a body under disqualification for religious opinion. He felt too strongly about negro slavery to quiz the parties in that case ; but his wit there took the form of a branding indignation, an impassioned irony, which might pierce the brain and marrow of the oppressor. . . . If it be granted that he was a moralist, and by no means a divine, it may be considered a matter of congratulation that the Church had in a season of great peculiarity, a minister who waged effectual war against cant and fanaticism, and who, closely connected with ruling statesmen, lifted up his voice, without fear or favour, for justice and reasonableness on every hand. He rebuked Whig statesmen, when he thought them tampering with the property of the clergy, as soundly as any Wesleyan fanatic or Tractarian formalist ; and one such plain-speaking logician and wit might be welcomed to a place in the ranks of the clergy ; especially under the certainty that such another would never appear in one age. He held a living of moderate value in Somersetshire,¹ and

¹ He was Rector of Foston in Yorkshire from 1806 to 1829, but only went to reside there in 1809.

was made a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's in 1831, when he was already growing old. He died in the 77th year of his age, in February 1845. . . .¹

From Mr. Ellis to the Duke of Somerset.

British Museum, 3^d June, 1828.

MY LORD DUKE,—I have this moment only found the Transcript from one of the Lansdowne Manuscripts relating to the Murder of Francis, Duke of Somerset in 1678, which I promised to send, when I had the honor to meet Your Grace at Sir George Staunton's. I have great pleasure in enclosing it, and am

My Lord,

Your Grace's faithful

& very obed^t Servant,

HENRY ELLIS.

An account of the murder of Francis Seymour, Duke of Somerset, received from Hildebrand, late Lord Allington, who was with him at the time of his death. (MS, Lansd. 722, fol. 133.)

Francis Seymour, Duke of Somerset, arrived at Lerice, in the Territories of the Genoese, on the 20th of April 1678. At his entrance into the Town, he had the misfortune to fall into the company of some French Gentlemen, who travelled, as the Duke did, only out of Curiosity. It was about the middle of the day when they reach'd this place, a time when the churches usually are open, and consequently, where the Italian Ladies were most likely to be seen. Upon this motive they went into the Church of the Augustinians, where the French Gentlemen were guilty of some indecencies towards certain Ladies of the Family of Botti of that Town, which was severely revenged upon the Duke soon after. For Horatio Botti, the husband of one of the Ladies, having intelligence where the Gentlemen

¹ *History of England during the Peace*, by Harriet Martineau. Vol. ii. p. 597.

dined, watched his opportunity, and shot the first Person that appear'd at the door of the Inne, which proved unhappily to be the Duke of Somerset; of which wound he instantly dyed. An act of barbarity the more to be resented, because the Duke's part in the rudeness offered to the Ladies, was least offensive.

Upon the Duke's death, his uncle M^r Hildebrand Allington (late Lord Allington) immediately notified it to the Republic of Genoa, with a demand of justice for so great a Crime. That Government seem'd to be highly incensed against the Criminal, and in all appearance, used its utmost endeavours to apprehend him, and bring him to justice; but he timely quitted the Genoese dominion and so escaped. All that the State could then do, was to fix a brass Plate over the door where the murther was committed, declaring the crime, and promiseing a reward to those who sh^d apprehend him.¹

Afterwards K. James the 2^d, upon application made to him by the Family of Botti, was prevailed with to give his consent that Horatio Botti, the Assassin, might be pardoned. And this, it is said, he was induced to do, out of resentment towards the Present Duke of Somerset (brother and heir to the murdered Duke) for refusing to give his attendance on the Pope's Nuncio at his arrivall in England, which the King had desired of him.

By this act the Somerset Family were so highly disoblighed, that their respect for that unhappy Prince was much abated.

¹ To pacify him (Mr. Hildebrand, afterwards Lord Allington) the Genoese did their utmost to apprehend Horatio Botti, and issued a large reward for his capture. Botti, however, had escaped. After some time, as a sort of atonement to the King of England for the death of so illustrious a subject, an effigy of Botti was publicly hung.

In justice to the Duke, it may be said that all agreed that he was entirely innocent of taking any active part in the affair, but some measure of blame must still rest on him for not doing his utmost to restrain his companions. His body was brought back to England and was buried at Preshute on October 15, 1678. (See *Annals of the Seymours*, by H. St. Maur, published 1902.)



BERRY POMEROY CASTLE : NORTH-EAST VIEW.
(From an old coloured Print)

CHAPTER XI

1835-1853

Mr. Michell to the Duke, February 23rd, 1835 and 1836—Sir James South to the Duke, enclosing a story concerning Mr. Barrow, June 14, 1843—Sir James South to the Duke, December 28, 1843—Mr. Tytler to the Duke, August 23, 1843, and August 2, 1844—Sir James South to the Duke, September 30, 1844—From Mr. Campbell of Islay, December 26, 1845—From the Honorable B. C. Bertie, March 14, 1845, and April 9, 1845—From Doctor Hoppus, August 10, 1846—Mr. Edkins to the Duke of Wellington, 1847, and the Duke of Wellington's reply, July 3, 1847—The Honorable Mrs. Robert Bruce to the Duke of Somerset, March 1, 1849, and July 1, 1849—Earl Fitzwilliam to the Duke, November 20, 1849; and the Duke of Somerset's reply, November 24, 1849—Colonel Rawlinson to the Duke, July 2, 1852—The Duke's reply, August 19, 1852—Mr. Forster to the Duke, July 10, 1853, and July 18, 1853.

CHARLOTTE, Duchess of Somerset died on the 10th of June, 1827, in the same year as her brother, Lord Archibald Hamilton. Between that date and 1835 no letters have been found.

In 1836 the Duke married Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart. He died in 1855.

From Mr. Michell to the Duke of Somerset.

3 South Parade, Bath: 23 Feb. 1835.

MY DEAR LORD,—It is with much satisfaction and thankfulness that I am able to write to your Grace and to express my sincere congratulations on the return of this season. (The Duke's birthday.)

Your Grace was so obliging in your last communication as to give me an interesting description of the arithmetical machine which the Lucasian Professor at Cambridge¹ had invented, but not then completed, with the prospect of bringing the movements to their perfection in a twelve-month. May I request your Grace, when you can steal a

¹ Charles Babbage, 1791-1871.

few minutes of leisure from more important objects to indulge my wishes for some additional information on a subject of so much consequence to our country, which, like ancient Tyre, claims to be 'the renowned Prince of the Sea and of "merchants" ' ?

I need not remind your Grace, that our residence in the South Parade commands a view of Prior Park, one of the most beautiful situations in the environs of Bath, once the celebrated seat of Ralph Allen and the occasional abode of Pope, Fielding, Warburton and their kindred Associates in wit and literature. The house and estate were purchased about six years ago by a Dr. Baines, the R.C. Vicar Apostolic of the Western District of England and titular Bishop of Siga in Africa ; for a College, Convent, &c. A magnificent Cathedral with all its appendages on a grand scale is about to be erected.

I beg to present my very cordial and grateful remembrances to the dear Sisters ¹ to whom I had the privilege of being introduced, and to condole with them on the loss of our late lamented Friend Lady Saye and Sele. I presume that among their favorite volumes the Life of Hannah More ² has found a place. Her Biographer, with whom I have been long acquainted, undertook a very arduous and responsible task, for which few, if any, could be completely qualified. If Mr. Wilberforce had survived his accomplished Friend, he might have done justice to her character which formed a new era in the religious world. There is an observation of her biographer (in Vol. IV. 367 1st edition) which much struck me as a practical and memorable hint 'The old men may learn from her the *best economy* of the twilight that remains with them, and the young may see their day-dreams of delusive pleasure dispersed by her powerful disenchantments.'

Believe me to be my dear Lord

Your ever affecte & dutiful Servt

J. H. MICHELL.

¹ The Duke's daughters.

² Hannah More, English novelist and essayist, 1743-1833.

The following year Mr. Michell writes again :—

7 South Parade, Bath : 23 Feb. 1836.

MY DEAR LORD,—There are few circumstances under the increasing pressure of age and many infirmities at this moment, that give me more cause of thankfulness, than the power of expressing my sincere congratulations to your Grace.¹ It always reminds me of the happiest part of my checkered life and of the invariable kindness which I have experienced on every occasion during a long series of years. The interval of twelve months is to one, who is far advanced in his 77th. year a considerable portion of mortal existence according to the quaint but monitory adage ‘*Quo vita longior eo fit brevior.*’ At your Grace’s age, I was scarcely sensible of my mental or bodily decline. I, therefore, hope and trust that many years of health and activity may, through a merciful Providence, be added to your life for the sake of your family and the exercise of your talents both in your private and your public character.

As to public measures, I wish that the political consequences of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill in keeping Ireland quiet had been realized equally to your Grace’s candid hopes and expectations in 1830. But ‘*unchanged and unchangeable*’ is their banner as a Popish Priest triumphantly assured me. I believe with Mr. Bickersteth in his tract entitled ‘*Remarks on the progress of Popery*’ ‘That there are now in our country thousands of truly benevolent, amiable, moral men, among the papists, who abhor from their hearts cruelty and tyranny. But of the System itself we can only speak with abhorrence ; it being most dishonourable to God and most ruinous to man.’

I have not the presumption to compare my very insignificant family with that of your Grace’s illustrious Ancestors with reference to the growth or effects of Romanism ; but, as an old protestant tory whose grandsires lost their life & their landed property in a partial insurrection near Shipley in Sussex, during the confiscating protectorate of Cromwell

¹ The Duke’s birthday.

without any compensation to their impoverished descendants, from the dynasty of the ungrateful & popish Stuarts, I cannot yet overcome my prejudice against the spirit of popery and its increasing influence so very congenial with all the amiable frailties of our fallen nature.

The R.C. Bishop Baines who stiles himself Bishop of Siga (in Africa) and whose district in England comprizes eight English Counties besides Wales, is a very popular and eloquent preacher. I have not yet been tempted to be one of his admiring auditors. He has just been giving public notice that he will deliver lectures on the evenings of Sunday and Wednesday during Lent at the R.C. Chapels in Pierrepoint Place and Portland Place. His style of preaching is, I understand, very captivating, and is said to resemble that of Massillon.¹ Both here and at Bristol very magnificent churches or cathedrals are building.

After more than a year's residence as an invalid I can recommend the beneficial effects of Bath in the winter and of Clifton in the summer months for hereditary and chronic gout. This city has been proverbially celebrated as the cradle and grave of old age. I have already, thro' a kind Providence, found it to be the first, and every day feel some warning symptoms of advancing towards the last.

Your dutiful & affectionate Sert

J. H. MICHELL.

It is curious to note the contrast between Mr. Michell's ill-grounded fears and the actual facts as they are described in Miss Martineau's history. Of religious parties in 1830, she writes :—

‘ The High Church party was becoming more and more disgusted with the appeals of the day to the vulgar ‘ Protestantism ’ of the mob, while it was no less alarmed at the concessions made to the popular will on both civil and ecclesiastical matters. The most earnest members of this party were already looking towards each other, and estab-

¹ Jean Baptiste Massillon, French prelate, Bishop of Clermont, orator, and writer, 1663–1742.

lishing that sort of union which was immediately to cast discredit on the hitherto honoured name of Protestantism, and very soon to originate the "Tracts for the Times." This party had lost its trust in the Crown : it had no sympathy with parliament, and saw that it must soon be in antagonism with it ; and its only hope now was in making a vigorous effort to revive, purify, and appropriate to itself the Church. This exclusive reliance upon the Church appears to have been, as yet, the only new point of sympathy between this party and Rome ; but it was enough to set men whispering imputations of Romanism against its members. While such imputations were arising and spreading, the Low Church party were zealous among the Romanists to convert them ; and the registers of the time show their great success. Conversions from Popery figure largely among the incidents of the few years following Catholic Emancipation : and nothing could be more natural. There were in the Catholic body, as there would be in any religious body so circumstanced, many men who did not know or care very much about matters of faith, or any precise definitions of them, who were of too high and honourable a spirit to desert their church while it was in adversity, who had fought its battles while it was depressed, but were indifferent about being called by its name after it came into possession of its rights. Again, amidst the new intercourse now beginning between Catholics and Churchmen, it was natural that both parties, and especially the Catholics, should find more common ground existing than they had previously been aware of ; and their sympathy might easily become a real fraternization. Again, there might naturally have been many Catholics constitutionally disposed to a more inward and 'spiritual' religion than they received from a priest who might add to the formalism of his church an ignorance or hardness which would disqualify him for meeting the needs of such persons. Under these influences we cannot wonder that conversions from popery were numerous at that time ; but we may rather wonder what Lord Eldon, and other pious Protestants, thought of a fact so

directly in opposition to all their anticipations. Protestantism had its day then, when its self-called champions least expected it; and Popery has had its day, when the guardians of the Church, or those who considered themselves so, were least prepared for it. . . . Men were too busy looking after the faith of everybody else to attend to the moral evils of the times; and yet, no party was satisfied with the Church, or any body of churchmen of its own. . . .¹

From Sir James South to the Duke of Somerset
(' Barrow's Voyages to the Polar Regions ')

June 14, 1843.²

The Map accompanying this Volume, is, on the authority of Captain Beaufort, a copy from the Copper plate then belonging to the Hydrographic Office of the Admiralty—It is an interesting document and indicates the lamentable state of that Scientific department of the Admiralty—for not long previous to the publication of this Volume by Mr. Barrow, as Captain Beaufort assured me (on the veracity of Mr. Walker the principal Engraver of the said Hydrographic Office) that he the said Mr. Walker was summoned into Mr. Barrow's room in the Admiralty, when the following circumstances occurred—

Mr. Barrow, addressing Mr. Walker, said ' Bring me down the copper plate of our Map of the Polar Regions.' He did so. Mr. Barrow taking the plate, and putting his finger on Baffin's Bay,³ said, ' Mr. Walker there is Baffin's Bay—Baffin's Bay—d——d nonsense—no such bay exists—d——d nonsense! Baffin was a stupid old fool—beat it out Mr. Walker—beat it out—a d——d hoax from beginning to end '—Mr. Walker was astonished; which Mr. Barrow

¹ *History of England during the Peace*, by Harriet Martineau. Vol. i. pp. 573 and 574.

² Mr. Barrow (afterwards Sir John Barrow), was a great traveller, 1764–1849.

³ Baffin's Bay (North America), discovered by William Baffin 1616. The extent of this discovery was much doubted, until the expeditions of Ross and Parry proved that Baffin was substantially accurate—1818.

observing, repeated his orders, 'beat it out—beat it out Mr. Walker, and let me see the plate when you have done it.'

Mr. Walker returned to the Hydrographic Office, and having cancelled the Bay, took the plate down to Mr. Barrow, who examined it, and expressed himself satisfied at the manner in which his orders had been obeyed.

Signed J. SOUTH.¹

Observatory, Kensington : June 14, 1843.

From Sir James South to the Duke of Somerset.

Observatory, Kensington : Thursday Decr. 28, 1843.

MY LORD DUKE,—I have foreborne teasing your Grace with any of my writing till I could accompany what I had to say with a diagram of the Comet's place—during the few days I remained at Blenheim I watched for it nightly but not a glimpse of it could I get—and since I returned home I saw it but for a moment, not however sufficiently to determine its place, and that occurred on the night of Sunday week—In *this* Country I never remember weather so inauspicious to astronomical observations—One of my objects in going to Blenheim was to fix on a site for an Observatory and by means of a small transit Instrument to determine the Meridian of that Site—but *the only* observation I could get, was, on Transit of the Sun, seen thro' the clouds. Unable therefore to get any verification of this I came here purposing to return when the weather becoming more astronomical I might have some chance of Completing my work—but alas! the clouds of Blenheim have followed me to Kensington and when they are likely to discontinue haunting me I know not—Last evening at 6 o'clock I was not without hopes (for the sky then suddenly became cloudless) that before I went to bed I should be enabled to insert the Comet's place in a diagram of the Stars which I have lain down now a fortnight ago in readiness for

¹ Sir James South, English astronomer, 1788–1867.

transmission to your Grace—But just as the Belt of Orion became visible, clouds formed and in a few minutes the sky was everywhere hid from us ; nor did they clear off, all the night. Noon is now arrived, and again there seems no chance of a fine evening ; and indeed should it prove otherwise when the night does come, the Moon's light will in all probability render the Comet invisible to us—When I got a momentary view of it on Sunday week, it was very faint (altho' at the instant the Light was very fine) owing to its greatly increased distance from us since I first described it as very bright—Its motion seems to be very little both in Right Ascension and Declination, for had we a fine night and no, or not much moonlight, I doubt that it would be still found in the neighbourhood where I have placed it in the diagram I herewith enclose.

Since your Grace's and my letters crossed each other en route I have but once seen Jupiter with a telescope and that was last night—and I found your Grace's observations of the apparent alteration in the Belts of Jupiter completely verified—No comparison, than your Grace described better conveys an idea of the change—Not an Eclipse nor an Occultation of any one of the Satellites by the planet have I seen during the last half of the late month, and all of the present—and in Ireland matters are no better ; last night I got a Letter from Dr. Robinson at Armagh, and from Lord Rosse at Parsonstown, the former has never seen a Star since the 24th of November, till Saturday last and then only for 5 minutes—the Comet he has never been able to see and Lord Rosse is in the same predicament—

For myself I must say I am very sorry every thing has conspired to prevent my ascertaining whether the Elongated form of its Nucleus which it certainly had the only time I saw it with my large Achromatic still continued—and that Lord Rosse's large (I mean the 3 feet Speculum) has not been able to tell us anything about it. When it first was seen here I had hoped its motion might have been such as to have carried it across the great Nebula of Orion for how

that Nebula would have looked during the transit, would have indeed been an interesting spectacle—a few minutes observation however of its motion in right ascension soon destroyed all hopes of such an important sight—indeed I am not aware of any Comet having passed over or behind a Nebula—and been observed during its passage—Oh! that I was some 30 or 35 years younger—that I had a residence in Italy—and Lord Rosse's Leviathan as near to it as is my own Observatory to my present abode!

This allusion to the Leviathan causes me to tell your Grace that the large Lathe at Parsonstown is repaired most satisfactorily and that all is going on well—As for there being any danger to be apprehended from the present state of Ireland as far as concerns the Leviathan I scarcely think there is any, inasmuch as the lowest of the rabble in the neighbourhood, talk of it always with much pride—not that they have any idea of what a telescope is, as your Grace will well understand when I tell you that a friend of mine a Major in the 52nd taking a small sliding telescope in his hand on one of the Mountains in Tipperary not far from Armagh where he commands a depot, was regarded by the peasants as a Witch, and after he had goodnaturedly allowed some of them to see some distant objects with it, the whole party took to their heels in terror!

But my garrulous pen must stop, not however till it has expressed for myself and Lady South, our hearty prayers that Providence may be pleased to grant your Grace and the Duchess Many Many happy New Years—that you may plant thousands of Shrubs and see them become timber trees—that no democratic levelling may lay finger on them either whilst they appertain to your Grace or to those descended from you (tho' I am not without my fears that if democracy make as rapid strides for the next 50 years as it has done during the last ten years, your Grace's Successors will not hold them *quite* so quietly as your Grace has those you have already planted)—whilst I may safely enough remain undisturbed by the croakings of the utter uselessness of your Grace's mathematics applied

to the heavenly bodies, seeing they are in the hands of their Maker, and beyond the reach of the Sons of Liberty and Equality.

With every sentiment of respect and esteem I have the honour to remain My Lord Duke

Your Grace's Most Obedt Servant

J. SOUTH.

From Mr. Tytler to the Duke of Somerset.

29 Rue Siblequin, Boulogne Sur Mer :
August 23, 1843.

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I have written to my publishers in London Messrs Simpkin & Marshall, to send to No. 1 Park Lane, a copy of the 8 volumes of the second or smaller Edition of my History of Scotland ; which I beg your Grace to accept, as a very small mark of the unfeigned respect and regard of the Author, and I should take it as a great favor, if as you go thro it (should it not prove too dull or dry) you would mark everything that is erroneous and questionable. The ninth and last volume will be sent when it is published, which will probably be in November or December. I trust your Grace's health is now completely restored, and that you will not injure it by resuming any profound or difficult studies for some time.

We find this an amusing place, tho rather too much crowded with English, but the bathing which had been recommended for my children has already done them so much good, that I shall remain a month or three weeks to take advantage of it, before going to Paris. It is strange to us in the Course of scarce three hours, to drop at once into the middle of a totally new race of people, but in one way (tho that not very select) I found myself somewhat at home, for the *Poissardes* whom we see and hear from morning to night are in dress and manners, facsimiles of the Newhaven Fish women near Edinburgh. There is something in the quality of the air here which I prefer to Brighton, and the

smooth firm beach with its gradual shelving, makes it safe and delightful for bathers—

I amuse myself by rubbing up my own swimming, and teaching my little boy, but I fear he is not destined to be a Leander.

I beg to send my best Regards to the Duchess and Remain

My dear Lord Duke
Most Respecty & Sincerely
Your Grace's Obt. Sert
PATRICK FRASER TYTLER.¹

Moniach, Inverness: August 2, 1844.

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I feel greatly indebted to your Grace for the full, clear and satisfactory answer to my question, in your letter. The Extracts from Crawford make me independent of all other books or references, and his information being founded on three original charters is complete—I can now draw up any note without further research. I know not whether your Grace has ever read Mr. Alison's History of the French Revolution—Its colossal dimensions (10 volumes of more than 1000 pages each) at first startled me much but my interest in the Author who is an old friend overcame my alarm—and I am embarked in it. Some parts are deeply interesting and powerfully written—but it is far too diffuse—and the political reflections are often contradictory, and illogical—the style also is too ambitious and Gibbonian. I passed Carnoch some little time ago, and would have called on Lady Shaw Stewart, but found on enquiry that she was absent at Garth.

I remain my dear Lord Duke
With the Sincerest Respect & Regard
Your Grace's Obt Sert
PATRICK FRASER TYTLER.

¹ Scotch historian, 1791–1849.

From Sir James South to the Duke of Somerset.

Observatory, Kensington

Monday morning Sept 30th. 1844. 11 o'clock.

MY LORD DUKE,—By the post which will convey this to Your Grace I transmit you this morning's Times, containing my observations of the Comet last night, and an Article in which the name of our friend Babbage figures ; on the first opportunity I will send you down a rough map for the more easy finding of the Comet—except Halley's I do not remember to have seen any Comet so near to the Moon when the latter was so near the full.

With kindest respect to the Duchess, in which Lady South heartily joins me, I remain with every Sentiment of Esteem

My Lord Duke

Your Grace's most obt. Servant

J. SOUTH.

P.S. Clement, the Mechanic, Employed by Babbage,¹ during the manufacture of the Calculating Engine has died possessed of 14 or 16 thousand pounds ! he was in a state of almost need when Babbage took him up !

I think your Grace went to see the Machine and the tools used in constructing it, at Clement's house—not far from Bethlem Lunatic House.

From Mr. Bertie to the Duke of Somerset.

Horse Guards : March 14. 1845.

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I lose no time in thanking your Grace for the trouble you have taken in sending me the very interesting observations, respecting the Comets

¹ C. Babbage, 1791–1871. The construction of his differential machine was commenced at the expense of Government in 1821, and continued till 1833, when the work was suspended after an expenditure of above 15,000*l*. The portion completed was placed in the library of King's College, London ; it is now at South Kensington. Professor Clifford, in his lecture at the Royal Institution, May 24, 1872, stated that Babbage expended 20,000*l*. upon his machines, and that the analytical machine was nearly finished, and would eventually be much used.

mentioned in Kaempfer's History, as having been observed by the Japanese.

I am very much pleased to see that your Grace really takes an interest in what relates to the Japanese, and that you have derived some amusement from Kaempfer.¹

The Japanese have always been exceedingly curious in every thing relating to European Science, and more especially in Astronomy; and they always try to obtain all the information they can on scientific subjects from the persons attached to the Dutch Embassy, for which purpose their learned men are constantly paying visits to them during their stay in Jedo, and I believe pester them to death with their enquiries.

They value no presents so highly as mathematical instruments, and Treatises on Scientific subjects—whether in Dutch, German, English or French; all of which languages, I am told, are understood and even spoken by most of their learned men.

Should I ever have an opportunity of seeing Dr Von Siebold, who is now living at Leyden, I should much like to shew him the observations which your Grace has made, as they probably have escaped his notice.

There are one or two questions I should like to ask respecting them, which I hope soon to have an opportunity of doing.

With many thanks for your kind invitation to Wimbledon,

Believe me,

My dear Lord Duke,

Yours very sincerely,

BROWNLOW C. BERTIE.²

Knightsbridge Barracks, April 9, 1845.

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I must offer my apologies to your Grace for having omitted to acknowledge the safe

¹ Engelbrecht Kaempfer, German physician and traveller, 1651–1716.

² Honorable Brownlow Charles Bertie (2nd Life Guards), born 1819, died 1852. Fourth son of the 5th Earl of Abingdon.

arrival of the books, which you have kindly returned to me. I beg that you will keep the remaining books as long as they afford you the slightest amusement, as I am in no want of them at present.

I was much surprised the other day to see the following entry in the Paper among the 'Vessels spoken with.'

Extract from the 'Morning Herald.'

April 5th, 1845

Vessels spoken with

The 'Royal Exchange'—Captain Clyde—bound for Japan; by the 'Greenhow,' arrived off Cork.

I have the greatest curiosity to know on what errand any English vessel could be sailing to Japan, as we have for a very long period been denied all intercourse with the Japanese.

With my kind remembrances to the Duchess, believe me, my dear Lord Duke,

Very sincerely yours,

BROWNLOW C. BERTIE.

From Mr. Campbell of Islay to the Duke of Somerset.

Islay: December twenty-six, 1845.

DEAR DUKE OF SOMERSET,—I have only this morning received your letter of the 26th, and thank you much for the flattering manner in which you are pleased to speak of my proceedings in this wild quarter. And though it may sound like vanity, I cannot help thinking that something of the same sort might be made of use in some of the Counties of England, and certainly in Ireland.

I see in the newspapers, that Potatoes have been selling at a Shilling a Sack. Now this is a sad loss to the Growers.

I enclose a short abstract of the experiments I have made very accurately, and I can vouch for the result. If you will do me the honor to look at them, you will see that

the Starch alone, in half rotten Potatoes, may be made with a little trouble of more value than the very best. The Pulp that remains, when washed, (which is a very simple process,) is as good for feeding pigs or cattle as the very best Potatoes; as the Gluten, Albumen, Fibrine and a certain quantity of the Starch always remaining, renders it very nourishing.

In England a great deal may be done by Landlords and their Factors. In Ireland, I fear it would require the interference of Government.

The suggestion I would humbly make to English Landlords is, that they should order a small Hand Mill to be made, and send it from House to House; no person to keep it for more than three hours at a time. A man in that time could grate down three sacks of Potatoes. And then the Women could wash and dress the Starch; keeping the Pulp, either for immediate use, or to dry. In this way one Mill would serve a whole district, and a good deal of Work could be done.

As an inducement to the People to work, I would further suggest that the Landlords should offer a certain Price for all the Starch made; the People to be paid in food or money, as they might choose. A good Price could be given, as this Starch is very valuable for making British Gum—so much used in Cotton Printing and dressing—for which Wheat Starch is no substitute. The Starch is very good food; quite as good as arrowroot. And if your Grace would condescend to accept it, I would very much like to send you a cask, made by the poor bodies here; that you might taste it, not only as arrowroot, but in pancakes, pastry and bread.

The disease here is quite at a stop; the Potatoes that were partially affected are drying up; and the diseased parts look like small lumps of starch. The remainder of the root is quite good. I hear the same from Ireland.

In a letter which I enclose from Sligo, written by Mr Kernaghan, one of the principal Merchants, you will see

the state of the disease is greatly exaggerated there. He is a very clever man, though a great Orangeman.

M^{rs} Campbell begs to join with me in kindest remembrances to the Duchess, and in thanks for your Grace's kind enquiries. She has had no return of inflammation since we came home.

Yours very truly,

W. F. CAMPBELL of Islay.

(In 1846 in consequence of the failure of the potato crop there was a great famine in Ireland. On the west coast of Scotland also the potatoes failed and caused distress.)

From Dr. Hoppus to the Duke of Somerset.

39, Camden St., Camden Town,

10th August, 1846.

MY LORD DUKE,—Your Grace's favor of the 7th instant has reached me here, having followed me from Southsea.

The sea-side, as your Grace observes, is an agreeable sojourn at this time of the year, as there is generally more or less of a breeze to be felt there, but the weather has been intensely hot for a great part of the last three weeks, even on Southsea Common.

The thunder-storms, too, were very heavy. A house was struck with lightning within ten minutes' walk of us, and on visiting the spot, and making inquiries, I was told by the person who lived in the adjoining house, that, during the progress of the storm, she rose from her bed to knock against her neighbour's wall, but was instantly struck down by the lightning, which appeared to her to fill the room with a red flame. She soon recovered, and found that the next house had been considerably damaged. What seemed to me remarkable was—that not the slightest trace of the lightning was to be found in the house of the above person who felt the shock, which indeed made her ill for a day or two; while the people in the house that was struck (who, as I understood, had also, unwisely, left their beds) felt no shock, though the lightning came down the chimney into

the front parlour, shivering the pier glass, and forcing away the upper part of the chimney-piece, which was carried to the opposite window—then, returning upwards along the wall of the back-rooms, the lightning perforated the house, and finally escaped through the roof, having burnt two umbrellas and a bonnet that were hanging up on pegs in the back-room, first floor, the relics of which articles I saw—the frames and a few shreds, only, being left.

I have the honor to remain, My Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most obedient and obliged servant,

JOHN HOPPUS.

Among the Duke of Somerset's papers was found this copy of a letter from Mr. Edkins to the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Wellington's reply :—

Alpha House, Bow : 1847.

N. Edkins Esq^e respectfully requests the D. of Wellington to favor him with his opinion with regard to the Wellington Memorial ; the R^t Hon^{ble} L^d John Russell having stated, in the H. of Commons, that anyone was at liberty to enquire the opinion of his Grace on the subject.

The Duke of Wellington's reply to Mr. Edkins.

London : July 3, 1847.

F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to M^r Edkins. It is certainly true that anybody is at liberty to enquire the opinion of the D. of Wellington on any subject ; but he hopes that the D. of W. has the liberty, which all individuals have, to decline to give an opinion.

When certain respectable Individuals about ten years ago expressed their desire that the Duke s^d give sittings to an Artist, to enable him to construct an Equestrian Statue of himself which they were desirous of erecting, and which he was informed that the gracious Sovereign had desired might be placed on the Arch forming the Entrance into the

Green Park from Hyde Park Corner, in commemoration of bygone events and transactions in which he had acted a part, he consented—on condition that excepting to sit to the Artist, he s^d from that time forward have nothing to do with the Work, or to use his own words, s^d be considered as Dead.

He has accordingly from that time forward had no relation with the Work in question. He has seen it as others have, nay more frequently than others, as it is placed opposite the windows of his house. But as was becoming, he has uniformly avoided to give any opinion on the Work, or on the position in which it is placed.

He desires to persevere in this course, which is the most becoming for an Individual in a discussion on a Statue of himself, intended to commemorate to Posterity transactions in which he has acted a part.

From the Honorable Mrs. Robert Bruce to the Duke of Somerset.

Monklands (Canada): March 1st, 1849.

I never thanked your Grace for your last kind & amusing letter—because except my thanks I had nothing to say, worth troubling you dear Duke, to read. However as Mama says you might perhaps like to hear something of a Canadian winter, I send you a few lines hoping this will find you better—I was so sorry to hear you had been unwell—but trust that your English Spring has quite restored you to health.

We have had the coldest winter since 1817, the last year the St. Lawrence was quite frozen from Montreal to Quebec—now an army might march upon the river between the two towns. Till within the last two days we have had no thaw since Decr. the thermometer has been down to 30 below Zero which with a high N.E. wind is not pleasant. The other night at the Barracks they filled a cannon ball with water, closed it up firmly & left it in the yard till the

next morning, when they found the shell burst into four parts, 2 of which had gone over high walls in opposite directions, & the ice in the fragments reduced into powder, from the force of the explosion—This will give you Duke, some idea of Canadian frost—We went to see the ice *ploughed* upon the river last week, ready for exportation to London—It is a curious sight, they plough it up & down in straight lines like a railroad, then cut it through to the water, & haul up the huge blocks several feet long & wide with great difficulty—I hope your Grace will patronize the St. Lawrence ice when it reaches London—as it is much better than the American ice, Wenham Lake ice never is thicker than 12 inches, whereas the St. Lawrence water is much purer & freezes several feet thick. I am looking forward with great interest to the breaking up of the ice, which is said to be very curious—The river now has a singular appearance—the ice sometimes freezes up into hills upon the river, or sometimes it looks like rocks of ice, & the different roads upon the river tracked by fir trees stuck in the air look very gay—covered with sleighs &c. Your Grace I think knows Sir George Simpson; as he is going home this year he might give you many curious particulars about his Indians & Hudson Bay territories.—He will be a loss to the Company, as he is a very active little man—very despotic which is the only way to get on with the Indians in this Country—The Yankees & Sir George do not agree quite so well—He was in a boat the other day, rowed by Americans; as they went on very slowly & carelessly he remonstrated with them & desired them to row better—‘Now Britisher,’ said they, ‘none of your impudence—or we will instantly put you ashore, we are not Indians but Americans, & will do just as we like with you & every one else.’ Poor Sir John Franklin is quite given up by every one here—they say it is scarcely possible any of that ill-fated expedition can have survived so long, in those dreadful regions—May I beg you Duke to give my best love to Grandmama & the Duchess both of whom I hope are pretty well & as your Grace must be almost frozen

with my old letter & very much bored with it I sign myself
in all haste. dear Duke

Yours very truly

KATHARINE M. BRUCE.

Cd. Bruce begs his kindest regards to your Grace &
Grandmama.

Mantham: July 1st. 1849.

DEAR DUKE.—Two facts have recently come to my knowledge about our republican neighbours which may I think amuse you. if you have not happened to hear them already. Did your Grace know that Mr Polk, the late President of the United States, who died the other day of cholera, had never been baptized till an hour before his death. His Mother, whom he described to be a strict Presbyterian, never seems to have thought of it, & though he said that when he became President, he several times intended to go through the ceremony. he never had time to spare for it—The other incident was mentioned to me by some gentlemen just returned from New Orleans, where it appears the pigs have been so superabundant this year, & it is so difficult to keep them in hot weather that they actually use these unhappy animals for fuel on board the Mississippi Steamers: one man told me he saw pig after pig thrown into the fire & being very fat of course they made a brilliant blaze. Your Grace may have heard perhaps that the pigs in the States are fed on peaches. it being impossible even for Yankee gluttony to devour the forest fults of this fruit, which spread over their fertile land—No wonder that the Americans are a 'go a-head nation' as they delight to call themselves.

Believe me dear Duke,

Yours very truly

KATHARINE M. BRUCE.

¹ Katharine Mary, daughter of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart (6th Bart.), niece of the Duchess of Somerset; married in 1848 Major-General the Honorable Robert Bruce (Grenadier Guards), who died June 27, 1862. She was Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria. She died 1889.

From Earl Fitzwilliam to the Duke of Somerset.

The accompanying Memorial drawn up by Lord Fitzwilliam is again respectfully submitted to your consideration. Altho', when forwarded to you some time ago, it did not obtain from you a reply, it is presumed that this may have been occasioned by your absence from home, or other similar cause, or that the numerous executions which have recently taken place in Hungary, may lead you to think the Memorial more called for now than when first brought under your notice. If you should be disposed to attach your Signature to it, be kind enough to intimate the same by signing & returning the enclosed note.

10, DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S,
November 20th, 1849.

To the LORD JOHN RUSSELL, First Commissioner of the Treasury, and the VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

We, the undersigned, desire to express to your Lordships, and through your Lordships, to the rest of Her Majesty's confidential servants, the deep interest which we have taken in the contest which has been recently carried on between the Hungarian nation and the Emperor of Austria. Not less deep is the interest which we now take in the final settlement of the question at issue between them, and in the permanent pacification of that great country. Sincerely attached to the liberties of our own country, the final establishment of which is due to the successful termination of struggles analogous to those which have been made from time to time in Hungary—with equal sincerity desirous of maintaining the peace of Europe, we are fully sensible of the great importance that the settlement of the questions at issue should be effected in a manner, and upon terms, satisfactory to the Hungarian nation, not only for the sake of Hungary itself, but because we apprehend that a settlement unsatisfactory to the country, will sow the seed of renewed discontent, may lead to fresh local disturbances,

and by the local disturbance of so large an element of the European system, may endanger the tranquillity of the whole.

The objects of the undersigned are, internal liberty—national independence—European peace. For the attainment of these objects we trust the Court of Vienna will bear in mind that the satisfaction and contentment of Hungary will afford the greatest security. Considering, however, the means by which the authority of the House of Hapsburg has been re-established, the undersigned are of opinion, that the occasion permits, even if it does not call for, the intervention of Great Britain, in counselling the Austrian government respecting the exercise of its restored executive power. With respect to the mode and opportunity of interfering, the undersigned offer no specific opinion, but we hope that Her Majesty's government will not shrink from suggesting to that of Austria, that, since republican France has abolished capital punishments for political offences, it will not be wise to allow a contract to be drawn, unfavourable to the clemency of monarchical governments.

(Signed)

FITZWILLIAM,
NORTHAMPTON,
ZETLAND,
BEAUMONT,
KINNAIRD,

From the Duke of Somerset to the Earl Fitzwilliam.

Wimbledon Park: 24th November, 1849.

MY DEAR LORD,—A second application, from some noble Lords, with respect to the affairs of Hungary, seems to oblige me to make some reply; and I address it to your Lordship, as appearing to take the lead on this occasion.

As regarding myself, the case is, that I can not approve of the interference of one nation in the internal government of another, either in spiritual or temporal concerns. I am aware that there are many precedents of the kind, and, in

affording these, the Papal Government has been most conspicuous. But I am not disposed either to look up to its authority or to follow its example. For the same reason I have always declined belonging to those Societies who profess to spread religious knowledge at home and abroad. I have repeatedly voted against interfering with the various forms of government in France, or setting up or pulling down any of her rulers, whether Imperial, Royal, or Republican.

I do not presume to give this out as a principle of universal application, but it is one on which I have acted; and I should not have said so much but that I appear to be called upon to speak my sentiments. On this account I hope you will forgive me for troubling you, and I have the honour to remain

My Dear Lord,
With much regard and esteem,
Yours very faithfully,
SOMERSET.

‘The Hungarians, whose lot has since become so interesting, were already astir. In 1837, District Diets were meeting, to consult about reforms, among which they demanded of the Austrian government the substitution of the Hungarian for the Latin language, in all public acts; and the removal of the Jesuits from the direction of public instruction. Since that day the Hungarian nation has been industriously preparing itself for that liberty—that independence of Austria—for which it appealed to arms in 1848.’¹

Referring to Haydn’s Dictionary of Dates—‘the Diet denounced as traitors all who acknowledged the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary, on the 8th Dec. 1848: on January 21, 1849 the Austrians were defeated at Hermannstadt and Hungary declared itself a free state, 14 April;’ and again defeated the Imperialists, 18 April; but on May 1, the Russians ‘assisted the Austrians and defeated the

¹ *History of England during the Peace*, by Harriet Martineau. Vol. ii p. 375.

Hungarians at Pered, 20 June.' After that the Hungarians lost several battles, and were utterly defeated on August 10. 'An amnesty was granted to the Hungarian insurgents who returned home 16 October. The country remained in an unsettled state; many executions.'

From Colonel Rawlinson to the Duke of Somerset.

Baghdad, July 2, 1852.

MY LORD DUKE,—Your Grace's very kind letter of 15th of April, which reached me in an enclosure from M. Layard a few days ago, has reminded me that I ought long since to have written and reported what I had been doing in my humble sphere, for the recovery of old history on the banks of the Tigris, while you have been forging materials for new history in London. Your Grace will at any rate be glad to learn that I have now almost a complete series of the annals of Assyria, extending from about B.C. 900 to the taking of Nineveh in 606; that every event noticed in Scripture, which has any relation to Assyria, or the adjacent countries, is here circumstantially detailed; and that I am gradually working my way up to those times, which gave birth to the Mosaical traditions, and to the mythology of Greece.

Susa, which as late as the visit of Herodotus to Babylon retained its name of the city of Memnon, the fabled son of the Morning, seems to have been the cradle of Semitic civilization. It can be proved I think by a recent Geographical discovery, that Moses alludes to this locality in his description of the garden of Eden, and the Assyrians always regarded it as their primæval seat of Empire. The first colonists moved out to the land of Shinar (or *Singar* as the name should be written, if we paid due attention to the Hebrew orthography), and this is the country intermediate between Susa and Babylon, and it was not until many centuries afterwards that the cities of Babylon and Nineveh were founded. The earliest Assyrian Inscriptions are full of incidental allusions to the old traditions of the race, and these traditions are much the same as we have in the Bible. The ark, the tower of Babel and the disper-

sion are certainly all mentioned, and I am now more than ever persuaded that Shem, Ham and Japhet will turn out the Jupiter, Neptune and Pluto, the Assyrian Pantheon furnishing a link between Jewish tradition on the one side and Greek Mythology on the other. All this as your Grace may suppose is exceedingly interesting, and at the same time exceedingly difficult. The results will be given in a series of dissertations that will accompany the new translation of Herodotus, which is being prepared by my brother at Oxford, and which is to be published in the Spring.

I regret to find so little about the Greeks in the early annals, but it is nothing more than was to be expected; for the Assyrian power had set before that of Greece arose. The armies of Nineveh moreover never seem to have penetrated to Lydia, or the shores of the Bosphorus. Cappadocia was their limit to the Westward. There is a very curious account in one place of a naval expedition conducted by Sennacherib, either against India, or at any rate in that direction. He brought down mariners from Tyre and Sidon, constructed a fleet at the mouth of the Euphrates, and boldly launched upon the Ocean. What makes me think he must really have reached India is that he exhibited *Elephants* amongst his trophies on his return. I passed a month in the Spring at Nineveh, and I intend to pass another month in the Autumn at Babylon; my materials will then be complete, and I shall have nothing more to do than to commit the results to writing.

Next year I hope to quit the East for good, and I trust on my return to find your Grace and the Duchess as well as when I left. I shall never forget indeed the kindness I received from you during my last visit to England, and I trust your Grace will allow me always to subscribe myself with the greatest respect,

Yours very faithfully,
H. RAWLINSON.

Any letter with my name on it and sent to the care of E. Norris Esq., Foreign Office, will reach me in 24 days from London.

From the Duke of Somerset to Colonel Rawlinson.

Park Lane: 19th August, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—The Account you send me, of your researches, is very gratifying, and throws light upon things that were before involved in darkness. The Ancient Languages and the Characters or Forms of Writing seem more interesting than even the Histories which they record. But yet these last are very curious. I gaze upon Stonehenge with admiration; but Stonehenge is modern in comparison with Nineveh. I am curious to read about Galba and Vitellius, but these are like men of yesterday, when compared with Sennacherib and Temerbor.

Without the least design of turning your attention from the enquiries in which you have long been engaged so successfully, I will mention something of the same kind that has excited much curiosity. We have a clergyman, the Rev. Charles Forster, who has been studying Ancient Inscriptions, and particularly those upon the rocks of Sinai, which, he says, must have been the work of the children of Israel under the guidance of Moses. Now in the fourth Volume of the Journal of the Asiatic Society, I find a paper by Col. Sykes, with copies of Inscriptions which he found in certain Cave Chambers of Boodh, under the Fort of Sewner, and elsewhere. I have compared those Characters which belong to one set with those belonging to the other set; and the more simple ones of each may be said to be precisely the same. Now I knew a clever man, who would not believe a thing unless it were accounted for. Of course he would not have believed this, even if I had laid the books before him. He would have said that the author was false, or the book was forged; and, as we could not have brought to the British Museum the Chambers of Boodh, nor the Rocks of Sinai, he must have lived and died in his unbelief.

Though not understanding any oriental language, I have always suspected that the East gave rise to almost everything we value, and to much that we dislike. It appears to

have been the source of letters, laws, and learning; and also of foul deeds, domineering priestcraft, and established despotism. I have been given to understand that we have hardly a fiction or a fable that may not be traced to the East. And this is an additional reason for being curious about it. I like, if possible, to draw the line between mythology and history; and when by astronomical or mathematical calculation, a learned man has ascertained a point of time, or a geographical position, connected with ancient records, I do not think that his pains have been misapplied.

I am well acquainted with Prince Castelcicala. His father told me that the work of Herodotus was full of stories, not at all to be believed. I hope your brother's translation and dissertations will convince the son, that it is a very important piece of real history, and much more worthy of credit than very many of recent date.

To your kind enquiries after us, I am happy to give a favourable answer. We look forward with pleasure to your expected return from the East. My Duchess desires to be kindly remembered to you, and I remain, my Dear Sir, with much regard,

Yours very faithfully,
SOMERSET.

From Mr. Forster to the Duke of Somerset.

Stisted Rectory, Braintree: July 10, 1853.

MY LORD DUKE,—By the kindness of Lord Glenelg I have just been apprized of the interest taken by your Grace in the subject of the Sinaitic Inscriptions, as treated of in my work on Primeval Language as remains and records of Israel during the Exode. Lord Glenelg also enclosed me an extract from Tacitus, sent him by your Grace, in corroboration of the inscriptions representing Israel under the image of a wild ass. His Lordship having left town, I trust I do not take an undue liberty in writing direct to your

Grace to express my very respectful acknowledgments for your condescending courtesy.

Although familiar from boyhood with this passage of Tacitus, I own it wholly escaped me in its connection with the Israelitish inscriptions at Sinai—While in this light it acquires an interest & importance altogether beyond any otherwise attaching to it. It seems hardly possible that so extraordinary a coincidence could be fortuitous. I am quite satisfied it could not. And I feel most thankful at having my attention thus directed to it. I look forward (D.V.) to avail myself of this heathen testimony in the 3rd. edition of my volume on Sinai, likely soon to be required; and a most valuable accession it will be. For Scriptural imagery is veiled under the distorted representations of Tacitus. I should concur with your Grace as to the transition from the sublime, were not our ideas and those of the Orientals so different as to the ass. *The wild ass* has always been accounted in the East among the noblest and most generous animals; the unicorn, or horned wild ass, being mentioned by Aristotle as an over-match in combat for the lion and elephant. Hence Gibbon tells us that the Fatimite Caliph Mervan was distinguished 'by the *honourable* epithet of *the Ass of Mesopotamia*.' One can hardly read his sentence without a smile.

May I mention before closing that Mr. Arthur Stanley, just returned from Sinai, brings home an extraordinary confirmation of the Inscriptions which describe 'the feathered fowls' of the miracle to have been, not 'quails,' but birds of the *Anas* species? When encamped on the reputed scene of the miracle, or Kibroth Hattaavah, 'The graves of the lusting,' Mr. Stanley and his companions de voyage were surprized by the phenomenon of vast flocks of stork-like birds, which literally darkened the sky overhead, flying from the Gulf of Akaba towards Egypt. The phenomenon was thrice repeated. And the third time these birds were clearly ascertained to be the very species which they had seen, shot, and eaten of on the Nile, above the second cataract; being 3 feet high, 7 from tip to tip, &

excellent food. Mr. Stanley states them to be very nearly the kind noticed in my work.

I believe them to be the kind represented in the tablet of Egyptian fowling, published in my volume in illustration of the miracle. In that vignette it will be seen that the birds depicted have bodies like geese, but bills like storks.

Trusting to your Grace's interest in the subject to plead my apology

I have the honour to remain My Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most obliged humble Servant

CHARLES FORSTER.

From Mr. Forster to the Duke of Somerset.

Esplanade, Deal: July 18, 1853.

MY LORD DUKE,—The communication with which you have honoured me lays me under fresh obligation. By the identification of above 40 simple characters of the inscriptions in the caves of Boodh with those on the Sinaitic monuments, your Grace has materially enlarged the inductive proof by which it has been my object to establish the common origin of all the primitive alphabets; in other words, their original unity, in their common connection with one primeval tongue. From the universality of this primitive alphabet, which is found throughout the four quarters of the Globe, I am led to infer its Noachic, and if so, even its antediluvian antiquity. Indeed this view only can rationally explain the phenomena, as exhibited not only at Sinai and in Egypt, but in Southern Arabia, in Bactria, in Etruria, in Celtiberia, in short *passim*. I speak, like your Grace, of characters absolutely identical.

From want of thus generalizing, modern philologists have been led, most unphilosophically, to argue, some that the Sinaitic inscriptions were the work of *Bactrian* pilgrims; others, that they were by Phœnicians &c. &c. They might, on the same ground, just as well argue that they were Etruscan or Celtiberian, or that they were the work of

pilgrims from Central America! Some of the Mexican characters, as your Grace may observe, the ? for example, are perfectly identical with the characters, alike, of Sinai, Etruria, Egypt and Southern Arabia. Nothing, one would think, but an inveterate habit of dealing in narrow details, instead of broad inductions, could blind men's eyes in a case of fact and ocular evidence so plain and clear.

I beg to thank your Grace for the valuable references to the work of Mr. Forbes, and to the Journal of the Asiatic Society,

And have the honour to remain

with great respect,

My Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most obliged & Humble Servant

CHARLES FORSTER.

CHAPTER XII

Extracts from the Duke of Somerset's preface to his collections of 'Dreams, Visions, and Presensions'—Mr. R. of Bowland's dream—Mr. Samuel Rogers—Mr. G. H. Smith's account of Major Howard's presension—Part of the Duke's preface to his collection of 'Remote Perceptions'—Stories told by Mrs. Vassal, Mr. Knowles, Sir Stamford Raffles, Sir Alexander Johnston, Miss Fawcett, Dr. Ferguson—Story of Sir Walter Scott, and of Lady William Russell—The Duchess of Somerset's account of Lady Young—Sir Alexander Johnston—Two stories concerning the murder of Mr. Perceval—A dream by Mr. G. F. Smith—Account of a vision seen at Inverary.

AMONG all the different subjects that interested the Duke of Somerset there was one which has not been alluded to in the foregoing chapters—namely that which now bears the name of 'Psychical Research.' He collected accounts of dreams, visions and premonitions, and there are several MS. books containing them, from which sixteen have been selected; and these, together with some letters on the same subject, form the contents of this last chapter. His views on this subject may be of some interest as compared with those now entertained.

In the Introduction of the Dream-book he writes :

'When we are in the Visionary state, our perceptions come from within, they are the suggestions of the mind, which may indeed be under the influence of some other mind, but does not receive its Visions directly from external objects. There is then no real Phantom before us, much less is there any object of sense; what we perceive is a thought, vivid indeed, and often ultimately derived from something real, but not in the ordinary way. It may come from some other mind, which may be sensibly informed of its reality.'

Then follow two examples—one of which is quoted from 'Aubrey's Miscellanies, page 49, and by him quoted from Cardan, as from St. Augustin':—

'A certain man, whose name was Præstantius, had begged a philosopher to explain to him a difficulty, but was refused. The night following, whilst Præstantius lay awake, he saw the Philosopher standing by him, and explaining to him the difficulty, and then going away. When, the next day Præstantius met the philosopher, he asked him why, being asked the day before to solve that question and having refused, he came in the night at an unreasonable hour, without being asked, and then explained the difficulty. The philosopher replied, "Indeed I did not come, but in my dream I seemed to do you this favour."'

The Duke then continues : 'However, in all these cases, the Channel of communication is reversed ; for whilst ordinary perception begins with the senses and reaches the mind through that mean ; visionary perception begins in the mind and imposes upon the senses. The Cases, which occur, admit of several arrangements, according to the light in which the subject is viewed. They may be classed as Dreams, Visions and Presensions. Any seeming affection of the senses, by absent objects, during sleep, is a dream. Any such affection, during vigilance, is a Vision. A pre-sension is an ungrounded but true apprehension of what is happening or going to happen.

'This classification is however not very definite, because the terms Sleep and Vigilance are somewhat indefinite. People are sometimes half asleep. A somnambulist or sleep-walker may be in this state.

'Dreams are so frequently emblematical and the emblems they exhibit are so continuous, that they resemble the allegories of painting and poetry, which may be called the Dreams of Pindus. Some of the finest works of art have a tendency to put the mind into a state like that of a dream or a revery. The dreamer almost always deals in sensible imagery which has often some allusion to a moral proposition. . . .

'With regard to the mind, mankind appear as yet to have remarked only common and ordinary phenomena, neglecting for the most part those that are rare and wonderful, some of which are now to be adduced.

‘ Mr. R. of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property in the Vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of teind (or tythe) for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family (lay improPRIATORS of the tythes). Mr. R. was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had, by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland, purchased these lands from the titular, and therefore that the present presentation was groundless. But, after an industrious search among his father’s papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful enquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his law-suit to be, and he formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose. His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind. In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. R. thought that he informed his father of the cause of his distress, adding, that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. “ You are right, my son,” replied the paternal shade, “ I did acquire right to these teinds, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transaction are in the hands of Mr. —, a writer [or attorney], who is now retired from professional business, and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was a person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible,” pursued the vision, “ that Mr. — may have forgotten a matter, which is now of a very old date ; but you may call it to his recollection by

this token, that when I came to pay his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern."

'Mr. R. awaked in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and thought it worth while to ride across to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream, a very old man; without saying anything of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his deceased father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstance to his recollection, but on mention of the Portugal piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them,—so that Mr. R. carried to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.'

On the 22nd. August, 1835 the Duke writes :—

'Mr. Samuel Rogers told me that he once found himself walking in his sleep; that, on this occasion he dreamt that the room was partly filled with company of his acquaintance, and that he saw them sitting round, and was himself going to the door, when on a sudden he awoke. On awaking he found the room, and the furniture in it, just as he had seen them in his sleep, but the company was not there. His opinion was that, his eyes being open, he had actually seen the room and the furniture, though he was at the same time dreaming as to the presence of the company.'

Presensions.

'Major Howard of the 10th Hussars, (third son of the late Earl of Carlisle), appeared to have a very decided pre-sension of his untimely death. My Mother has often related to me that on entering his room for the purpose of taking leave of him on the day on which he was about to leave

England, he appeared very much dejected, and conversed with her for some time respecting his wife and family. On her saying to him that she hoped his return would be a speedy one, he replied : " the day will be short but decisive ; " he then pressed her hand and shed tears. On the morning on which the battle (Waterloo) took place, taking the shirt pin he usually wore from his breast, and his tooth-pick case from his pocket, he gave them to his valet saying : " Keep them, for I shall have no further occasion for them."

This presentiment was but too fatally realized ; he fell during the day, a musket ball having passed through his head.

Signed—GEORGE H. SMITH, 1836.

In the Preface to his manuscript entitled ' An Enquiry into the Nature of Remote Perception ' the Duke makes the following observations :—

' Nature exhibits some phænomena that are quite common, and others that are very rare. The first are considered as matters of course, and to enquire about them seems ridiculous. The second are regarded with incredulity. Between the two, mankind might never have made any progress in philosophy, if there had not been some phænomena of an intermediate kind, rare enough to excite curiosity, and common enough to induce belief.

' Those, which are exhibited in the following pages ; are unfortunately not so common, which may be the reason that they have hitherto been unaccounted for ; an insulated fact being usually considered as a supernatural appearance. Eclipses and Comets were so considered in former times, and to attempt to refer them to natural causes was regarded as a kind of impiety. . . .

' The subject has hitherto been little more than a matter of wonder. It has excited the fears of the credulous, and the contempt of the sceptical. It has never been fully subjected to the observation of the philosophical enquirer.

' Those who have admitted the facts, have generally referred them to supernatural agency. Even men of

science have not been exempt from such belief. Cardan¹ and Dee² are eminent examples of the prevalence of terror over minds well acquainted with science.

'Lord Bacon has indeed thrown out several hints denoting his suspicion that Nature presented something of the kind, and recommending its investigation to a remote posterity. He was aware that his own times were far too ignorant and too unphilosophical for such an attempt, and he thought that it should be preceded by the accurate study of physics. The great progress which, in that department, has been effected since his time, affords ground for presuming upon the present period as one which he might have considered fit for the examination of these surprising appearances.

'By remote perception is meant the perceiving of something taking place at the time, but not in the place in which it is perceived, and consequently in some other place beyond the reach of ordinary sensation. The transaction and the perception must be contemporaneous. This is rather a rare occurrence; and therefore we either reject it as untrue, or we ask what is the cause of it.

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'This however is to be understood as no more than a first attempt, for nothing is more fatal to enquiry than an entire acquiescence in those first guesses and those loose explanations, which are the common substitutes for science. M. De la Place³ has well observed that, in order to judge of the probability of there being any general cause for such coincidences, we must know not only how often they do occur, but also how often they do not. We know neither, but their occurring at all is so remarkable as to be deserving of some further enquiry. . . .'

¹ Girolamo Cardan, Italian philosopher, physician, mathematician, and author, 1501-1576.

² John Dee, English divine, astrologer, alchemist, and mathematician, 1527-1608.

³ Pierre Simon, Marquis de Laplace, French geometrician and physician, 1749-1827.

The following stories are selected from the Duke's MS. entitled 'Remote Perception.'

Extract of a letter from M^{rs} Vassal, dated Feb. 12, 1835:

'During our residence at Maisonette, my youngest brother went to the West Indies, and not having heard from him for a longer period than usual, I became very anxious about him: at this time I dreamt I was walking in the woods at Sandridge, when I came to a barn into which I looked, where I saw a young man, whom I recognized to be my brother, very ill, and our gardener attending him. I was dreadfully shocked at seeing him in this situation, and purposed to remain with him, which M^r Vassal would not allow me to do; I was weeping bitterly and loudly, which M^r Vassal heard, when he awoke me, and truly thankful did I feel when I found I had been dreaming. On falling again asleep I was visited with the same impression, and having some faith in dreams felt much depressed in consequence of them. The next morning, much earlier than usual, we got our letters from Totnes, and among them I received one from this dear relative; the old Adage of interpreting dreams by contrarieties immediately occurred to me, and I exulted accordingly; but alas! my joy was not of long duration, for the following week we were all plunged into the greatest misery by receiving intelligence of the death of this most promising youth, whose life fell a sacrifice to the unhealthy climate of Demerara.'

Here follow several cases as told to the Duke.

'Sep. 1st., 1832.—M^r Knowles told me that D^r Paris had one night been called upon by a lady who wanted him to accompany her to Bethnal Green immediately, because (as she said) she was convinced that her brother was dead, and his house was there. The Doctor objected, and wished to know on what grounds she entertained this apprehension or belief. At last she confessed that there was, in her house, a clock upon the staircase, and that whenever any of her family died, a skeleton appeared to come out of this clock.

She said that she had seen the skeleton that night, and that it had approached her, and that having no other relation she knew of but her brother, the appearance must portend evil to him. The Doctor still endeavoured to divert her from her design, and to try to persuade her to go to bed. This however she would not do, and at last he consented to accompany her. On arriving at Bethnal Green, he perceived a bustle about the house, on which he persuaded her to stop the carriage, and walked by himself to the door. It was immediately opened, and on enquiry he found that the gentleman in question was dead, though he had seen him well five days before.

Mr Knowles thought this an extraordinary coincidence, but professed an utter disbelief in any connection between the vision and the event.'

'Sir Stamford Raffles told me that he had in the East a violent and powerful enemy, who, he apprehended, was coming to Java to give him much trouble. He mentioned these apprehensions to a lady with whom he was well acquainted. She told him that he needed to be under no alarm, for he should never see that man again. In course of time news arrived that the man had perished by shipwreck.'

'Sir Alexander Johnston told me that his mother, on waking one morning about four o'clock, saw Captain Lumley before her. He pointed to a wound in his leg, but seemed as if he could not speak. She mentioned it, and set it down. In course of time the news came of his having been at that time shot in the leg in an action, and dying in consequence of a locked jaw.'

'Miss Seymour and Miss Fawssett lived some time together in my house at Bradley, and used to sleep in the same bed. Miss Seymour was presently married to a Captain Awdry, and went away. Miss Fawssett remained, and still used the same bed in the same room. My mother slept in the next room. Above a year after the marriage,

a letter came mentioning the illness of M^{rs} Awdry, then at Taunton in Somersetshire. In the night, Miss Fawcett heard a noise, resembling that of some person trying at the lock of the chamber door, and finding a difficulty; the door having been recently hung on the opposite side from what it used to be. Being alarmed, she held her breath to listen the better. There was no light in the room, and she saw nothing but the light under the door of my mother's room. Miss Fawcett then seemed to feel the bed clothes pulled on the side where M^{rs} Awdry used to sleep, and thought it was as if some one laid down in that place. She afterwards again heard the noise of the chamber-door, after which all was quiet.

In the morning she mentioned these circumstances to my mother who thereupon observed that M^{rs} Awdry must be dead. The time of these things taking place, afterwards proved to be that of her decease.'

'24th March, 1827.—D^r Ferguson told me that Sir Walter Scott had been fitting up a room in his house, and particularly putting up some chimney piece he had had from Bullock. This work was however unfinished. In the night he heard a loud noise in the room, and getting up he ran to see what was there. Nothing appeared, and he retired. The noise recommenced. He went to see again what it could be. He saw nothing, and went away. Again there was a great noise, as of knocking and dancing, though the room was hardly floored. But nothing was to be seen. Sir Walter Scott then wrote to Lord —, a friend of his in London, and said, if he did not hear a good account of Bullock, he should think he was dead, for in such a night he had heard strange noises about the articles he had left unfinished.—Bullock had died that night.'

'D^r Ferguson told me (28th. of March, 1827) that Lady William Russell dreamt that Lord Hastings had put his arm round her, and kissed her, and that she said to him: "Dear Uncle, how cold you are!" Upon which he replied: "Yes

I am cold, for I am dead, and the passage from this world to the next, is neither so difficult nor so strange as you think it" (or nearly those words). She waked in a fright, got up and walked backwards and forwards in the room, which had a large fire in it. She then went to bed again, and again dreamt nearly the same thing. At which she was so struck, that she talked much of it that day, particularly to a lady of rank who called upon her, and whom she detained by dwelling on the story so long, that the lady's husband scolded her upon her return, and she mentioned to her husband the cause of her delay. Lord Hastings died in the Mediterranean that very night, and after talking of Lady William Russell, and of the change he was about to undergo.'

'Feb. 24, 1820.—The Duchess said one evening, as she was walking with Lady Young in the pleasure ground at Huntercombe, Lady Young stopped suddenly with great animation and surprise, and asked her if she did not see something? She said 'No,' and looked towards the spot at which Lady Young pointed. Lady Young said it was her mother, and described where she passed, at no great distance. She then said she was convinced something had happened. The post brought an account of her mother's death.'

'Sir Alexander Johnston named to me a relation of his, who lived in Hertfordshire, was a friend of the profligate Lord Lyttelton, and was to have dined with him the evening which preceded the night of his decease. Something prevented his keeping this engagement. But in the night he came running down stairs in great alarm, and told his servant that Lord Lyttelton was in his room.'

'Feb. 24th, 1824.—Mr Law told us at table, that he was at school at Mr Pearson's with one of Mr Perceval's sons. That this son had a dispute with another boy, and said to him, "Your father is killed in Spain;" upon which the

other replied, "No, but your father is killed in the House of Commons." This was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and Mr Perceval was killed in the House of Commons at that time.—Mr Pearson's school was at Parson's Green, and afterwards at East Sheen. It must have been then at one of those places.'

The following is an extract from the 'Globe' newspaper of the 16th August, 1828—copied from the 'Times' in the Duke's MS., but is here made shorter.

(After stating that the story comes from 'a correspondent of unquestionable veracity,' and that the 'dreamer' was nearly three hundred miles from the scene of the tragedy, the account proceeds :) 'In the night of the 11th May, 1812, Mr Williams of Scorrier House, near Redruth, in Cornwall, awoke his wife, and exceedingly agitated, told her that he had dreamt that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot, with a pistol, a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the Chancellor, to which Mrs Williams naturally replied, that it was only a dream, and recommended him to be composed and go to sleep as soon as he could. He did so, but shortly after he again awoke her.' . . . (He had the same dream three times, and between one and two o'clock he arose and dressed himself. In the course of the morning he went to Falmouth, and related his dream to all his acquaintances.) 'On the following day Mr Tucker, of Trematon Castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr Williams, went to Scorrier House on a visit, and arrived about dusk. Immediately after the first salutations on entering the parlour, where Mr and Mrs and Miss Williams were, Mr Williams began to relate to Mr Tucker the circumstances of his dreams, and Mrs Williams observed to her daughter, Mrs Tucker, laughingly, that her father could not even suffer Mr Tucker to be seated before he told him of his nocturnal visitations: on the statement of which, Mrs Tucker observed, that it would do very well for a dream to have the Chancellor in the lobby of the House of Commons,

but that he would not be found in reality, and M^r Tucker then asked what sort of a man there appeared to be ? when M^r Williams described him minutely : to which M^r Tucker replied : “ Your description is not at all that of the Chancellor, but it is certainly very exactly that of M^r Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and although he has been to me the greatest enemy I ever met with through life, for a supposed cause which had no foundation in truth, (or words to that effect,) I should be exceedingly sorry indeed to hear of his being assassinated, or of any injury of the kind happening to him.’ (Then it is explained that M^r Williams had never seen M^r Perceval, nor had any written communication with him, nor had he ever been in the lobby of the House of Commons.) ‘ At this moment, while M^r Williams and M^r Tucker were still standing, they heard a horse gallop to the door of the house, and Michael Williams of Trevince (son of M^r Williams of Scorrier) entered the room, and said that he had galloped out of Truro, (from which Scorrier is distant seven miles,) having seen a gentleman there, who had come by that evening’s mail from Town, who said that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the eleventh, when a man called Bellingham had shot M^r Perceval ; and that as it might occasion some great ministerial changes, and might affect M^r Tucker’s political friends, he had come out as fast as he could to make him acquainted with it, having heard at Truro that he had passed through that place in the afternoon on his way to Scorrier. After the astonishment which this intelligence created had a little subsided, M^r Williams described most particularly the appearance and dress of the man that he saw, in his dream, fire the pistol, as he had before done of M^r Perceval.

‘ About six weeks after, having business in town, M^r Williams went, accompanied by a friend, to the House of Commons, where, as has been already observed, he had never been before. Immediately that he came to the steps at the entrance of the lobby, he said : “ This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any

room in my house" . . . He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham stood when he fired, and which M^r Perceval had reached when he was struck by the ball, and where and how he fell. The dress, both of M^r Perceval and Bellingham, agreed with the description given by M^r Williams, even to the most minute particulars.'

From a portion of the Duke's MS. entitled 'Miscellaneous Cases' the following short story is selected :—

'Whilst attending a school at Pimlico, being then about thirteen years of age, one night I dreamt that on examining a cavity in a certain tree in Hyde Park, (with the situation of which I was perfectly well acquainted,) I found a quantity of bones, and the skull, apparently, of an infant. At first, this dream did not make any great impression on my mind, nor, at the time did I communicate it to anyone, but on its being repeated for two successive nights, I mentioned the circumstance to two of my school-fellows, and we resolved on the next holiday to inspect the spot.

'I repaired thither, accompanied by my two companions. On introducing a walking-stick with a crooked handle into the aperture, I felt some slight obstruction, and on withdrawing it, was both astonished and alarmed at finding a portion of a skull attached to the crook, it having entered the orbit of the eye. On further search I also discovered several small bones, much decayed. At the time it caused a sensation among us, and was much talked of, but with a thoughtlessness only excusable on account of our age (my companions being no older than myself) the novelty of the occurrence gradually wore away, was soon forgotten, and no particular enquiry was ever instituted to endeavour to discover how, and under what circumstances, these bones had originally been deposited there. This dream must have taken place about the year 1822.

(Signed) GEORGE F. SMITH. April, 1835.'

Under the heading of 'Fallacious Cases' in the MS., the following story is selected—but as it is far too long to add

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here in its entirety, a part of no importance is left out occasionally.

‘The following account of a supernatural occurrence is given on the testimony of a respectable person of the town of Inverary in Argyllshire. The story is stated to be the best authenticated narrative of the kind, which the Editor (of the “Monthly Review” for September, 1830, page 76) is acquainted with.’

The man then declares to have often heard the story from his father and grandfather, and after the death of the latter, his father repeatedly described the circumstances to him.

‘This vision was seen by them, about three o’clock in the afternoon of a very warm, clear, sunshiny day in the month of June or July, between the years 1746 and 1753—I cannot go nearer to ascertain the year. My grandfather was then a farmer in Glenaray, (which as you know is within four miles of this place,) and my father was then unmarried, and resided with him.’ On the morning described, ‘my grandfather having occasion to transact some business in Glenshiray, took my father along with him.’ Having finished the business, ‘a little after mid-day they came round by Inverary, in order to return home. At that time, the road generally used from Glenshiray to Inverary lay upon the west side of the river Shiray, all the way to the Gairran Bridge, where it joins the high road which leads from Inverary to the low country, by that bridge.

‘As soon as they came to this bridge and had turned towards Inverary upon the high road, they were within view of a part of the old town of Inverary (which has since been demolished), the ground upon which the new town presently stands, and the whole line of road leading from it to the above mentioned bridge—they were very much surprised to behold a great number of men under arms, marching on foot towards them. At this time, the foremost ranks were only advanced as far as Kilmalim. They were marching in regular order, and as closely as they

could move, from that point of the new town near the quay, where Captain Gillies' house now stands, along the shore and high road, and crossing the river Aray near the town at, or about, the spot where the new bridge has been since built ; of the rear there appeared to be no end.

'The ground upon which the new town now stands was then surrounded by a park wall, and the road beyond it lay in a circular direction, between that wall and the sea. From the nature of the ground, my father and grandfather could see no farther than this wall, and as the army was advancing in front, the rear as regularly succeeded, and advanced from the furthest verge of their view.'

They stood for a considerable time watching the extraordinary scene, and then walked slowly on, but often stopping with their eyes fixed on the objects before them. As the army advanced with regularity, they observed that it had fifteen or sixteen pairs of colours—the men nearest to them were marching upon the road, six or seven abreast. 'They were attended by a number of women and children, both below and above the road, some of whom were carrying tin cans, and other implements of cooking, which I am told is customary upon the march. They were clothed in red, and the sun shone so bright, that the gleam of their arms, which consisted of muskets and bayonets, sometimes dazzled their sight. They also observed, between Kilmalim and the salmon draught, an animal resembling a deer or a horse, in the middle of a crowd of soldiers, who were (they conjectured) stabbing and pursuing it forwards with their bayonets. My father who had never seen an army before, naturally put a number of questions to my grandfather (who had served with the Argyllshire Highlanders, in assisting to suppress the rebellion of 1745).' . . . 'My grandfather replied, "that he supposed it came from Ireland, and had landed at Kyntyre, and that it was proceeding to England, and that in his opinion, it was more numerous than the armies on both sides at the battle of Culloden." My father having particularly remarked that the rear ranks were continually running forwards, in order

to overtake those who were before them, and inquiring into the reason of that circumstance, my grandfather told him, that that was always the case with the rear ; that the least obstacle stopped and threw them behind, which necessarily and in a still greater degree, retarded the march of those who were behind them, and obliged them to come forward till they had recovered their own places again.' . . .

'My father and grandfather were now come to the Thorn Bush, between the Gairran Bridge and the gate of the deer-park, and at the same time the rear of the army had advanced very near to that gate. And as the road forms a right-angled corner at that gate, and the front of the army being directly opposite to them, they had of course, a better opportunity of observing it minutely than they had formerly done. The van-guard (they then observed) consisted of a party of forty or fifty men, preceded by an officer on foot. At a little distance behind them, another officer appeared riding upon a grey dragoon horse. He was the only person they observed on horseback . . . they considered him as the commander-in-chief. He had on a gold-laced hat, and a blue hussar cloak, with wide open, loose sleeves, all lined with red. He also wore boots and spurs ; the rest of his dress they could not see. My father took such particular notice of him, that he often declared he would know him perfectly well if he ever saw him again. Behind this officer the rear of the army marched all in one body, so far as they observed, but attended by women and children, as I mentioned above.

'My father's curiosity being now gratified, he thought it was high time to provide for his own security. He represented to my grandfather, that it was very probable that these men, who were advancing towards them, would force them to go along with them.' (However the grandfather remarked, as he had already seen some service and was middle-aged, they were not likely to trouble themselves about him, but the younger man might climb over the stone dyke as he proposed and hide himself, if he thought fit to do so. This he promptly did, and walked behind the

dyke in the direction of the Gairran Bridge, and when he got half-way he turned up towards the fir-clumps in the neighbourhood of the bridge, where he thought he should be safe from pursuit. But when he arrived near the fir-clumps and) 'looked back to observe the motions of the army, he found, to his utter astonishment, that they were all vanished, not a soul of them was to be perceived. . . . He returned to my grandfather; and as soon as he saw him, cried out: "What has become of the men?" My grandfather, who had not paid them much attention after my father had left him, then observing they had all disappeared, answered with an equal degree of astonishment, "that he could not tell."

'As they proceeded on their way to Inverary, he recommended my father to keep what they had seen a profound secret . . . he told him, that though he (my grandfather) might not live to see it, my father might possibly live to see the vision realized.

'This conversation was scarcely ended, when they met one Stewart, an old man who then resided in Glenshiray, going home and driving a horse before him. This, as they believed, was the same animal they had before observed surrounded by a crowd. My father, notwithstanding the admonitions he had just received, was not able to contain himself. He asked Stewart what was become of the people who were travelling along with him. Stewart, not understanding the drift of the question, answered that nobody had been in company with him since he left Inverary, but that he had never travelled in so warm a day, that the air was so close and sultry, that he was scarcely able to breathe: and that his horse had become so feeble and weak, that he was obliged to alight and drive it before him.

'The account I now send you of this vision was not only communicated by my father and grandfather to me, as I have already mentioned, but was also communicated by them to many others in this place and neighbourhood' . . . 'but neither of them' (his grandfather and father)

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'saw their vision realized, although indeed my father had strong expectations of seeing it realized a few years before his death; particularly at the time of the Irish Rebellion, and of the last threatened Invasion by the French.'

From Lady Frances Stephens to the Duke of Somerset.

I have had great pleasure in committing to Paper according to your Grace's wish, the circumstance I mentioned at Stover on Saturday. I have not given the name of the Parties not knowing if it would be agreeable to the surviving relatives. For the correctness of the Statement I think I can safely vouch.

Your Grace's obliged and Obedt Servant

FRANCES STEPHENS.

Monday, Aug. 25th, 1834.

A Fact.

About fifteen years ago, the Widow of a Gentleman of landed property in Devonshire, died at an advanced Age, leaving two unmarried daughters, no longer young. They knew that their mother intended them to inherit all her property, but after her decease could nowhere find her Will, Title Deeds, or any of the papers requisite for giving them lawful possession. About a fortnight after the mother's death, one of the sisters awoke the other who always slept in the same room and told her she had just had a dream in which their late mother had appeared to her and expressed her surprise that she and her sister should have forgotten her mentioning to them many years before, that her Will and other papers were deposited in such a closet in the attics, and the key of the closet in some spot she also designated.

The sisters defer'd making any search till the Morning, but when they did, they found the key and papers precisely in the situations revealed to one of them in the

dream, and in consequence all legal difficulties were done away. One of these Ladies is still alive.

August 23d, 1834.

From Lady Frances Stephens to the Duke of Somerset.

MY DEAR LORD,—Your Grace having appeared to think my seeing the Duke of Newcastle, when he was many hundred miles off, an anecdote worthy of a corner in your Portfolio, I have had great pleasure in stating the circumstances precisely as they occurred, and beg to offer my little narrative for your acceptance.

We hope your Grace got safe over our untoward roads—we should indeed be sorry that any ill consequences had ensued from what gave us so much pleasure. With Mr. Stephens's best respects,

I beg to remain,

Your Grace's much obliged

F. S.

I know one or two other occurrences of a similar nature which happened in my own family—and if any morning your Grace has an idle half hour to dispose of, should be willing to relate them viva voce.

Monday Sept 8th. 1834.

The following is neither a dream nor a ghost story, but may fairly be reckoned among singular and unaccountable delusions:—

'In November 1804 I was confined at Thoresby, my father's country house in Nottinghamshire: as soon as I was sufficiently recovered, I went out airing in his carriage, and took the Nurse and the Infant with me. On emerging from a hollow road, I saw on the open heath before me a young man on horseback whose figure even at a distance struck me as wonderfully like the young Duke of Newcastle, whose house was distant about three miles, but who was himself to my certain knowledge at Barige with his Mother and her second husband then Col. Crawford. As we got

nearer the resemblance was more striking—the figure, the dress, and above all, a remarkable coloured horse I had often seen the Duke upon, when as young people and neighbours in the country, we used to join in riding parties together. As the carriage moved briskly and the horseman leisurely, I saw we must pass him, and being short sighted took up my glass that I might see him distinctly as we passed. He looked in, smiled and nodded, as a familiar acquaintance would do, but did not attempt to stop the carriage. So perfectly did the features and countenance appear to me those of the Duke, that I color'd deeply from astonishment. The Nurse exclaim'd 'What is the matter Ma'am, are you ill?' I said 'No, but I am rather surprised at seeing a young man riding here, who I know to be in the South of France.' A piece of rough road soon obliging the postillions to go slow, the horseman canter'd by, again looked at me and smiled a recognition, and then struck off into another road on the heath, and I saw no more of him. There is no tragical termination to this strange delusion, for the Duke of Newcastle is I hope and believe alive and well at this moment, thirty years nearly having elapsed, but so strong was the impression left on my mind that when I first saw him on his return to England some years after, his appearance so perfectly recalled to me the young horseman on the heath, that I was conscious the recollection heightened the color on my cheeks. I offer no comment on this occurrence, but I do most positively and conscientiously assert that what I have stated is true.

F. S.

September 1834.

From Mr. Tytler to the Duke of Somerset.

Athenæum: Pall Mall, May 12, 1843.

MY DEAR LORD DUKE,—I wrote some little time ago to my brother-in-law regarding his authority for the story of the second sight—which I told your Grace at Wimbledon: In his reply he says,

‘The person who told me the story about the woman shearing(i.e. reaping) was Mr. Mackinnon of Corrychattachan, in Skye—Father to the present man—a gentleman whose word all who knew him would have taken for truth itself. I cannot now copy the whole narrative but you may see it all *mutato nomine* detailed in my “Highland Smugglers,” Vol. 2 p. 117 et sequ^{us}. The facts and almost the language are *verbatim* as I heard it from Corry: The other stories particularly about the “black” and that about the Corse being carried to the Church yard by the old road instead of the new one, were all told me by persons *to* whom or consistent *with* whose knowledge they had happened. One was told me by the *Scalpa* of that day then a venerable old man—who also told me of a fright his wife had met with by turning, by mistake into a wrong room in an Inn, and there seeing a company among whom was her sister—She fainted upon finding it but a vision, but some time after, she met her sister with that very company all in that very room—the sister having come from a distance on purpose to see her.’

So far my brother in law Mr. Fraser, whose novel of the ‘Highland Smugglers’ I regret much I cannot send as I have let my house in Devonshire Place for the summer and it is locked up in the Library there. In talking over some of these old stories with my sister, she put me in mind of one or two which my mother used to tell, that are perhaps worth mentioning, as the source they came from was above suspicion: They were told to my mother by an old and intimate friend of hers a Mrs. Dick who had too much conscience to invent any story, and I think I may add from my own recollection of this good old lady, too little imagination to ornament it. They related to a poor maid servant, who lived for some years in the family of Mrs. Dick’s mother, Mrs. Mudie. This unhappy woman, who was Cook, had the faculty of second sight and amongst other things foretold her own death. She said she knew her husband was to be a soldier & she was to die in confinement of her first child

—which certainly happened—On another occasion when Mrs. Dick then *Miss Mudie* was abroad, I think at Calais, the second sight of this woman showed itself—Her Mother had sent her daughter orders to come home—and was looking out for her on the day she expected her arrival, when Jenny, so the poor Wizardess was called said ‘Ye need not be looking out for your Daughter today or tomorrow either’—On being interrogated Why—she said, ‘I have seen her embark—I have seen the ship driven back in a storm & in great danger, but they have put back to Calais & are all safe—& I saw a young man accompany Miss Mudie to the ship, & put a ring on her hand before she went on board.—Ye’el hear news of that, but it will be some days before she come home’—Accordingly as Jenny had predicted the daughter did not arrive for some days after she was expected, the cause of the delay was a storm in which they had been in great danger, and which had made them put back to Calais. *All* this the young lady told her mother on getting home—but she said no more—On being pressed however by her Mother, with an earnest look and a question if she had no *more* to tell, if nothing *more* had happened she confessed that Mr Dick a young man whom she had met at Calais, & who had paid her attention, had accompanied her to the ship, made his proposal on the beach, been accepted & put a ring on her finger which she then showed to her Mother—Jenny’s predictions were thus fulfilled to the letter—and this story Mrs. Dick herself told to my Mother. It came to us therefore from the very individual to whom it happened, and who was certainly perfectly truthful, and as I have said, very literal and unimaginative: On another occasion Jenny whose habit it was, when the prophetic fit was on her, to gaze into the fire was found in this attitude by her Mistress—swinging herself as if in pain on her chair & groaning—At last she cried out ‘Oh the wretch—the wretch, she will kill the child’—‘What wretch—what child?’—said her Mistress, rousing her & shaking her by the shoulders—‘The woman that I see with the

bundle. She is running down — Wynd,' mentioning the name of some Wynd or Narrow Street in Dundee which I have forgotten—'She will murder the bairn in the bundle'—'Murder the child,' said Miss Mudie, ' & you sitting still there Jenny, run, run, & try to save it '—Off Jenny ran—got to the street & found a woman with a bundle in her lap or arms, proceeding at a hurried pace—She accosted her—& the woman tried to shake her off—she asked her what she had in her bundle—the woman gave an evasive answer—she then made a snatch at the bundle, and the woman throwing it down ran off—It turned out to be a new born infant—& so far Jenny's second sight proved true—but whether the woman really intended to make away with the child could not be discovered—as she made her escape : The intention however may be presumed from her flight.

There were times when the patience of her Mistress was much tried by Jenny's proceedings. Once a large dinner party of neighbours all of one family had been invited—and when Mrs. Mudie busied herself like Eve 'on hospitable thoughts intent' above stairs, she fondly hoped that Jenny was as busy in her own region below—But on going into the kitchen, she saw to her horror no preparation for dinner—a diminutive fire—no pots boiling—no spit turning, no nascent custards—no incipient puddings—no infant jellies—and Jenny the cook herself sitting with her hands folded, in the midst of this scene of culinary desolation perfectly contented & idle. On being scolded & upbraided she coolly said 'There's not one of your guests coming today. I saw them set out—I saw the axle tree break & I saw them all turn to walk home again'—And so it had really been—for instead of the guests came a messenger on horseback with an account of the accident and an apology.

This last word reminds me that I have to apologise to your Grace for so long a letter, but as my Mother knew Mrs. Dick very intimately and as these stories come directly from her to whom they happened they may not be uninteresting in the history or philosophy of the Second Sight.

I beg to send my best Regard and Respect to the Duchess
and remain

With sincere Regard & Respect

Your Grace's Obt. Sevt

PATRICK FRASER TYTLER.

The Duke of Somerset had written on this letter 'Mr. James Weld 16th May 1847,' but it does not appear whether Mr. Weld wrote this to the Duke himself or whether some other person copied it for the Duke.

Mr James Weld, brother to the late Cardinal Weld, residing at or near Southampton, had the misfortune to lose a Son by drowning; then a student at St. Edmund's College, near Ware, Herts. Mr James Weld was on that day and at that hour walking out with his daughter, when his son appeared to them.

'It is,' says he, in his letter of the 16th May, '47, 'it is true indeed that I saw my son close enough to observe, not only his dress, which was what he wore at home, and had on at the time of the accident, but his features also. My attention was drawn to him by my daughter. My son was in company with two other persons; one of them with his full face towards me when I was nearest to them, the face of the other I could not see. I turned my head away, not to be observed staring at him. In that moment the three were gone. I said to my daughter: "it is very odd, but as he is gone we will continue our walk."

'It did not then occur to me that God had called him to himself; but when the Rev^d Dr Cox arrived from the College to announce the sad events I anticipated him, by informing him of the precise hour of my son's death.

'The countenance of the person to whom my Son was speaking cheerfully, had, as my daughter expressed it, a sweet smile on his face, I never could forget. On entering for shelter, some time afterwards, the room of the Priest at Chipping, in Lancashire, I instantly recognised the person I had seen, in a print which, of course, gave no idea of colour or size; it was of S^t Stanislaus Koska. The description sent to me from Stonyhurst of that Saint also

corresponded exactly with the person I had seen, as did a painting of him brought from Rome by my Son Francis, (in Holy Orders) who said his first Mass in the Room occupied by S^t Stanislaus at the Noviciate of S^t Andrea, and who has ever since worn a relic of that Saint about his person.

‘It is singular that the day, on which I discovered the print, was the feast of S^t Stanislaus; and I am, by all these circumstances, led to hope that my Son was taken especially under the Protection of that Saint.

‘I have no wish that others should believe that which I know to be true, but it will be a constant comfort to me in this life, and give me both hope and consolation at the hour of my death.

‘My Son had communicated twice within the week, and had great piety, without any pretension.’¹

¹ This story appears in *Phantasms of the Living*, by Edmund Gurney, M.A., Frederic Myers, M.A., and Frank Podmore, M.A., pages 241-243. There is a slight difference in the way the story is told; also Miss Weld was questioned and answered June 20, 1883. She appears then to have said, ‘I thought no more of it than one does in seeing a great and unexpected likeness in a stranger to some absent friend.’ Philip Weld was drowned April 16, 1845. Therefore the Duke received the above letter only two years after the event.

St. Stanislaus is supposed to be the special advocate of drowned men, as is mentioned in his Life. See p. 243 *Phantasms of the Living*.



APPENDIX

FIRST PART OF MR. HORNER'S SPEECH ON THE TREATIES OF PEACE

LORD WEBB SEYMOUR'S LETTER, MARCH 27, 1816. P. 178
REFERS TO MR. HORNER'S OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE 20TH FEBRUARY, 1816

MR. HORNER began by apologising for troubling the House at a late hour, and for entering on a discussion so entirely above his powers. Nothing, he said, would have induced him to do so, but an anxiety to have his opinions on the subject of the treaties clearly understood; and though these opinions must, in many material points, differ from the opinions of some who had preceded him, yet there was one point on which, though it might seem already hackneyed, he wished for a moment to touch; for, whatever his opinions might be as to the principle of the war, and the negotiations by which it had been terminated, he was not slower than any other man to exult at the splendid success of our efforts in arms. Our gallant servants had performed their duty with an heroism unexampled; they had not only given us a leader of unrivalled eminence, but had placed the character of the British army above all comparison. It had, since the Battle of Waterloo, been admitted, even by the confession of an enemy, that the infantry of England had no equal. He did look on this as a great acquisition of glory, a great acquisition of strength; and his prayer was that the military strength thus acquired might be properly made use of. The proper use of that strength was, first, to reserve it for the defence of our country; and next, in foreign interposition, when that interposition should be clearly and absolutely necessary to our welfare; but we were to remember that it would be employed unnecessarily in continental quarrels, or in projects of unjustifiable ambition. It was obvious that they had mixed up the whole of their transactions with French politics; and

though it was impossible for the House not to entertain some feelings on that subject, yet they ought to interfere with it as little as possible. By an unnecessary interposition, they would be unavoidably led to involve themselves in the factions and views of their neighbours, and be drawn out of the circle of their own affairs, which were quite enough for them, without considering whether this or that form of government was most beneficial to the people. His main objections, however, to the treaties were, that they did not provide that security which the country had a right to expect; and it demanded the most serious consideration, that in prosecuting the war to an end, his Majesty's Ministers had at last disclosed that important project which they had so anxiously disavowed at first; namely, the determination of forcing the Bourbon family on the throne of France, contrary to the faith of the crown, contrary to the pledge which had been given to Parliament, and in direct violation of the solemn engagement and promise to the nation of France at large. On former occasions the noble lord had expressly avowed, that the professed object of the war was of a very different nature. The idea of forcing any particular person on the French had been repeatedly disclaimed, on the principle that it was carrying their measures further than the justice of the case allowed; but now, forsooth it was openly, and without a blush, acknowledged, that however the national honour had been violated, it had always been considered that such a result of the contest would be satisfactory. It was now too late, indeed, to say, that they had not resolved to interfere with the internal government of France; but they excused themselves by saying, that they might interpose on a necessary occasion.

It must, indeed, be within the recollection of the House, that when it was put to the noble lord, whether the restoration of the Bourbons was the object of the war, he distinctly and repeatedly disclaimed it. It was notorious, that upon this understanding, several gentlemen in that House voted for the war. Yet it was now evident from the treaties upon the table, that the restoration of the Bourbons and their maintenance upon the throne of France, was really and truly the object of the war. Why, then, was not this object openly and manfully avowed at the outset? With what view was it disguised? Why, obviously for the purpose of obtaining votes in that House, and practising delusion upon England, upon France, and upon Europe. The effect of this delusion and duplicity upon France was, as he understood from the best authority, to dispose the

well-informed and the reflecting part of France, who belonged to no faction—who were as hostile to Buonaparte as they were indifferent to the Bourbons—to look to the allied armies as deliverers, as about to afford the French nation an opportunity of choosing a government agreeable to its own wishes and interests. The effect was indeed such as to neutralise a great and respectable proportion of the French, who, instead of supporting Buonaparte, rather endeavoured to keep down the spirit of the people, and induce them to confide in the declarations of the allies. Many Frenchmen believed those declarations, confirmed as they so often were by the solemn pledges of the Ministers of England. But the believers were dupes. For himself, as well as for several of his friends, he could state that he never was duped by these declarations, or by the pledges of the noble lord, because he always thought that to be the sole object of the war, which events had demonstrated. But he would ask some gentlemen in that House who thought differently who grounded their votes upon an entire credit in the professions of the noble lord, how they now felt? He would appeal to the whole House, to Parliament, and the country, what ought to be the feeling of a proud and honest nation, tenacious of its character for good faith, upon comparing the pledges of its Government at the commencement of the war, with the conduct of that Government at its conclusion. Was there to be no faith, then, in these solemn promises? Could it be a satisfactory feeling to any honest member, who possessed the generous spirit of an Englishman, to know that the engagement of Ministers with the French nation had not been kept? His Majesty's Government had declared manfully, boldly, and plainly, what their purposes were; but it was one of the most melancholy features of the times that the bonds of political faith were not so strong as they used to be. Whatever doubt might exist in some minds as to the import of the declaration on which the war was commenced, there could be no possible misunderstanding as to the object of the treaties. It was no longer to get rid of the dangerous ambition of Buonaparte; it was not to prevent the military power of France from encroaching on neighbouring states. No! it was to maintain the family of the Bourbons on the throne, whatever might be the feelings of the people towards them. If it were pretended, as he understood it had been somewhere said, that the conduct of the French army in invading the Netherlands released the allies from their pledges not to force a government upon France, he would ask the noble lord and

his colleagues, whether they, who always alleged that the French people were hostile to Buonaparte, and that he was supported only by the army, could consistently maintain that the conduct of that army could release the Allies from their solemn pledges to the people, not to force any particular government upon them? But yet this government was imposed upon France, and it appeared that with a view to maintain it **certain** precautionary measures, as the noble lord termed them, were adopted. . . &c.¹

¹ See *Memoirs of Francis Horner*, vol. ii., p. 508.

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